THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIII. JANUARY, 1897. No. 3.

LENBACH: THE PAINTER OF BISMARCK.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

LENBACH'S HOUSE, GARDEN, AND PRIVATE MUSEUM.

EVERY one who has visited Munich carries away a recollection of that quarter of the town made beautiful by the broad streets and magnificent Greek buildings which date from the reign of the art-loving Ludwig I. Here, where it receives an added charm from the beauty of its environment, is the studio of Franz von Lenbach, one of the finest in the world, rivaling, if not surpassing, those of the great English and French painters. Built after the plan of a Roman villa, with a beautiful garden and fountain in front, it forms, with the neighboring private museum, an imposing group, a worthy addition to the symmetrical and beautiful structures about it.

The great steps, half the width of the house, lead from the ground to the studio in the second and the top story, giving to the whole a palatial appearance. Ascending the broad stairway, on each side of which are blossoming orange-trees, one reaches the fine loggia, round the marble pillars of which twine great masses of purple passion-flowers; from this one may pass on into the spacious and somberly rich studio beyond.

In appearance Lenbach is typical of his

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race, with tall, heavily built figure, near-sighted blue eyes, and thin sandy hair. His manner is marked by an extreme simplicity and an entire absence of ceremony, amounting at times to a sort of mental withdrawal from those about him. Only after a nearer acquaintance one realizes that the seemingly careless glance with which he receives his many visitors takes in with unerring precision their physical, social, and mental dimensions. He is essentially a self-made man. Born of humble parents a half-century ago in a little village eight miles from Munich, he early showed marked artistic ability, and for a time was pupil at the Akademie. He began almost immediately to make copies of the masterpieces in the Alte Pinakothek, by which he was enabled to support himself, while at the same time he was forming his own taste.

During the years of his early manhood he made journeys to Spain and Italy, where the cult of the old masters, which so distinguishes him, was encouraged and strengthened. It is one of his cardinal beliefs that the true breath of inspiration is drawn from them, and at this the formative period of his art he made numberless copies from the Italian and Spanish schools, as well as from those of the Netherlands. The Schack Gallery has many rooms hung with paintings by him after the immense canvases of Correggio, Titian, Rubens, etc.; also portraits from Velasquez and Rembrandt. His constant and unvarying advice to young colleagues, toward whom his critical kindness is well known, is, «Study the old masters.» As a boy he spent long hours seeking out their color-formulas, analyzing their compositions, or searching after the spiritual verities embodied in them. For the English school of the eighteenth century he also has a great admiration, and some of his portraits recall the graceful and poetic creations of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, or Lawrence.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

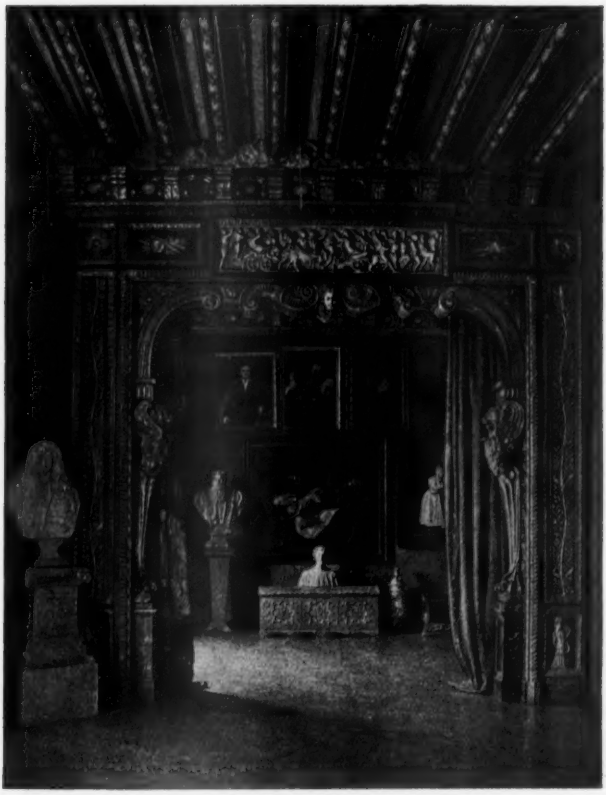
THE FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDEN.

In the early part of his career his name was somewhat associated with that of Piloty, though, with his deeply ingrained idealist tendencies, he could never have been alto-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

LENBACH AND HIS CHILD.



THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE BISMARCK ROOM.

gether in sympathy with this great exponent of the realist movement in Germany.

To Lenbach what counts is insight and «the breath of life.» He believes that artists, like poets, are born, not made; that each must work out his own salvation in the way his genius best prompts; and that, after all, it is but little the master can do for the pupil. Imbued with these sentiments, it was only natural that he should cut loose from the established German schools. To exceptional genius and unusual methods of study he has added a lifelong habit of unflagging industry. For years he worked in an unpretentious back building on the site where he has now erected the magnificent house of which his brother, well known in his special branch, was architect. The studio is divided into three spacious rooms, and occupies the whole of the second story. The ceilings are richly decorated with medallions and bas-reliefs in dark woods picked out with gold; the walls, also dark in tone, are hung with valuable tapestries, and copies of well-known pictures made during his *Wanderjahre*, with here and there an authenticated work of an old master. An unceasing and discriminating collector, Lenbach has filled his house and studio with objects of esthetic and historic interest. There are marble statues and friezes of ancient Greece and Rome, busts and bas-reliefs dating from the Renaissance, crucifixes and reliquaries breathing the mystical afflatus of the middle ages, priceless and historic brocades, rugs, and hangings from the East—everything, from the beautiful shell grotto adjoining the studio, with its elaborate mosaics, to a rare bit of brocade from some suppressed monastery, giving evidence of the unerring taste of the master. The whole building is illuminated by a complete system of electric lights, enabling him to paint, as he often does, until far into the night. He is in consequence a late riser, breakfasting at ten, and rarely going to his work before eleven o'clock.

His studio is in a way a reflex of his domestic and private life. Noticeable by their number and beauty are sketches of his one child, a little girl of three, who is perfectly at home there, and always welcomed by her father, who invariably lays down palette or crayon at her approach. As beautiful as she is precocious, her silvery blond hair and delicate, rose-leaf face are a spot of color in the somber richness of the great rooms. She knows the names of many of the pictures, and it is a pretty sight to see her pointing out the various portraits in her soft voice and uncertain accents: «das Bismarck,» «das Helmholtz,» «das der alte Kaiser,» and so on. She upsets palette and oil-cans, steps on pastel stumps with impunity, and the choicest bibelots are given her as playthings. The great artist seems to find his chief happiness in portraying the loveliness of this child. A phantom-like delicacy of touch is specially apparent in these pictures.

In glancing about, one sees portraits of nearly all the contemporaneous great men of Germany, and many celebrities of other lands. Statesmen and diplomats, artists and musicians, women whose beauty has made them preëminent, scientists and litterateurs, many of them warm personal friends, bear testimony to Lenbach's power as a man as well as an artist. Portraits of the imperial house abound—the old Kaiser and members of his immediate family, among them that fine one of the Emperor Frederick which portrays him in the flush of expectancy and strength, clad in his white uniform, with a great star upon his breast. There are numerous and finely characteristic portraits of Bismarck and Von Moltke, his intimate friendship with the latter being too well known to need more than a passing mention. Wagner and Liszt are there, with something of the fire of the special genius of each caught and fixed on the canvas; also striking and gracefully individual portraits of Sembrich and Duse. Of the latter there are several done with his little girl, and the dark intentness of the great tragedienne is in strange and startling contrast to the almost ethereal brightness of the child. Lady de Grey's loveliness is offset by Monaldeschini's Southern intensity, and Paul Heyse's poetic head is seen near a picture of the Queen of England. Noticeable, also, is a fine portrait of Prince Rudolph of Liechtenstein done in dark tones, and near it is a characteristic one of the Pope. Among others is an interesting and powerful likeness of Professor Edward Emerson, which had one of the places of honor in this year's exhibit.

Lenbach has all his life been a great producer. This has been made possible in part by his rapid methods of work. He obtains his fine results with astonishingly few lines. One may see him put in a life-size head in pastel or oil in an hour, which, though linearly slight, is yet complete, revealing with marvelous precision the form and individuality of the sitter. His portraits are mostly bare of accessories, the greater number being, in fact, simply heads, the dress indicated by some slight suggestion of coat or drapery, which is soon lost in a background always subordinate. His work is never marred by over-perfecting. Possessing the rare quality of knowing when to stop, he seems specially to delight in a sort of happy play of half-veiled effects, which arrest the eye and arouse the imagination. The end of the studio where he works is lighted by a window of scarcely more than ordinary size, and even then he sometimes closes the lower half of the folding blinds.

His pastel sketches are unusual, being so slight sometimes that they seem the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, and yet the essentials, life and individuality, are in every one. As he himself said of them, «A breath, yet all must be there.» His memory for form and expression is prodigious, and he may often be found working at a portrait in a rapid and introverted way, without the sitter.



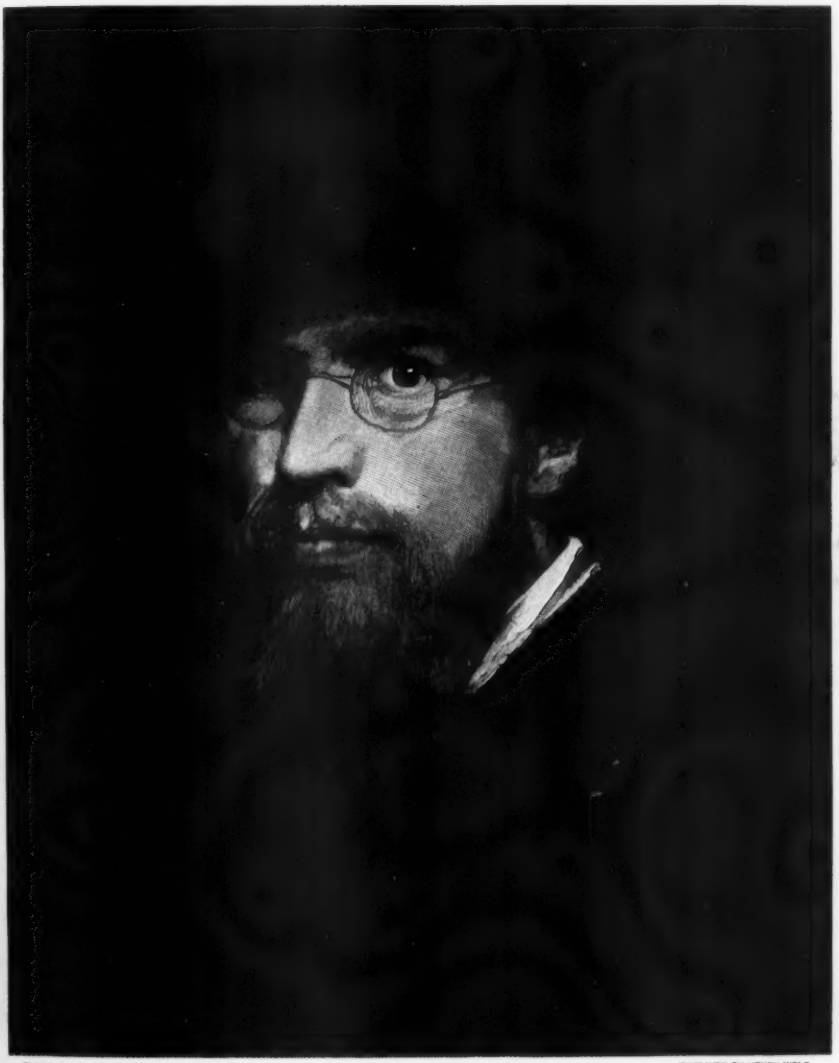
A CORNER OF THE BISMARCK ROOM.



PAINTED BY FRANZ VON LENBACH. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

PROFESSOR EDWARD EMERSON.

Lenbach's views on life in general are revealed only in snatches, for he speaks but little of himself, and his conversation on any topic is rarely sustained, though in the phrases he lets fall here and there he betrays a simple and profound appreciation of the best of all ages. In literature his tendency is toward the classics. Seneca and Epictetus may be seen on the table near his easy-chair. The modern literary movements represented by the French psychological school and the various schools of the realists are absolutely alien to his temper of mind; modern metaphysics, with its hair-splitting analyses, has little interest for him. He cares little for forms and conventions, and, though acquainted with courts,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICK BRUCKMANN. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

FRANZ VON LENBACH. PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

has nothing of the courtier. A few years ago he was knighted by the Bavarian king, but he seldom uses his title. He has shown absolute independence of thought and action in a country the institutions of which have been considered to necessitate certain concessions toward people born to position, and an unswerving fidelity to the people and causes he has elected to uphold; these traits have probably been among the elements of his success.

The French consider him academic, and he, on his side, considers that, ethically, modern French art is all wrong; and one can see how he, pure idealist that he is, would shrink from the absolute literalness shown in their choice and handling of subjects. Their power he admits, and their learning; but he feels that their desire to show how well they can paint makes them forget that art, to be great, must be significant, expressive of some truth, moral or esthetic. He holds that the tech-

nic they carry to such a high degree of perfection is often used by them as an end, not a means, and is not only unworthy, but pernicious, in that it deceives and corrupts the beholder, accustoming and training him to the letter instead of the spirit. The sensational and realistic have no charm for him. The province of art is, he believes, to portray the beautiful, and not only the relatively beautiful but the absolutely beautiful. Though he does not exhibit in Paris himself, he nevertheless is very much interested in the pictures that the French send every year to the Munich exposition.

Lenbach often says that if it were not for the barrier of language he would rather have built his studio in London, which he considers the center of the civilized world.

In conclusion, it would perhaps be interesting to say a word of the painter's annual special exhibit at the Glaspalast, where his pictures are shown under nearly the same conditions of light and shade in which they were painted. The space allotted to him is divided into three rooms, the first a dim antechamber with only two pictures, hung opposite a large divan where one may sink down and forget the glare and fatigue of the main



A CORNER OF THE STUDIO.

For the better preservation of his great collection, Lenbach has built his private museum, and to this the public is daily admitted between the hours of one and three. It is the repository of countless marbles, carvings, and hangings of great beauty and value. In this is the magnificent suite of rooms, with tessellated floors and Japanese brocade hangings of the seventeenth century, known as the Bismarck suite, from its having been occupied by the chancellor during several of his visits to Munich.

galleries. Here everything breathes repose and harmony. The ceiling is of dark inlaid wood, from which hang some rich old embroidered canopies; the walls are of a *fade* red, with here and there a piece of fine tapestry, and there is a discriminating use of screens, antique carved chairs, and various *objets d'art*.

Among the thirty pictures shown at Lenbach's last exhibit was his striking new portrait of Bismarck. The eyes are specially fine, with their steadfast intensity of look. Lean-

ing on his sword, wearing a superb helmet, and wrapped in a paletot with a vivid yellow collar, one does not notice at first sight that this portrait of the Iron Chancellor, despite the insignia of power and the brilliant bits of color, makes him out older and sterner, with the lines of thought and care deepened about the mouth and eyes—those eyes that have kept so long and vigilant a watch over the destinies of Germany.

Viewed as a whole, Lenbach's art strikes one, above all, as honest. Here are no tricks of the brush, no specious strokes to deceive the eye into thinking it beholds truth where the work is but meretricious, no sensational juxtaposition of light and shade, no abnormal craving after something new. His work is pursued on great and long-acknowledged principles, modified only so far as the individual genius of every artist inevitably modifies the medium of expression. His portraits, in the eyes of which shine the soul, the mind, and the character of the sitter, bear testimony that his art is a faithful, if sometimes idealized, portrayal of nature. They testify to his peculiar gift of seizing and fixing those subtle traits that, more than form or feature, make us different one from another.

Edith Coues.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

SHELL GROTTO ADJOINING THE STUDIO.

SPEECH AND SPEECH-READING FOR THE DEAF.[1]

THE majority of people will, I presume, be surprised to learn that there are to-day more than 2500 deaf children in this country who are not only taught to speak and understand the speech of others, but are taught as wholly by means of speech as the children of our public schools.

The children of our school always have quite enough to tell and to ask, but when they first return after their summer vacation they are filled with news almost to bursting. They chatter all at once if we will let them, and pull us this way and that in their endeavors to monopolize our attention. This year two little chaps were specially amusing. Each was eager to relate the adventures of the summer, and one with a roguish laugh placed his hand over the mouth of the other while he told me that he stepped in a bees' nest, and the bees stung him and hurt him very much; that he fell into a brook and got wet all over—«but my shoes did not get wet.» «Why did n't your shoes get wet?» I asked. «Because they were on the grass,» was the reply. My time was exhausted before their stock of information, and I fled in desperation, leaving them to tell their experiences to one another.

Can such children be called deaf-mutes? Had they been educated by the sign method their only means of conveying information to people in general or obtaining it from them would have been the laborious medium of pencil and paper, for very few people understand the language of signs. People soon weary of writing their conversation on the street, in a carriage, even in a room and at a table. A gentleman who had lost his hearing at seventeen, and then learned the sign language and was educated at the college for deaf-mutes in Washington, once said to me, «I found that people who came full of interest, and with many things to tell me, seemed to freeze up and close the fountains of their expression when I presented them with a pencil and tablet. So I learned lip-

[1] See also «Open Letter» on Helen Keller at Cambridge.

reading after I left Washington, and now I can talk with you or any one else, and I keep up more easily with the times. I knew I should lose my speech, as others have before, if I did not use it constantly, so all the time I was in Washington I read aloud to myself for hours in my room. I learned poetry, and recited it when alone, and in that way kept up my speech by my own efforts.»

Thanks to the pure oral method, and the pressure brought to bear by its advocates upon the schools of the old style, the day has almost passed when in any institution for the deaf such force of character is necessary in a boy to overcome the neglect of his instructors. It will soon seem incredible that such a statement as the following of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell could *ever* have been true. He says: «I have seen a boy who became deaf at twelve years of age, and who had previously attended one of our public schools, go into an institution for the deaf and dumb (where articulation was taught an hour or so a day) talking as readily as you or I, and come out a deaf-mute.»

To-day not only may those who have lost their hearing after acquiring language and speech be educated by speech, and taught to understand it on the lips of others, but also those who have been born deaf or become so in infancy. Little by little the teaching of speech and speech-reading has been forced upon the schools of the old type, sometimes by the public demand, and sometimes through the receptive intelligence of the principals. In 1866 there were 26 schools for the deaf in this country, in none of which was the oral method practised, and in only two or three was an hour or two a day given to the attempt to teach articulation to a favored few. To-day there are 89 schools, and in all but 7 articulation is taught, in 60 the oral method is used, and in 26 is employed exclusively.

The earliest recorded attempt to found a school where the deaf could be educated was made in the early part of the seventeenth century by the learned John Butler, a contemporary of Milton and Bacon. He, however, says of the project: «I soon perceived, by falling into discourse with some rationall men about such a designe, that the attempt seemed so paradoxicall, prodigious, and Hyperbolicall, that it did rather amuse than satisfie their understandings.» Indeed, it was not until more than a century later, when De l'Épée, Heinicke, and Braidwood founded schools in France, Germany, and Great Britain respectively, that any permanent institutions were established for the education of the deaf.

It is a very rare occurrence when a deaf person is mute for any other reason save the lack of the instruction which a hearing child receives through his ears. Recognizing this fact, and that speech is the most distinctive gift of man, Heinicke and Braidwood devoted themselves to the training of the vocal organs of their pupils, and to teaching them to read the speech of others by noting the movements of the lips and tongue. On the other hand, the good Abbé de l'Épée based his method of instruction upon the fact that all human beings, when deprived of speech, either through deafness or ignorance of the language spoken about them, resort to signs to make known their wants. All savage races have a code of signs by which they can communicate with one another and with the surrounding tribes. He therefore conventionalized and systematized signs, and invented new ones when natural gestures failed to convey the idea.

With this system of conventionalized signs, brought to this country by Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, a school was opened in Hartford, Conn., in the year 1817. It had been found, however, that the sign language did not solve the problem of giving the deaf a means of communication with the world in general. Very few people understood this language, while its construction, so far as there was any, and its conciseness—a single gesture frequently representing a complete sentence of spoken vernacular—rendered it unfit for representing grammatically constructed language. The method of spelling the words with the fingers by means of a finger alphabet was then pressed into service in conjunction with signs. This is the same as writing in foreign characters on the blackboard or upon paper, except that it is more rapid and more convenient. In this way the reading and writing of grammatical English could be taught, and both the manual alphabet and the sign language are employed in certain schools to-day.

For many years after the founding of the Hartford school no speech was taught there, though to-day the teaching of articulation is an important factor in their work. In 1867, largely through the efforts of Horace Mann, who some years previously had visited the schools of Europe, two institutions were established in this country where the deaf could not only be taught to speak, but be taught by speech without the use of the manual alphabet or the sign language. One of these was in New York City and the other in Northampton, Mass., and they are to-day large and

flourishing institutions. After the establishment of these institutions there sprang up in this country, in the ranks of the teachers of the deaf, a division which already existed in Europe. On the one side were the ardent



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

READING THE SHADOW.

advocates of the sign language as a means of instruction and explanation, while on the other were the opponents of signs, who employed the manual alphabet, writing, and speech only. The controversy has been waged with more or less energy ever since; but like all the ideas of a cruder and less advanced age, the sign language has been gradually crowded out, until now it is entirely excluded from many schools and used but sparingly in others. A single argument brought forward by the son of a distinguished advocate of the ancient method in support of this language is enough to indicate its ultimate fate, though it has served a noble purpose in its day. He says: «It is a fact worth noting that the signs used by the Indians of North America are identical in many instances with those employed by the deaf-mutes of to-day.» No one will question the truth of this observation, nor deny that it is worth noting; but we

have reached a stage in the world's history when we can lay aside the tools of savagery. Through progress in enlightenment we are fortunately able now to give our deaf children a better means of communication with men than that employed by the American Indian or the African savage. It is a friendly struggle, in which the old-school advocates of the sign language are the defensive party and the oralists the aggressors. Both are, however, engaged in the great work of ameliorating the condition of an unfortunate class, and have much that is common ground where they can clasp hands with hearty approval.

In the schools for the deaf in the United States to-day three systems of instruction are used. The methods employed are, in the first system, signs and the manual alphabet; second system, speech and the manual alphabet; third system, speech only. Writing is of course employed in all the systems.

In 1817 there was but one school for the deaf in the United States, and it contained only 20 pupils; in 1870 there were 34 schools, and, in round numbers, 4000 pupils under instruction; while to-day there are 89 schools and 9000 pupils in attendance. In 1884, 27 per cent. of all pupils were given instruction in articulation; in 1895, 55 per cent. In 1870, 3 per cent. of the 4000 children under instruction were taught by means of speech alone in the pure oral method; while in 1895, 28 per cent. of the 9000 then in the schools were being educated by the pure oral method. It is beginning to be realized that all children should at least have a trial under this method, though their instructors may see fit to change to another system later. The State of Pennsylvania has taken the matter into its own hands, and has passed a law declaring that a State appropriation for the education of the deaf shall not be available unless facilities are provided for giving each pupil a trial under the pure oral method.

Formerly if a taxpayer was so unfortunate as to have a deaf child, he paid the regular school tax, but derived no benefit from it, as the State provided no school for the education of his deaf child. To-day in most States this injustice no longer exists, and a man can have his child educated free of cost by either the sign or oral system. In most schools the pupils are received when six years old, and retained for a period varying from six to twelve years. Owing to the desirability of continuous supervision in the education of the deaf, and the fact that many of the pupils come from long distances, most of the institutions are boarding-schools. The intercourse of the pupils with one another is therefore much more intimate than in an ordinary public school; as these are really boarding public schools, many parents of means and refinement hesitate to send their children to them. To meet this demand for a refined, cultivated home and school combined, a small school has lately been opened in New York. The instruction ranges here from the kindergarten through the college preparatory course. One special disadvantage of the public institutions is that, by reason of the small appropriation per pupil, the classes must of necessity be large, and it is here that a private school has a great advantage; for while still retaining the very desirable and almost necessary stimulus of association with others in the class, and the companionship that is needed for the best development of the child, it keeps the numbers small, and gives a greater opportunity for individual instruction.

It is generally supposed that the deaf have a tendency to moroseness and melancholy. This is least true of the orally educated adult, and among the children in the oral schools is not true at all. I know of no happier or more contented lot of children than are to be found in these schools. The visitor who expects to enter a place of silent halls, quiet play-rooms, and noiseless yards is much surprised to hear peals of childish laughter, and cries and shouts, as the children romp and frolic out of school hours.

As this is an article on the speech and speech-reading of the deaf, those so-called «combined» schools where only an hour or two a day is devoted to the teaching of speech and speech-reading may be passed by with a brief reference. Their results in teaching the congenitally deaf to speak and understand the speech of others are unsatisfactory, for a pupil cannot be expected to acquire those difficult arts with his share, perhaps a tenth or twentieth, of an hour per day. One might much better expect to learn to speak Greek fluently by studying it twenty minutes a day, and devoting the rest of the time exclusively to writing and reading English. I therefore pass on to the oral method, which alone can give the pupil a practical and working knowledge of speech, both uttered and read from the lips.

To most people the task of educating a deaf child seems very formidable, and yet in reality it is but little more so than that of educating a hearing child. In proportion to the amount that he has to learn, the deaf pupil progresses at about the same rate as his hearing brother. It must be remembered that the great majority of deaf pupils who



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY.

A LESSON IN VIBRATION.

enter schools at six years of age have almost as much to learn as a hearing child of two. The deaf child has to be taught at school what the hearing child picks up while playing at home. At the end of six years the deaf pupil has more than kept his relative position; he has, as a general thing, gained a little on his brother, for though they are still separated from each other, the distance is less than at the beginning of their school lives.

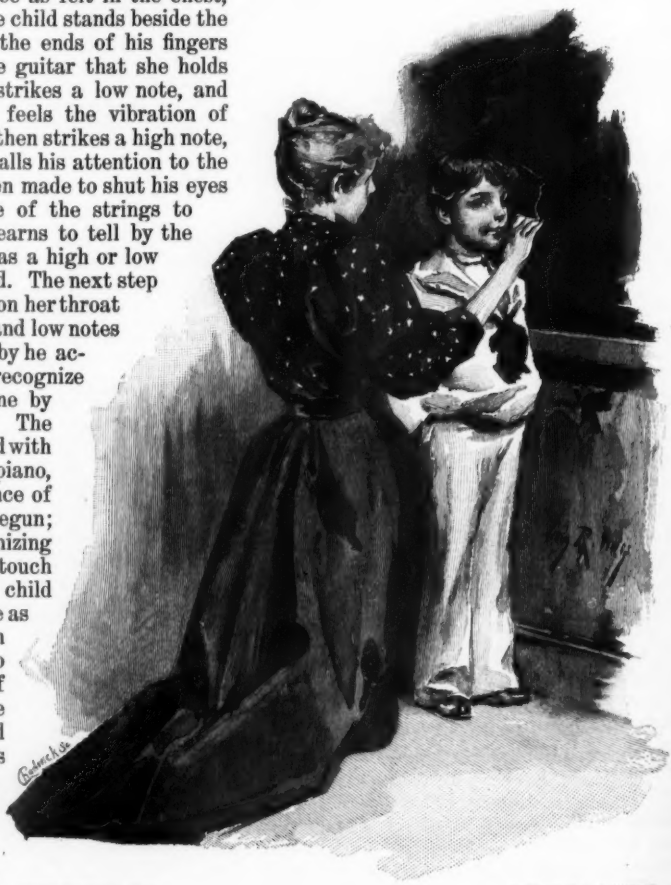
If the mothers of deaf children could all be made to realize the importance and helpfulness of persistent, watchful training of the senses and faculties of their little children even before they are old enough to go to school, the work of educating the deaf would be much easier and the results more satisfactory. In most instances the child, though not more than three or four years old, can be taught to understand many simple spoken phrases. If hearing was lost through sickness after some progress had been made in learning to talk, this speech will fade away unless the mother takes great pains to preserve it by constantly talking to the child and encouraging it to speak. The preservation of this speech is well worth the time and trouble expended. As soon as the parents of a child discover that it is deaf, no matter at what age, they should seek the advice of some competent educator of the deaf.

One of the first lessons that the child has to learn upon entering school is to watch the lips of his teacher and attach a meaning to their movements. All directions and commands are, from the very outset, spoken, and the foundation of speech-reading is laid in the first half-hour, when the child learns to recognize his name on the teacher's lips. The amount of spoken language that a child has learned to understand before he can speak or write is considerable.

The first few months of the school life are devoted chiefly to exercises for the development and training of those senses still possessed by the child, which must do the work of the missing sense in addition to their own, and in cultivating in him the habits of obedience, attention, and concentration, without which he can make no progress. The attention on the part of the deaf child in the classroom must be closer than is required of a hearing pupil; for if his eyes wander from the teacher's lips he immediately loses the connection, since his ears do not tell him what is being said. The habits formed in the earliest classes are of fundamental importance, and a great responsibility rests upon the teachers of the lowest grades. Before the actual teaching of speech the attention of the child must be aroused, his interest awakened, the spirit of observation, imitation, and obedience cultivated, and the senses of sight

and touch rendered alert. This is attained by a series of introductory exercises nearly in the form of play. The games are arranged to train the sight to rapid and accurate recognition of objects, colors, number, forms, and movements, and to develop in the sense of touch a swift and delicate discrimination between forms, surfaces, textures, weights, and finally vibrations. The eyes must do the work of the ears in comprehending the speech of others, and the tactile sense must come to the rescue in the training and guiding of the pupil's own organs of speech. The ability to distinguish differences of vibration by touch is the objective point of all tactile training, and the exercises bearing directly upon this are conducted with musical instruments such as the guitar, zithern, and piano, and then applied to the vibrations of the voice as felt in the chest, throat, and head. The child stands beside the teacher, and places the ends of his fingers upon the head of the guitar that she holds on her knees. She strikes a low note, and the child, watching, feels the vibration of the instrument. She then strikes a high note, and, repeating this, calls his attention to the difference. He is then made to shut his eyes while she causes one of the strings to vibrate. He soon learns to tell by the feeling whether it was a high or low note that was sounded. The next step is to place his hand upon her throat while she sings high and low notes alternately. By and by he acquires the ability to recognize the difference in tone by feeling her throat. The same thing is repeated with the zithern and the piano, and when the utterance of articulate sounds is begun; this power of recognizing tones by the sense of touch is used to guide the child in modifying his voice as may be necessary—in raising it if it is too deep, or lowering it if it is too shrill. He gradually learns to tell by the feeling in his own head and chest, not only whether he is speaking loudly, but also whether his voice is high or deep.

The introduction of diagrams representing the positions of the vocal organs in uttering the various sounds marks a new and entertaining step in advance for the children. The teacher calls one of the little ones to her, and, leaning his head against the blackboard, draws its outline with the chalk, to the immense amusement of the class, each one of whom insists upon having his profile added to the collection. Next day they are drawn with open mouth, exposing the teeth to view, and soon the teacher erases the top and back of the head, leaving only the lines of the nose, lips, and chin. The children are now given hand-glasses, and with the keenest interest identify the upper and lower teeth, tongue, hard and soft palates as they are added. They are now ready for a game which they greatly enjoy—assuming the different positions which the diagrams picture to them.



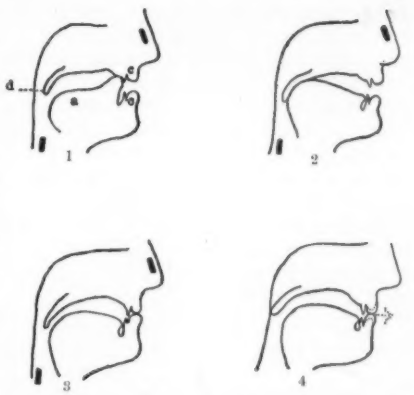
DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

FIRST STEP LEADING TO THE DIAGRAM.

Each illustration represents the positions of the organs for a single elementary sound, and where a change is made in uttering the sound the second position is indicated by dotted lines. By the use of these graphic representations, and by imitation of the movements of the teacher's organs, the children are gradually taught to make all the separate sounds at will. As soon as a sound is mastered it is combined with others. In this way the different sounds acquire a definiteness and accuracy that it is hard to attain by any other means. It very rarely happens that a child fails to make some sound at the same time that he attempts to assume the positions indicated by the diagrams and by his teacher's tongue and lips. It does happen sometimes, however, that a pupil will go through these exercises noiselessly, and, even after recognizing the vibrations produced in the teacher's throat by voice, seems unable to produce those vibrations himself at will. The teacher must then watch her opportunity, and when the boy next laughs or cries, or makes some sound in his play, instantly call his attention to it. Sometimes it is a matter of weeks, but success is sure in the end, provided, of course, there be no physical defect of the organs.

So the work goes on, changing from day to day and from week to week, until, in the words of one of the most brilliant teachers of the entering grade, «At the end of three months the class are ready for the work of acquiring language. Their stock in trade, besides some twenty nouns *taught as rewards of merit* [the italics are mine], consists of the ability to write a legible hand, to pronounce simple English, to read from the lips the more common directions given in school and at the table, and, most important of all, the foundation of habits of concentration and attention.»

The hearing child just learning to talk is quite unintelligible at first, but gradually the organs learn their lesson, and utterance grows distinct. But the ear is the guide and critic of these early attempts. The deaf child, however, hears no sound, and sees only the slight movements of the lips and tongue, and can never learn to speak by his own unaided observation and imitation of those motions. The teacher must furnish the correction and training that the ear ordinarily supplies. The teaching of speech to a totally deaf child who has never spoken is truly a wonderful achievement. He has no conception of sound, and can never have; for the only sense by which he can be taught the



1, Diagram for N. a, tongue; d, uvula; ı, voice or vibration; cc, lips. 2, Diagram for Ng; 3, Diagram for M; 4, Diagram for P. (Dotted lines show second position with expulsion of breath indicated by arrow.) Diagrams furnished by the author.

existence of such a thing is that of touch, which simply gives him a knowledge of the motions that accompany sound, but are no more the sound itself than the vibrations that produce heat are the sensation we call warmth. To train the deaf child's organs to take their proper positions for the utterance of words as unconsciously as those of a hearing person is a very slow process. The development of any set of reflex actions is a laborious task even where mistakes can be recognized and corrected by the learner himself; in this case, however, the learner cannot correct his own errors, but must rely upon the alert ear of his teacher to keep him from acquiring a wrong set of reflex actions and forming habits that it will be almost impossible to break up.

Side by side with articulation comes the task of teaching language. Imagine yourself in a country whose speech you did not know, and whose inhabitants did not understand yours. Imagine, in addition, that you were suddenly deprived of your hearing. How well do you think you would succeed in learning the new language? Yet the congenitally deaf child is under even a greater disadvantage than this. He is not only in a foreign land the language of which he does not understand, but, to begin with, he has no conception of what language is. He has no language of his own which can be used as a framework on which and by which to build the new. If he is more than two years old, he may have invented for himself a few natural, gestural signs to indicate isolated objects or the simple needs of his body, such as hungry, tired, thirsty; but these signs can no more be called a language

than the different movements of a dog's tail and ears which indicate his feelings or his wants can be dignified by that name. He has no conception of a structurally connected means of expression. Is it any wonder, then, if, after some years of instruction, the teacher occasionally finds a sentence like this, written by a boy in his journal after coming to school one cold March morning: «The wind is very blew, and I am a little shiver»? Or this substitution of act for implement: «The man chopped the ground with his dig, and the dog hurrahed with his wag»? The irregularities and inconsistencies of English grammar and spelling make it much harder, of course, to teach the deaf, and no class of people would be more greatly benefited by a strictly phonetic spelling and an exceptionless grammar than they. That the deaf child is not frightened by these irregularities is shown by the reply of a bright little girl when asked to give the principal parts of some irregular verbs. Several were given correctly, and then she began on another: «Eat—ate»—she paused for a moment in thought, and then added, «swallowed.»

Perhaps you would like to step into an intermediate-class room for a few minutes. The children are nine or ten years old and have been in school between three and four years—only four years removed from dumbness and utter ignorance even of the existence of language!

You notice that they are seated with their backs to the light, which falls full upon the teacher as she stands or sits before them. They are, perhaps, looking toward the newcomers, and the teacher taps the floor with her foot to attract their attention to herself. They do not hear the sound, but feel the vibration and recognize it as their call.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN HIGH AND LOW PITCH.

After the ceremony of introduction is finished, they will, if permitted, put you through a catechism as to the location of your home, how far away it is, how you reach it, and how long it takes, until a stop is put to their questions. When you have thus been used as an exercise in geography, arithmetic, and language, the interrupted lesson is resumed.

The chances are that in this class it will be a simple language lesson. Language, being the key which unlocks the treasure-house of knowledge, must take precedence over all else. No one who has not taught deaf children has any

idea of the difficulty of giving them an adequate understanding and command of English. Nearly every school exercise, then, is a language exercise in some form, perhaps appearing under names like «geography» and «history,» but often undisguised. The teacher is constantly on the alert to correct grammar, expression, and articulation, to supply words for ideas indicated, and also to work in information while the interest of the class is aroused. It is frequently necessary, in correcting articulation in the lower classes, to resort to mechanical manipulation of the pupil's tongue and lips, to placing the hand upon the teacher's throat, nose, and chest, and to phonetic analysis. The lesson is conducted as much by speech on the part of both pupil and teacher as though it was not a school for the deaf. You may not understand all the children readily at first. The speech of a congenitally deaf child is never natural, and varies widely in intelligibility, but can always be made such that those who have occasion frequently to listen to him will soon come to understand him, and that is a vast improvement over dumbness. In many cases much more than this can be accomplished.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY JOHN W. EVANS.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN B AND P.

An interesting exercise, and one in which the children take the keenest interest, is a sort of «twenty-questions» game, in which the visitor, perhaps, if he feels so inclined, otherwise the teacher, is the one questioned, and a pupil the interrogator. An object, the nature of which is known to the class, but not to the person being questioned, is hidden in a box, which is intrusted to one of their number. I remember once it was a bright-eyed little girl of eight years, with dimpled, roguish face, who stood in front of me, the mysterious box held tightly in her little hands, and while the eager eyes of the others were fastened on our lips, propounded these questions:

«How many are there?» I said six at random, and hit wide of the mark, for they all cried in chorus, «Oh, no!» I then made a

sudden drop to one, and was greeted with applause and a delighted «Yes» from my interlocutor. «What color is it?» I was next asked. I guessed a great many colors, and was finally successful in winning the applause with brown. I then insisted upon knowing whether it was good to eat, and was assured that it was, and she then asked me what it



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. MARSHALL.

Helen A. Keller

was made of. I began to suspect that it was a ginger cooky, and so enumerated the constituents that, to the best of my knowledge, go to make up that delight of the childish heart. I frequently met with assenting applause, but not in each ingredient, and finally discovered that it was a piece of spice-cake.

The instruction, begun as I have briefly indicated, is carried on until the children have been given a good common-school education, the subjects which they are taught being reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, English literature, physiology, natural philosophy, elementary chemistry, botany, drawing, and sometimes geometry and algebra. In many schools a course in industrial training is added, such as wood- and iron-working, wood-carving, clay-modeling, and painting. Truly the world has made great progress since the giving of even the most rudimentary education to the deaf seemed to «rationall» men, «paradoxicall, prodigious, and Hyperbolicall.»

Speech-reading in an oral school begins, as I have said, with a child's first school hour, and never ends. They learn to read the lips before they can speak or have any language whatever. At that stage it is only the reading of a labial instead of a manual sign. The

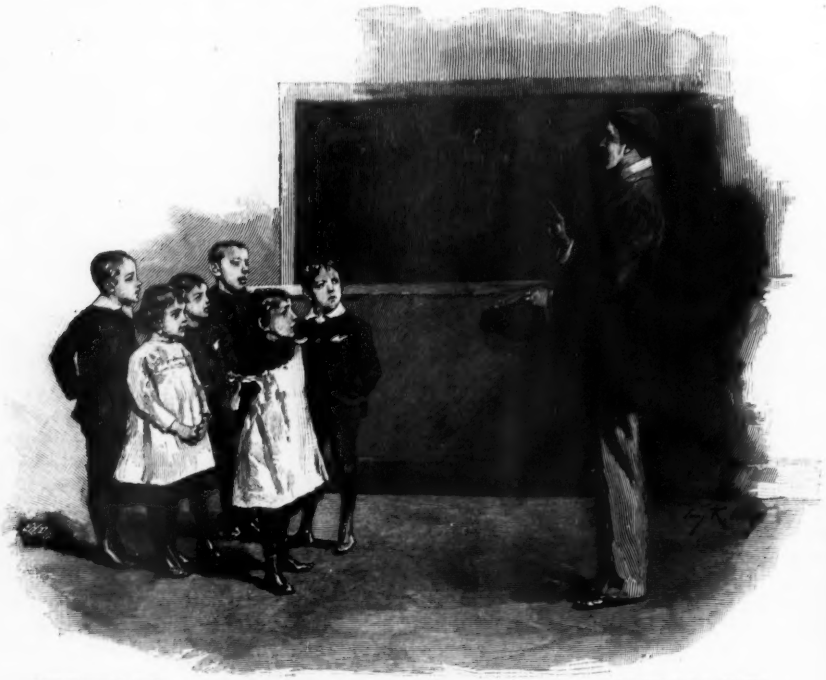
child very quickly learns that a certain sequence of motions of the lips and tongue means «Come here,» and he comes when he sees those motions, though he has no conception of the words. A beckoning gesture of the finger would bring him also, but is, of course, much less desirable, as it can never lead up to spoken words. By and by he learns to connect the words «Come here» with the familiar labial sign, and can write and speak them himself. In this way little children learn to understand many simple things that are said to them before they have the vocabulary to represent the ideas, and they thus early acquire the habit of watching the lips, and realizing that some definite idea is obtainable from their motions. Indeed, a school has been recently founded for the training of little children in speech and speech-reading before they are of school age, and remarkable success is being attained with the little ones. But speech-reading in its general application must be accompanied by a knowledge of language, spoken or written. Given language, speech-reading becomes a comparatively simple thing. There is no reason why every person (of good health) who has become deaf after the acquirement of language should not learn to understand conversation by the movements of the mouth. With proper instruction and practice, this accomplishment, which is almost a necessity, is within the reach of every deaf person. Even in the case of people who are only hard of hearing, it is a great advantage to be able to understand their friends without requiring them to raise their voices to a pitch that is wearisome both to the speaker and to those who may be near. The art of speech-reading in its wider applications is comparatively new, and those who have devoted thought and study to the methods of teaching it are few in number; but I feel sure that as an art it is destined to become more and more common, particularly among the adult deaf. To prove to yourself, however, that it is no easy thing to acquire the ability to read the lips, and that it is only *comparatively* that we speak of it as a simple matter, take the hand-glass from your dressing-table, and, sitting down with your back to some bright light, the reflection of which is thrown full upon your lips, speak a few sentences, words, and letters, and see how soon you think you could learn to understand even your native language by the aid of the eye alone. Better yet, put some cotton in your ears, and get a friend to speak to you in a whisper. Let him speak the words «night,» «tight,» «died,» «tide,» «nine,» «tine,» «dine,» for instance, and see if you can by the closest scrutiny discover any difference between the visible motions which produce them. Perhaps you will thus gain some idea of the difficulties a speech-reader must surmount. There are many words which cannot be distinguished from one another in appearance, but the speech-reader can, as a rule, distinguish between them by the context. «Come again to-mórrow. . . .» The speech-reader would know that «night» was the only one of the above list that would make sense. The expert speech-reader often runs ahead of the speaker, and knows what is coming, in the same manner that a listener frequently knows what a speaker is going to say before his sentence is half completed, for thought is swifter than speech. In the same way the speech-reader comprehends the full sentence, though he may see only a part of it, since he supplies that which, though it escaped his eye, he knows must have been uttered. I have heard Dr. Alexander Bell compare speech-reading to reading a line of print with the lower half of the letters covered by a slip of paper. The eye sees only a portion of the letters, but the mind readily supplies the remainder, and reads the words. An excellent proof that the speech-reader sees only a portion of the words and supplies the intervening parts from his own consciousness is found in shadow reading. Several times I have arranged the light in such a way as to throw a sharp profile of the speaker upon some white background, and have seen a skilful speech-reader standing behind the speaker repeating sentences spoken deliberately, simply from the motions of the shadow. I have even seen this done when the speaker was a gentleman with a rather heavy mustache and beard, though the mustache was not, of course, allowed to fall over the lower lip.

Many people, and I am sorry to say some teachers of the deaf, fail to realize, in practice at least, that speech is not as clearly visible to the eye as it is audible to the ear, and think that by speaking slowly, word by word, and opening their mouth to the widest extent, they will render the task of the speech-reader easier. As a matter of fact they render it all the more difficult. A child in school may learn to understand a teacher who mouths his words in this manner, but this ability is of no value to him when he leaves school. Indeed, perfectly natural, deliberate speech is easier to understand than the exaggerated form of articulation which people are apt to use the moment they know they are talking to a totally deaf person. Peo-

ple who depend entirely upon their speech-reading for understanding others have requested me, when introducing them to strangers, not to say that they were deaf, because they find it easier to read the lips when the person speaking is not aware that he is being

how it was done. The limits of this article will permit only the briefest outline of her story.

Rendered both deaf and blind at nineteen months by severe illness, she passed the first seven years of her life in silence, darkness,



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

TEACHING THE WORD «HAT.»

understood in that way. I have in my acquaintance a young man educated wholly by this method, who travels a great deal, and picks up acquaintances on the steamer or on the train just as people do who possess all their faculties. I have in mind, also, a congenitally deaf girl of fourteen who is not considered unusually bright, yet whose speech is clearly intelligible to strangers after the first ten minutes, who is intelligent on the topics of the day, and whose conversational repertoire is much larger and more entertaining than that of many young ladies of twenty and over that I have met in metropolitan society.

Helen Keller is a household name both in America and foreign lands. She is blind as well as deaf. That the walls of silence and darkness which shut her from the world have been broken down, that her soul has been set free, and the seal of silence taken from her lips, seems miraculous to those who know not

and ignorance. Who could have suspected the exquisite soul imprisoned in that mute and darkened body? A bright, patient, loving woman came, and the miracle began.

There was only one possible avenue of approach to the beleaguered soul. The sense of touch remained, and to that the teacher, Miss Annie M. Sullivan, addressed her efforts. Through finger-spelling the child at length obtained the idea of language, and with this key other doors could be unlocked. Having naturally a fine mind, she learned rapidly when once started, and developed a phenomenal memory.

While Helen received information only through manual spelling and in limited amount, she never forgot. To tell her something was like writing it in a book. When you wished the fact again months or even years afterward, you had only to ask for it. But later, as she began to read books, to

meet more people, and to receive impressions through more channels and in larger numbers, her memory ceased to be so absolutely reliable.

Until she was eleven years of age her only means of communication was by finger-spelling. Then at her own urgent request she was given lessons in speech by Miss Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School. The rapidity with which she acquired the ability to speak was unprecedented. She soon abandoned finger-spelling as a means of expression, and has ever since used speech alone.

But others still had to communicate with her by their fingers. She then expressed a strong wish to learn to read the lips by touching them with her fingers. For the purpose of attempting this difficult task and to get special training in speech she came to the Wright-Humason School in New York city. During the two years that she remained there she succeeded in acquiring the power of understanding people when they spoke to her, and at the same time pursued regular courses of study in arithmetic, history, physical geography, French, and German. She has read much of the best literature, and is very intelligent on the topics of the day. Her own speech is now excellent, and she has entered a girls' school in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she is taking a course preparatory for Radcliffe College.

When being spoken to she places her index-finger lightly upon the lips, while the other fingers rest upon the cheek, the middle one touching the nose. Her thumb is upon the larynx. This position gives her the greatest possible information concerning the elements of which speech is composed.

The public are always interested in results. What, then, is a conservative statement of the results obtained by the oral method aside from the general education? It gives to those deaf from infancy a speech that is intelligible to their immediate friends, and in varying degrees to strangers. It enables them to understand conversation on ordinary topics wherever the lips are clearly visible. It restores them to the society of their fellows in very much larger measure than is possible without speech and speech-reading. I do not claim that they are on the same footing as hearing people. They cannot be; their speech is never perfectly natural, and they can never take part in general conversation as those in the possession of their hearing. The orally educated deaf are found in many of the callings of life, such as journalism, civil engineering, architecture, designing, business, and the trades. They have written for publication on various subjects, in a clear, forcible, and interesting style; but I am not aware that any of them have ever attained literary prominence. The realm of poetry is practically closed to them. They appreciate the beauty of its expression, but though they are frequently quick to catch the rhythm of motion, and are fond of dancing, the rhythm and swing of words seem to escape them. There has been, I think, but one deaf poet, and his poems were chiefly remarkable in the light of his infirmity. So much for the most conservative view. On the other hand, there are many deaf people in this country who have acquired all their speech and speech-reading by instruction after becoming deaf, who go into society, entertain in their own homes, and are entertained in the homes of others, as freely as any members of the community. There are many with whom a stranger might talk for an hour without suspecting that they were deaf, accounting for their slight peculiarity of speech by supposing all the time that they were foreigners. Methods are being constantly improved, and it is to be expected that still better results will be obtained hereafter. Meanwhile experience has demonstrated that by the use of speech as a medium of instruction, the deaf can be successfully educated, and taught to speak and understand the speech of others; and I believe the time is coming when this will be the only way in which they are taught.

John Dutton Wright.





DRAWN BY CHARLES STANLEY REINHART.

«HAIL TO THE CHIEF!»

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

GRANT'S THIRD DAY IN THE WILDERNESS—HAIL TO THE CHIEF!—A NIGHT ALARM—A MIDNIGHT RIDE—GRANT ROUGHS IT WITH HIS TROOPS—OUT OF THE WILDERNESS—SHERIDAN ORDERED TO CRUSH «JEB» STUART—A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS—GRANT IN FRONT OF SPOTSYLVANIA—THE DEATH OF SEDGWICK—ARRIVAL OF DESPATCHES—«I SHALL TAKE NO BACKWARD STEPS»—COMMUNICATING WITH BURNSIDE—GRANT ATTACKS THE ENEMY'S CENTER—HOW A FAMOUS MESSAGE WAS DESPATCHED—NEWS FROM THE OTHER ARMIES—AN EVENTFUL MORNING AT HEADQUARTERS—TWO DISTINGUISHED PRISONERS—HOW THE «ANGLE» WAS CAPTURED—SCENES AT THE «BLOODY ANGLE.»

GRANT'S THIRD DAY IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE next morning, May 7, General Grant was almost the first one up. He seated himself at the camp-fire at dawn, and looked thoroughly refreshed after the sound sleep he had enjoyed. In fact, a night's rest had greatly reinvigorated every one. A fog, combined with the smoke from the smoldering forest fires, rendered it difficult for those of us who were sent to make reconnaissances to see any great distance, even where there were openings in the forest. A little after 6 A. M. there was some artillery firing from Warren's batteries, which created an impression for a little while that the enemy might be moving against him; but he soon sent word that he had been firing at some skirmishers who had pushed down to a point near his intrenchments and discharged a few shots. At 6:30 A. M. the general issued his orders to prepare for a night march of the entire army toward Spotsylvania Court House, on the direct road to Richmond. At 8:30 Burnside pushed out a skirmishing party to feel the enemy, and found that he had withdrawn from a portion of his line. Skirmishing continued along parts of Warren's front till 11 A. M. In fact, each army was anxious to learn promptly the position and apparent intentions of the other, so as to be able to act intelligently in making the next move in the all-absorbing game. The enemy was found to be occupying a strongly intrenched line defended by artillery, and at an average distance from our front of nearly a mile.

While sitting at the mess-table taking breakfast, I asked the general-in-chief: «In all your battles up to this time, where do you think your presence upon the field was most useful in the accomplishing of results?» He replied: «Well, I don't know»; then, after a pause, «perhaps at Shiloh.» I said: «I think it was last night, when the attack was made on our right.» He did not follow up the subject, for he always spoke with great reluctance about anything which was distinctly personal to himself. The only way in which we could ever draw him out, and induce him to talk about events in his military career, was to make some misstatement intentionally about an occurrence. His regard for truth was so great that his mind always rebelled against inaccuracies, and in his desire to correct the error he would go into an explanation of the facts, and in doing so would often be led to talk with freedom upon the subject.

An officer related to the general an incident of the attack the night before, which showed that even the gravest events have a comical side. In the efforts to strengthen our right, a number of teamsters had been ordered into the ranks and sent hurriedly to the front. As they were marching past their teams, one of the men was recognized by his favorite «lead» mule, who proceeded to pay his respects to him in a friendly hee-haw, which reverberated through the forest until the sound bid fair to rival the report of the opening gun at Lexington, which fired the «shot heard round the world.» The teamster turned to him and cried: «Oh, you better not laugh, old Simon Bolivar. Before this fight 's through I bet they 'll pick you up and put you into the ranks, too!»

After leaving the breakfast-table, the general lighted a cigar and took his seat on a camp-stool in front of his tent. In a conversation with the staff he then began to discuss the operations of the day before. He expressed himself as satisfied with the result in the main, saying: «While it is in one sense a drawn battle, as neither side has gained or lost ground substantially since the fighting

began, yet we remain in possession of the field, and the forces opposed to us have withdrawn to a distance from our front and taken up a defensive position. We cannot call the engagement a positive victory, but the enemy have only twice actually reached our lines in their many attacks, and have not gained a single advantage. This will enable me to carry out my intention of moving to the left, and compelling the enemy to fight in a more open country and outside of their breastworks.»

An old officer who was passing by, an acquaintance of the general's, now stepped up to the group. He had recently been ordered in from the plains, and his wild tales of red-handed slaughter in the land of the savages had already made him known in the army as the «Injun-slayer.» An aide remarked to him, «Well, as you 've been spoiling for a fight ever since you joined this army, how did yesterday's set-to strike you by way of a skirmish?» «Oh!» was the reply, «you had large numbers engaged, and heavy losses; but it was n't the picturesque, desperate hand-to-hand fighting that you see when you 're among the Injuns.» «No; but we got in some pretty neat work on the white man,» said the aide. «Yes; but it did n't compare with the time the Nez Percés and the Shoshonee tribes had their big battle,» continued the veteran. «Why, how was that?» cried all present in a chorus. «Well, you see,» explained the narrator, «first the Nez Percés set up a yell louder than a blast of Gabriel's trumpet, and charged straight across the valley; but the Shoshonees stood their ground without budging an inch, and pretty soon they went for the Nez Percés and drove 'em back again. As soon as the Nez Percés could catch their breath they took another turn at the Shoshonees, and shoved them back just about where they started from. By this time the ground between 'em was so covered by the killed and wounded that you could n't see as much as a blade of grass. But still they kept on charging back and forth across that valley, and they moved so fast that when their lines of battle passed me, the wind they made was so strong that I had to hold my hat on with both hands, and once I came mighty near being blown clear off my feet.» «Why, where were *you* all this time?» asked several voices. «Oh,» said he, «I was standing on a little knoll in the middle of the valley, looking on.» «Why,» remarked an officer, «I should think they would have killed you in the scrimmage.» Then the face of the veteran of the plains assumed an air of offended innocence, and in a tone of voice which made it painfully evident that he felt the hurt, he said, «What?—the Injuns! Lord, they all knew *me!*» The general joined in the smiles which followed this bit of sadly mutilated truth. Similar Munchausenisms, indulged in from time to time by this officer, demonstrated the fact that he had become so skilled in warping veracity that one of his lies could make truth look mean alongside of it, and he finally grew so untrustworthy that it was unsafe even to believe the contrary of what he said.

At 3 P. M. despatches were received by way of Washington, saying that General Butler had reached the junction of the James and Appomattox rivers the night of the 5th, had surprised the enemy, and successfully disembarked his troops, and that Sherman was moving out against Johnston in Georgia, and expected that a battle would be fought on the 7th.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

ALL preparations for the night march had now been completed. The wagon-trains were to move at 4 P. M., so as to get a start of the infantry, and then go into park and let the troops pass them. The cavalry had been thrown out in advance; the infantry began the march at 8:30 P. M. Warren was to proceed along the Brock road toward Spotsylvania Court House, moving by the rear of Hancock, whose corps was to remain in its position during the night to guard against a possible attack by the enemy, and afterward to follow Warren. Sedgwick was to move by way of Chancellorsville and Piney Branch Church. Burnside was to follow Sedgwick, and to cover the trains which moved on the roads that were farthest from the enemy.

Soon after dark, Generals Grant and Meade, accompanied by their staffs, after having given personal supervision to the starting of the march, rode along the Brock road toward Hancock's headquarters, with the intention of waiting there till Warren's troops should reach that point. While moving close to Hancock's line, there occurred an unexpected demonstration on the part of the troops, which created one of the most memorable scenes of the campaign. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, the form of the commander was recognized, and word was passed rapidly along that the chief who had led them through the mazes of the Wilderness was again moving forward with his horse's head turned toward Richmond. Troops know but little about what is going on in a large army, except the occurrences which take place in their immediate vicinity; but this night ride

of the general-in-chief told plainly the story of success, and gave each man to understand that the cry was to be «On to Richmond!» Soldiers weary and sleepy after their long battle, with stiffened limbs and smarting wounds, now sprang to their feet, forgetful of their pains, and rushed forward to the roadside. Wild cheers echoed through the forest, and glad shouts of triumph rent the air. Men swung their hats, tossed up their arms, and pressed forward to within touch of their chief, clapping their hands, and speaking to him with the familiarity of comrades. Pine-knots and leaves were set on fire, and lighted the scene with their weird, flickering glare. The night march had become a triumphal procession for the new commander. The demonstration was the emphatic verdict pronounced by the troops upon his first battle in the East. The excitement had been imparted to the horses, which soon became restive, and even the general's large bay, over which he possessed ordinarily such perfect control, became difficult to manage. Instead of being elated by this significant ovation, the general, thoughtful only of the practical question of the success of the movement, said: «This is most unfortunate. The sound will reach the ears of the enemy, and I fear it may reveal our movement.» By his direction, staff officers rode forward and urged the men to keep quiet so as not to attract the enemy's attention; but the demonstration did not really cease until the general was out of sight.

A NIGHT ALARM.

When Hancock's headquarters were reached, the party remained with him for some time, awaiting the arrival of the head of Warren's troops. Hancock's wound received at Gettysburg had not thoroughly healed, and he suffered such inconvenience from it when in the saddle that he had applied for permission to ride in a spring ambulance while on the march and when his troops were not in action. He was reclining upon one of the seats of the ambulance, conversing with General Grant, who had dismounted and was sitting on the ground with his back against a tree, whittling a stick, when the sound of firing broke forth directly in front. Hancock sprang up, seized his sword, which was lying near him, buckled it around his waist, and cried: «My horse! my horse!» The scene was intensely dramatic, and recalled vividly to the bystanders the cry of Richard III on the field of Bosworth. Grant listened a moment without changing his position or ceasing his whittling, and then remarked: «They are not fighting; the firing is all on one side. It takes two sides to start a fight.» In a few minutes the firing died away, and it was found that the enemy was not advancing. The incident fairly illustrates the contrast in the temperaments of these two distinguished soldiers.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

At 11 o'clock word came to Grant and Meade that their headquarters escorts and wagons were delaying the advance of Warren's corps, and they decided to move on to Todd's tavern in order to clear the way. The woods were still on fire along parts of the main road, which made it almost impassable, so that the party turned out to the right into a side road. The intention was to take the same route by which the cavalry had advanced, but it was difficult to tell one road from another. The night was dark, the dust was thick, the guide who was directing the party became confused, and it was uncertain whether we were going in the right direction or riding into the lines of the enemy. The guide was for a time suspected of treachery, but he was innocent of such a charge, and had only lost his bearings. Colonel Comstock rode on in advance, and hearing the sound of marching columns not far off on our right, came back with this news, and it was decided to return to the Brock road. General Grant at first demurred when it was proposed to turn back, and urged the guide to try and find some cross-road leading to the Brock road, to avoid retracing our steps. This was an instance of his marked aversion to turning back, which amounted almost to a superstition. He often put himself to the greatest personal inconvenience to avoid it. When he found he was not traveling in the direction he intended to take, he would try all sorts of cross-cuts, ford streams, and jump any number of fences to reach another road rather than go back and take a fresh start. If he had been in the place of the famous apprentice boy who wandered away from London, he would never have been thrice mayor of that city, for with him Bow Bells would have appealed to deaf ears when they chimed out, «Turn again, Whittington.» The enemy who encountered him never failed to feel the effect of this inborn prejudice against turning back. However, a slight retrograde movement became absolutely necessary in the present instance, and the general yielded to the force of circumstances. An orderly was stationed at the fork of the roads to indicate the right direction to Warren's troops when they should reach

that point, and our party proceeded to Todd's tavern, reaching there soon after midnight. It was learned afterward that Anderson's (Longstreet's) corps had been marching parallel with us, and at a distance of less than a mile, so that the apprehension felt was well founded.

GRANT ROUGHS IT WITH HIS TROOPS.

THE general and staff bivouacked upon the ground. The night was quite chilly, and a couple of fires were lighted to add to our comfort. General Grant lay down with his officers beside one of the fires, without any covering; when asleep, an aide quietly spread an overcoat over him. For about four hours we all kept turning over every few minutes so as to get warmed on both sides, imitating with our bodies the diurnal motion of the earth as it exposes its sides alternately to the heat of the sun. When daylight broke it was seen that a low board structure close to which the general-in-chief had lain down was a pig-pen; but its former occupants had disappeared, and were probably at that time nourishing the stomachs of the cavalry troopers of the invading army. Unfortunately, the odors of the place had not taken their departure with the pigs, but remained to add to the discomfort of the bivouackers. Sheridan's cavalry had had a fight at this place the afternoon before, in which he had defeated the opposing force, and the ground in the vicinity, strewn with the dead, offered ample evidence of the severity of the struggle.

At daylight on the morning of the 8th active operations were in progress throughout the columns. General Sheridan had ordered his cavalry to move by different roads to seize the bridges crossing the Po River. General Meade modified these orders, and directed a portion of the cavalry to move in front of Warren's infantry on the Spotsylvania Court House road. The enemy were felling trees and placing other obstacles in the way, in order to impede the movement, and the cavalry was afterward withdrawn and the infantry directed to open the way.

About sunrise General Grant, after taking off his coat and shaking it to rid it of some of the dust in which he had lain down, shared with the staff-officers some soldiers' rations, and then seated himself on the ground by the roadside to take his morning smoke.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

SOON afterward he and General Meade rode on, and established their respective headquarters near Piney Branch Church, about two miles to the east of Todd's tavern. It was Sunday, but the overrunning of the country by contending armies had scattered the little church's congregation. The temple of prayer was voiceless, the tolling of its peaceful bell had given place to the echo of hostile guns, and in the excitement which prevailed it must be confessed that few recalled the fact that it was the Sabbath day.

A drum corps in passing caught sight of the general, and at once struck up a then popular negro camp-meeting air. Every one began to laugh, and Rawlins cried, «Good for the drummers!» «What's the fun?» inquired the general. «Why,» was the reply, «they are playing, 'Ain't I glad to get out ob de wilderness!'» The general smiled at the ready wit of the musicians, and said, «Well, with me a musical joke always requires explanation. I know only two tunes: one is 'Yankee Doodle,' and the other is n't.»

Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, joined us during the forenoon, coming from Washington by way of Rappahannock Station, and remained at headquarters most of the time through the entire campaign. His daily, and sometimes hourly, despatches to the War Department, giving the events occurring in the field, constituted a correspondence which is a rare example of perspicuity, accuracy, and vividness of description.

SHERIDAN ORDERED TO CRUSH «JEB» STUART.

SHERIDAN had been sent for by Meade to come to his headquarters, and when he arrived, between eleven and twelve o'clock that morning, a very acrimonious dispute took place between the two generals. Meade was possessed of an excitable temper which under irritating circumstances became almost ungovernable. He had worked himself into a towering passion regarding the delays encountered in the forward movement, and when Sheridan appeared went at him hammer and tongs, accusing him of blunders, and charging him with not making a proper disposition of his troops, and letting the cavalry block the advance of the infantry. Sheridan was equally fiery, and, smarting under the belief that he was unjustly treated, all the hotspur in his nature was aroused. He insisted that Meade had created the trouble by countermanding his (Sheridan's) orders, and that it was this act which had resulted in mixing up his troops with the infantry, exposing one cavalry division to great danger, and rendering ineffectual all his combinations

regarding the movements of the cavalry corps. Sheridan declared with great warmth that he would not command the cavalry any longer under such conditions, and said if he could have matters his own way he would concentrate all the cavalry, move out in force against Stuart's command, and whip it. His language throughout was highly spiced and conspicuously italicized with expletives. General Meade came over to General Grant's tent immediately after, and related the interview to him. The excitement of the one was in singular contrast with the calmness of the other. When Meade repeated the remarks made by Sheridan, that he could move out with his cavalry and whip Stuart, General Grant quietly observed, «Did Sheridan say that? Well, he generally knows what he is talking about. Let him start right out and do it.» By one o'clock Sheridan had received his orders in writing from Meade for the movement. Early the next morning he started upon his famous raid to the vicinity of Richmond in rear of the enemy's army, and made good his word.

After the interview just mentioned, the general-in-chief talked for some time with officers of the staff about the results of the battle of the previous days. He said in this connection: «All things in this world are relative. While we were engaged in the Wilderness I could not keep from thinking of the first fight I ever saw—the battle of Palo Alto. As I looked at the long line of battle, consisting of three thousand men, I felt that General Taylor had such a fearful responsibility resting upon him that I wondered how he ever had the nerve to assume it; and when, after the fight, the casualties were reported, and the losses ascertained to be nearly sixty in killed, wounded, and missing, the engagement assumed a magnitude in my eyes which was positively startling. When the news of the victory reached the States, the windows in every household were illuminated, and it was largely instrumental in making General Taylor President of the United States. Now, such an affair would scarcely be deemed important enough to report to headquarters.» He little thought at that moment that the battles then in progress would be chiefly instrumental in making the commander himself President of the United States.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

THE movements of the opposing armies now became one of the most instructive lessons in the art of modern warfare. They showed the closeness of the game played by the two great masters who commanded the contending forces, and illustrated how thoroughly those skilled fencers had carte and tierce at their fingers' ends. They demonstrated, also, how far the features of a campaign may be affected by accidents and errors. In the Wilderness the manœuvers had been largely a game of blindman's-buff; they now became more like the play of pussy-wants-a-corner. Anderson had been ordered by Lee, on the evening of May 7, to start for Spotsylvania Court House the next morning; but Anderson, finding the woods on fire, and no good place to go into camp, kept his troops in motion, continued his march all night, and reached Spotsylvania in the morning. The cavalry which Sheridan had placed at the bridges over the Po River might have greatly impeded Anderson's march; but owing to conflicting orders the movements of the cavalry had been changed, and Anderson occupied a position at Spotsylvania that morning as the result of a series of accidents. When Lee found our wagon-trains were moving in an easterly direction, he made up his mind that our army was retreating, and telegraphed on the 8th to his government at Richmond: «The enemy has abandoned his position, and is moving toward Fredericksburg.» He sent an order the same day to Early, then commanding Hill's corps, saying: «Move by Todd's tavern along the Brock road as soon as your front is clear of the enemy.» It will be seen that in this order he directed a corps to move by a road which was then in full possession of our forces, and Early did not discover this fact till he actually encountered Hancock's troops at Todd's tavern. Early was then compelled to take another road. It was after these movements that General Grant uttered the aphorism, «Accident often decides the fate of battle.»

At 11:30 A.M. General Grant sent a telegram to Halleck, saying: «The best of feeling prevails. . . . Route to the James River . . . not yet definitely marked out.» In talking over the situation at headquarters, he said: «It looks somewhat as if Lee intends to throw his army between us and Fredericksburg, in order to cut us off from our base of supplies. I would not be at all sorry to have such a move made, as in that case I would be in rear of Lee, and between him and Richmond.»

GRANT IN FRONT OF SPOTSYLVANIA.

THAT morning, May 8, the troops under Warren encountered those of Anderson's corps, who were intrenched near Spotsylvania. War-

ren attacked, but was not able to make much progress, and decided to strengthen his own position and wait until other troops came to his assistance before giving battle. His men had suffered great hardships. They had been under fire for four days, and had just made a long night march to reach their present position. Late in the afternoon Warren and Sedgwick were ordered to attack with all their forces, but it was nearly dark before the assault could be made, and then only half of Sedgwick's command and but one of Warren's divisions participated. There was no decided result from this day's fighting.

Late in the afternoon of the 8th headquarters were moved south about two miles, and camp was pitched in the angle formed by the intersection of the Brock road with the road running south from Piney Branch Church. Lee had by this time comprehended Grant's intentions, and was making all haste to throw his troops between the Union army and Richmond, and take up a strong defensive position. Most of the officers of the staff had been in the saddle since daylight, communicating with the corps commanders, designating the lines of march, and urging forward the troops; and as soon as the tents were pitched that night all who could be spared for a while from duty «turned in» to catch as many winks of sleep as possible.

Every one at headquarters was up at daylight the next morning, prepared for another active day's work. Hancock was now on the right, Warren next, then Sedgwick; Burnside was moving down to go into position on the extreme left. The general expressed his intention to devote the day principally to placing all the troops in position, reconnoitering the enemy's line, and getting in readiness for a combined attack as soon as proper preparations for it could be made. The country was more open than the Wilderness, but it still presented obstacles of a most formidable nature. Four rivers run in a southeasterly direction. Some early pioneer, ingenious in systematic nomenclature, and who was evidently possessed of a due regard for «helps to human memory,» had named the streams respectively, beginning with the most southerly, the Mat, the Ta, the Po, and the Ny, and then deployed these terms in single line, closed them in until they were given a touch of the elbow, and called the formation the Mattapony, the name by which the large river is known into which the four smaller ones flow.

Spotsylvania Court House lies between the Po and the Ny. While these streams are not wide, their banks are steep in some places and lined by marshes in other. The country is undulating, and was at that time broken by alternations of cleared spaces and dense forests. In the woods there was a thick tangled undergrowth of hazel, dwarf pine, and scrub-oak.

THE DEATH OF SEDGWICK.

A LITTLE before eight o'clock on the morning of May 9, the general mounted his horse, and directed me and two other staff-officers to accompany him to make an examination of the lines in our immediate front. This day he rode a black pony called «Jeff Davis» (given that name because it had been captured in Mississippi on the plantation of Joe Davis, a brother of the Confederate president). It was turned into the quartermaster's department, from which it was purchased by the general on his Vicksburg campaign. He was not well at that time, being afflicted with boils, and he took a fancy to the pony because it had a remarkably easy pace, which enabled the general to make his long daily rides with much more comfort than when he used the horses he usually rode. «Little Jeff» soon became a conspicuous figure in the Virginia campaign.

We proceeded to Sedgwick's command, and the general had a conference with him in regard to the part his corps was to take in the contemplated attack. Both officers remained mounted during the interview. The gallant commander of the famous Sixth Corps seemed particularly cheerful and hopeful that morning, and looked the picture of buoyant life and vigorous health. When his chief uttered some words of compliment upon his recent services, and spoke of the hardships he had encountered, Sedgwick spoke lightly of the difficulties experienced, and expressed every confidence in the ability of his troops to respond heroically to every demand made upon them. When the general-in-chief left him, Sedgwick started with his staff to move farther to the front. Our party had ridden but a short distance to the left when General Grant sent me back to Sedgwick to discuss with him further a matter which it was thought had not been sufficiently emphasized in their conversation. While I was following the road I had seen him take, I heard musketry-firing ahead, and soon saw the body of an officer being borne from the field. Such a sight was so common that ordinarily it would have attracted no attention, but my apprehensions were aroused by seeing several of General Sedgwick's staff beside the body. As they came nearer I gave an inquiring look. Colonel Beaumont, of the staff, cast his eyes in the direction of the

body, then looked at me with an expression of profound sorrow, and slowly shook his head. His actions told the whole sad story. His heroic chief was dead. I was informed that as he was approaching an exposed point of the line to examine the enemy's position more closely, General McMahon, of his staff, reminded him that one or two officers had just been struck at that spot by sharp-shooters, and begged him not to advance farther. At this suggestion the general only smiled, and soon after had entirely forgotten the warning. Indifferent to every form of danger, such an appeal made but little impression upon him. His movements led him to the position against which he had been cautioned, and he had scarcely dismounted and reached the spot on foot when a bullet entered his left cheek just below the eye, and he fell dead. As his lifeless form was carried by, a smile still remained upon his lips. Sedgwick was essentially a soldier. He had never married; the camp was his home, and the members of his staff were his family. He was always spoken of familiarly as «Uncle John,» and the news of his death fell upon his comrades with a sense of grief akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement.

I rode off at once to bear the sad intelligence to the general-in-chief. For a few moments he could scarcely realize it, and twice asked, «Is he really dead?» The shock was severe, and he could ill conceal the depth of his grief. He said: «His loss to this army is greater than the loss of a whole division of troops.» General Wright was at once placed in command of the Sixth Corps.

ARRIVAL OF DESPATCHES.

AT daylight on May 9 Burnside had moved down the road from Fredericksburg, crossed the Ny, driven back a force of the enemy, and finally reached a position within less than two miles of Spotsylvania. By noon it was found that the Confederate army occupied an almost continuous line in front of Spotsylvania, in the form of a semicircle, with the convex side facing north. The demonstrations made by Lee, and the strengthening of his right, revived in General Grant's mind the impression that the enemy might attempt to work around our left, and interpose between us and Fredericksburg; and preparations were made in such case to attack Lee's left, turn it, and throw the Union army between him and Richmond. At noon a package of despatches from Washington reached headquarters, and were eagerly read. They announced that Sherman's columns were moving successfully in northwestern Georgia, that Resaca was threatened, and that Joe Johnston was steadily retreating. A report from Butler, dated the 5th, stated that he had landed at City Point, and reports of the 6th and 7th announced that he had sent out reconnoitering parties on the Petersburg railroad, and had despatched troops to take possession of it; that he had had some hard fighting, and was then intrenching, and wanted reinforcements. General Grant directed the reinforcements to be sent. Sigel reported that he had not yet met the enemy, and expected to move up the Shenandoah Valley and try to connect with Crook. General Grant did not express any particular gratification regarding these reports, except the one from Sherman, and in fact made very few comments upon them.

«I SHALL TAKE NO BACKWARD STEPS.»

HANCOCK had crossed the Po, and was now threatening Lee's left. On the morning of the 10th Hancock found the enemy's line strongly intrenched, and no general attack was made upon it. Lee had realized the danger threatened, and had hurried troops to his left to protect that flank. Grant, perceiving this, decided that Lee must have weakened other portions of his line, and at once determined to assault his center.

At 9:30 A. M. the general-in-chief sat down in his tent at his little camp-table, and wrote with his own hand, as usual, a despatch to Halleck which began as follows: «The enemy hold our front in very strong force, and evince a strong determination to interpose between us and Richmond to the last. *I shall take no backward steps. . .*» The last sentence, which I have italicized, attracted no notice at the time on the part of those who read it, but it afterward became historic and took a prominent place among the general's famous sayings.

It was now suggested to him that it would be more convenient to move our camp farther to the left, so as to be near the center, where the assault was to take place, and orders were given to establish it a little more than a mile to the southeast, near the Alsop house. The tents were pitched in a comfortable-looking little dell, on the edge of a deep wood, and near the principal roads of communication.

COMMUNICATING WITH BURNSIDE.

AT half-past ten on the morning of May 10 the general-in-chief called me to where he

was standing in front of his tent, spoke in much detail of what he wanted Burnside to accomplish, and directed me to go to that officer, explain to him fully the situation and the wishes of the commander, and remain with him on the left during the rest of the day. As I was mounting the general added: «I had started to write a note to Burnside; just wait a moment, and I'll finish it, and you can deliver it to him.» He stepped into his tent, and returned in a few minutes and handed me the note. I set out at once at a gallop toward our left. There were two roads by which Burnside could be reached. One was a circuitous route some distance in rear of our lines; the other was much shorter, but under the enemy's fire for quite a distance. The latter was chosen on account of the time which would thereby be saved. When the exposed part of the road was reached, I adopted the method to which aides so often resorted when they had to take the chances of getting through with a message, and when those chances were not particularly promising—putting the horse on a run, and throwing the body down along his neck on the opposite side from the enemy. Although the bullets did considerable execution in clipping the limbs of the trees and stirring up the earth, they were considerate enough to skip me. The horse was struck, but only slightly, and I succeeded in reaching Burnside rather ahead of schedule time. His headquarters had been established on the north side of the river Ny. I explained to him that a general attack was to be made in the afternoon on the enemy's center by Warren's and Hancock's troops, and that he was to move forward for the purpose of reconnoitering Lee's extreme right, and keeping him from detaching troops from his flanks to reinforce his center. If Burnside could see a chance to attack, he was to do so with all vigor, and in a general way make the best coöperative effort that was possible.

A little while before, the heroic Stevenson, commander of his first division, had been struck by a sharp-shooter and killed. He had served with Burnside in the North Carolina expedition, and the general was much attached to him. He felt his loss keenly, and was profuse in his expressions of grief.

The forward movement was ordered at once. Burnside was in great doubt as to whether he should concentrate his three divisions and attack the enemy's right vigorously, or demonstrate with two divisions, and place the third in rear of Mott, who was on his right. I felt sure that General Grant would prefer the former, and urged it strenuously; but Burnside was so anxious to have General Grant make a decision in the matter himself that he sent him a note at 2:15 P. M. He did not get an answer for nearly two hours. The general said in his reply that it was then too late to bring up the third division, and he thought that Burnside would be secure in attacking as he was.

I had ridden with General Burnside to the front to watch the movement. The advance soon reached a point within a quarter of a mile of Spotsylvania, and completely turned the right of the enemy's line; but the country was so bewildering, and the enemy so completely concealed from view, that it was impossible at the time to know the exact relative positions of the contending forces. Toward dark Willcox's division had constructed a line of fence-rail breastworks, and held pretty securely his advanced position.

I had sent two bulletins to General Grant describing the situation on the left, but the orderly who carried one of the despatches never arrived, having probably been killed, and the other did not reach the general till quite late, as he was riding among the troops in front of the center of the line, and it was difficult to find him. I started for headquarters that evening, but owing to the intense darkness, the condition of the roads, and the difficulty of finding the way, did not arrive till long after midnight.

GRANT ATTACKS THE ENEMY'S CENTER.

THE same day, May 10, had witnessed important fighting on the right and center of our line. Hancock moved his troops back to the north side of the Po. Barlow's division, while withdrawing, became isolated, and was twice assaulted, but each time repulsed the enemy. The losses on both sides were heavy. Wright had formed an assaulting force of twelve regiments, and placed Colonel Emory Upton in command. At 4 P. M. Wright, Warren, and Mott moved their commands forward, and a fierce struggle ensued. Warren was repulsed with severe loss, and Mott's attack failed; but Upton's column swept through the enemy's line, carrying everything before it, and capturing several guns and a number of prisoners. Unfortunately the troops ordered to his support were so slow in reaching him that he had to be withdrawn. The men had behaved so handsomely, however, and manifested such a desire to retake the position, that General Grant had additional troops brought up, and ordered another assault. Again a rush was made upon the enemy's line, and again the same gallantry was shown. Many of our men

succeeded in getting over the earthworks, but could not secure a lodgment which could be held; and as the assaults at other points were not made with the dash and spirit exhibited by Upton, his troops were withdrawn after nightfall to a position of greater security, in which they would not be isolated from the rest of the forces. He was compelled to abandon his captured guns, but he brought away all his prisoners. Upton had been severely wounded. General Grant had obtained permission of the government before starting from Washington to promote officers on the field for conspicuous acts of gallantry, and he now conferred upon Upton the well-merited grade of brigadier-general. Colonel Samuel S. Carroll was also promoted to the rank of brigadier-general for gallantry displayed by him in this action.

Lee had learned by this time that he must be on the lookout for an attack from Grant at any hour, day or night. He sent Ewell a message on the evening of the 10th, saying: «It will be necessary for you to reëstablish your whole line to-night. . . . Perhaps Grant will make a night attack, as it was a favorite amusement of his at Vicksburg.»

While the general-in-chief was out on the lines supervising the afternoon attack, he dismounted and sat down on a fallen tree to write a despatch. While thus engaged a shell exploded directly in front of him. He looked up from his paper an instant, and then, without the slightest change of countenance, went on writing the message. Some of the Fifth Wisconsin wounded were being carried past him at the time, and Major E. R. Jones of that regiment said, and he mentions it in his interesting book of reminiscences published since, that one of his men made the remark: « Ulysses don't scare worth a d—n.»

HOW A FAMOUS MESSAGE WAS DESPATCHED.

THE 11th of May gave promise of a little rest for everybody, as the commander expressed his intention to spend the day simply in reconnoitering for the purpose of learning more about the character and strength of the enemy's intrenchments, and discovering the weakest points in his line, with a view to breaking through. He sat down at the mess-table that morning, and made his entire breakfast off a cup of coffee and a small piece of beef cooked almost to a crisp; for the cook had by this time learned that the nearer he came to burning up the beef the better the general liked it. During the short time he was at the table he conversed with Mr. Elihu B. Washburne, who had accompanied headquarters up to this time, and who was now about to return to Washington. After breakfast the general lighted a cigar, seated himself on a camp-chair in front of his tent, and was joined there by Mr. Washburne and several members of the staff. At half-past eight o'clock the cavalry escort which was to accompany the congressman was drawn up in the road near by, and all present rose to bid him good-by. Turning to the chief, he said: «General, I shall go to see the President and the Secretary of War as soon as I reach Washington. I can imagine their anxiety to know what you think of the prospects of the campaign, and I know they would be greatly gratified if I could carry a message from you giving what encouragement you can as to the situation.»

The general hesitated a moment, and then replied: « We are certainly making fair progress, and all the fighting has been in our favor; but the campaign promises to be a long one, and I am particularly anxious not to say anything just now that might hold out false hopes to the people»; and then, after a pause, added, « However, I will write a letter to Halleck, as I generally communicate through him, giving the general situation, and you can take it with you.» He stepped into his tent, sat down at his field-table, and, keeping his cigar in his mouth, wrote a despatch of about two hundred words. In the middle of the communication occurred the famous words, « *I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.*» When the letter had been copied, he folded it and handed it to Mr. Washburne, who thanked him warmly, wished him a continuation of success, shook hands with him and with each of the members of the staff, and at once mounted his horse and rode off. The staff-officers read the retained copy of the despatch, but neither the general himself nor any one at headquarters realized the epigrammatic character of the striking sentence it contained until the New York papers reached camp a few days afterward with the words displayed in large headlines, and with conspicuous comments upon the force of the expression. It was learned afterward that the President was delighted to read this despatch giving such full information as to the situation, and that he had said a few days before, when asked by a member of congress what Grant was doing: « Well, I can't tell much about it. You see, Grant has gone to the Wilderness, crawled in, drawn up the ladder and pulled in the hole after him, and I guess we 'll have to wait till he comes out before we know just what he 's up to.»

NEWS FROM THE OTHER ARMIES.

THE general was now awaiting news from Butler and Sheridan with some anxiety. While maturing his plans for striking Lee, he was at the same time keeping a close lookout to see that Lee was not detaching any troops with the purpose of crushing Butler's or Sheridan's forces. This day, May 11, the looked-for despatches arrived, and their contents caused no little excitement at headquarters. The general, after glancing over the reports hurriedly, stepped to the front of his tent, and read them aloud to the staff-officers, who had gathered about him, eager to learn the news from the coöperating armies. Butler reported that he had a strongly intrenched position at Bermuda Hundred, in the angle formed by the James and Appomattox rivers; that he had cut the railroad, leaving Beauregard's troops south of the break, and had completely whipped Hill's force. Sheridan sent word that he had torn up ten miles of the Virginia Central Railroad between Lee's army and Richmond, and had destroyed a large quantity of medical supplies and a million and a half of rations. The general-in-chief expressed himself as particularly pleased with the destruction of the railroad in rear of Lee, as it would increase the difficulty of moving troops suddenly between Richmond and Spotsylvania for the purpose of reinforcing either of those points. As usual, the contents of these despatches were promptly communicated to Generals Meade and Burnside.

PREPARING TO ATTACK THE «ANGLE.»

THE result of the day's work on our front was to discover more definitely the character of the salient in Lee's defenses on the right of his center. It was in the shape of a V with a flattened apex. The ground in front sloped down toward our position, and was in most places thickly wooded. There was a clearing, however, about four hundred yards in width immediately in front of the apex. Several of the staff-officers were on that part of the field a great portion of the day. At three o'clock in the afternoon the general had thoroughly matured his plans, and sent instructions to Meade directing him to move Hancock with all possible secrecy under cover of night to the left of Wright, and to make a vigorous assault on the «angle» at dawn the next morning. Warren and Wright were ordered to hold their corps as close to the enemy as possible, and to take advantage of any diversion caused by this attack to push in if an opportunity should present itself. A personal conference was held with the three corps commanders, and every effort made to have a perfect understanding on their part as to exactly what was required in this important movement. Colonels Comstock and Babcock were directed to go to Burnside that afternoon, and to remain with him during the movements of the next day, in which he was to attack simultaneously with Hancock. The other members of the staff were sent to keep in communication with the different portions of Hancock's line. The threatening sky was not propitious for the movement, but in this entertainment there was to be «no postponement on account of the weather,» and the preparations went on regardless of the lowering clouds and falling rain. All those who were in the secret anticipated a memorable field-day on the morrow.

Hancock's troops made a difficult night march, groping their way through the gloom of the forests, their clothing drenched with rain, and their feet ankle-deep in Virginia mud. A little after midnight they reached their position, and formed for the attack at a distance of about twelve hundred yards from the enemy's intrenchments.

I had been out all night looking after the movements of the troops which were to form the assaulting columns. After they had all been placed in position I started for headquarters, in obedience to instructions, to report the situation to the general-in-chief. He counted upon important results from the movement, although he appreciated fully the difficulties to be encountered, and was naturally anxious about the dispositions which were being made for the attack. The condition of the country was such that a horseman could make but slow progress in moving from one point of the field to another. The rain was falling in torrents, the ground was marshy, the roads were narrow, and the movements of the infantry and artillery had churned up the mud until the country was almost impassable. In the pitchy darkness one's horse constantly ran against trees, was shoved off the road by guns or wagons, and had to squeeze through lines of infantry, who swore like «our army in Flanders» when a staff-officer's horse manifested a disposition to crawl over them. By feeling the way for some hours I reached headquarters about daylight the next morning, May 12.

AN EVENTFUL MORNING AT HEADQUARTERS.

WHEN I arrived the general was up and sitting wrapped in his overcoat close to a camp-fire which was struggling heroically

to sustain its life against the assaults of wind and rain. It had been decided to move headquarters a little nearer to the center of the lines, and most of the camp equipage had been packed up ready to start. The general seemed in excellent spirits, and was even inclined to be jocose. He said to me: « We have just had our coffee, and you will find some left for you »; and then, taking a critical look at my drenched and bespattered clothes and famished appearance, added, « But perhaps you are not hungry.» To disabuse the chief's mind on this score, I sent for a cup of coffee, and drank it with the relish of a shipwrecked mariner, while I related the incidents of the embarrassments encountered in Hancock's movement, and the position he had taken up. Before I had quite finished making my report the stillness was suddenly broken by artillery firing, which came from the direction of Burnside's position. A few minutes after came the sound of cheers and the rattle of musketry from Hancock's front, telling that the main assault upon the « angle » had begun. No one could see a hundred yards from our position on account of the dense woods, and reports from the front were eagerly awaited. It was nearly an hour before anything definite was received, but at 5:30 an officer came galloping through the woods with a report from Hancock saying he had captured the first line of the enemy's works. This officer was closely followed by another, who reported that many prisoners had been taken. Fifteen minutes later came the announcement that Hancock had captured two general officers. General Grant sent Burnside this news with a message saying, « Push on with all vigor.» Wright's corps was now ordered to attack on the right of Hancock. Before six o'clock a message from Hancock's headquarters reported the capture of two thousand prisoners, and a quarter of an hour later Burnside sent word that he had driven the enemy back two miles and a half in his front. Hancock called for reinforcements, but Grant had anticipated him and had already ordered troops to his support. The scene at headquarters was now exciting in the extreme. As aides galloped up one after the other in quick succession with stirring bulletins, all bearing the glad tidings of overwhelming success, the group of staff-officers standing about the camp-fire interrupted their active work of receiving, receipting for, and answering despatches by shouts and cheers which made the forest ring. General Grant sat unmoved upon his camp-chair, giving his constant thoughts to devising methods for making the victory complete. At times the smoke from the struggling camp-fire would for a moment blind him, and occasionally a gust of wind would blow the cape of his greatcoat over his face, and cut off his voice in the middle of a sentence. Only once during the scene he rose from his seat and paced up and down for about ten minutes. He made very few comments upon the stirring events which were crowding so closely upon one another until the reports came in regarding the prisoners. When the large numbers captured were announced, he said, with the first trace of animation he had shown, « That 's the kind of news I like to hear. I had hoped that a bold dash at daylight would secure a large number of prisoners. Hancock is doing well.» This remark was eminently characteristic of the Union commander. His extreme fondness for taking prisoners was manifested in every battle he fought. When word was brought to him of a success on any part of the line, his first and most eager question was always, « Have any prisoners been taken? » The love for capturing prisoners amounted to a passion with him. It did not seem to arise from the fact that they added so largely to the trophies of battle, and was no doubt chiefly due to his tenderness of heart, which prompted him to feel that it was always more humane to reduce the enemy's strength by captures than by slaughter. His desire in this respect was amply gratified, for during the war it fell to his lot to capture a larger number of prisoners than any general of modern times.

TWO DISTINGUISHED PRISONERS.

MEADE had come over to Grant's headquarters early, and while they were engaged in discussing the situation, about 6:30 A. M., a horseman rode up wearing the uniform of a Confederate general. Halting near the camp-fire, he dismounted and walked forward, saluting the group of Union officers as he approached. His clothing was covered with mud, and a hole had been torn in the crown of his felt hat, through which a tuft of hair protruded, looking like a Sioux chief's warlock. Meade looked at him attentively for a moment, and then stepped up to him, grasped him cordially by the hand, and cried, « Why, how do you do, general? » and then turned to the general-in-chief and said, « General Grant, this is General Johnson—Edward Johnson.» General Grant shook hands warmly with the distinguished prisoner, and exclaimed, « How do you do? It is a long time since we last

met.» «Yes,» replied Johnson; «it is a great many years, and I had not expected to meet you under such circumstances.» «It is one of the many sad fortunes of war,» answered General Grant, who offered the captured officer a cigar, and then picked up a camp-chair, placed it with his own hands near the fire, and added, «Be seated, and we will do all in our power to make you as comfortable as possible.» Johnson sat down, and said in a voice and with a manner which showed that he was deeply touched by these manifestations of courtesy, «Thank you, general, thank you; you are very kind.» He had been in the corps of cadets with General Meade, and had served in the Mexican war with General Grant, but they probably would not have recognized him if they had not already heard that he had been made a prisoner. I had known Johnson very well, and it was only four years since I had seen him. We recognized each other at once, and I extended a cordial greeting to him, and presented the members of our staff. He was soon quite at his ease, and bore himself under the trying circumstances in a manner which commanded the respect of every one present. General Hancock had already provided him with a horse to make his trip to the rear with the rest of the prisoners as comfortably as possible. After some pleasant conversation with Grant and Meade about old times and the strange chances of war, he bade us good-by, and started under escort for our base of supplies. General George H. Steuart was also captured, but was not sent in to general headquarters on account of a scene which had been brought about by an unseemly exhibition of temper on his part. Hancock had known him in the old army, and in his usual frank way went up to him, greeted him kindly, and offered his hand. Steuart drew back, rejected the offer, and said rather haughtily, «Under the present circumstances, I must decline to take your hand.» Hancock, who was somewhat nettled by this remark, replied, «Under any other circumstances, general, I should not have offered it.» No further attempt was made to extend any courtesies to his prisoner, who was left to make his way to the rear on foot with the others who had been captured.

While Generals Grant and Meade were talking with General Johnson by the camp-fire, a despatch came in from Hancock, saying, «I have finished up Johnson, and am now going into Early.» General Grant passed this despatch around, but did not read it aloud, as usual, out of consideration for Johnson's feelings. Soon after came another report that Hancock had taken three thousand prisoners; then another that he had turned his captured guns upon the enemy and made a whole division prisoners, including the famous Stonewall Brigade. Burnside now reported that his right had lost its connection with Hancock's corps. General Grant sent him a brief, characteristic note in reply, saying, «Push the enemy with all your might; that 's the way to connect.»

The general-in-chief showed again upon that eventful morning the value he placed upon minutes. Aides were kept riding at a full run carrying messages, and the terseness, vigor and intensity manifested in every line of his field orders were enough to spur the most sluggish to prompt action.

HOW THE «ANGLE» WAS CAPTURED.

AFTER giving such instructions as would provide for the present emergencies, the general ordered the pony «Jeff Davis» to be saddled, and started for the front. He left an adjutant-general behind, with orders to forward to him promptly all communications. The staff rode with the general, and after a while reached a clearing on a piece of elevated ground from which a view of portions of the line could be obtained. It was found, upon learning the details of the assault upon the «angle,» that, notwithstanding the fatigues and hardships to which the troops had been subjected, they had moved forward with the step of veterans, and had marched half-way across the open ground which separated them from the well-defended earthworks in their front with a steady pace and unbroken alinement. At that point they sent up cheers which rent the air, and the columns dashed forward at a run, scattering the enemy's pickets before them in their swift advance. A brisk fire was opened by the Confederate line from a position to the left, but, unheeding it, and without firing a shot, the assaulting column tore away the slashed timber and other obstacles in its path, and rushed like a mighty torrent over the intrenchments. A desperate hand-to-hand encounter now followed, in which men fought like demons, using their bayonets and clubbed muskets when in too close contact to load and fire. The main assault fell on Johnson's division of Lee's army. Lee was led to believe that there was an intention to attack his left, and he had sent most of Johnson's artillery to strengthen that flank. Johnson had his suspicions aroused during the night that there were preparations under way for attacking

his front, and had induced Lee to order the artillery back. By a strange coincidence, it arrived just as Johnson's line was carried, and before the guns could fire a shot they fell into Hancock's hands. Besides capturing Generals Steuart and Johnson, he took nearly four thousand prisoners, thirty pieces of artillery, several thousand stands of small arms, and about thirty colors. His troops swept on half a mile, driving the enemy before them in confusion, and did not pause till they encountered a second line of intrenchments. The enemy was now driven to desperation, and every effort was bent toward retaking his lost works. Reinforcements were rushed forward by Lee as soon as he saw the threatening condition of matters at the «angle»; and a formidable counter-movement was rapidly organized against Hancock. As our troops were upon unknown territory, and as their formations had been thrown into considerable confusion by the rapidity of their movements, they withdrew slowly before the attack to the main line of works they had captured, and turning them against the enemy, held them successfully during all the terrific struggle that followed.

By six o'clock A. M. Wright was on that portion of the field, and his men were placed on the right of the «angle.» Scarcely had he taken up this position when the Confederates made a determined and savage attack upon him; but despite their well-directed efforts they failed to recapture the line. Wright was wounded early in the fight, but refused to leave the field. Hancock had placed some artillery upon high ground, and his guns fired over the heads of our troops and did much execution in the ranks of the enemy. Warren had been directed to make an attack before eight o'clock, in order to prevent the enemy from massing troops upon the center in an effort to retake the «angle,» but he was slow in carrying out the order. Although the instructions were of the most positive and urgent character, he did not accomplish the work expected of him. A little before eleven o'clock General Grant became so anxious that he directed General Meade to relieve Warren if he did not attack promptly, and to put General Humphreys in command of his corps. General Meade concurred in this course, and said that he would have relieved Warren without an order to that effect if there had been any further delay. General Grant said to one or two of us who were near him: «I feel sorry to be obliged to send such an order in regard to Warren. He is an officer for whom I had conceived a very high regard. His quickness of perception, personal gallantry, and soldierly bearing pleased me, and a few days ago I should have been inclined to place him in command of the Army of the Potomac in case Meade had been killed; but I began to feel, after his want of vigor in assaulting on the 8th, that he was not as efficient as I had believed, and his delay in attacking and the feeble character of his assaults to-day confirm me in my apprehensions.» This was said in a kindly spirit, but with an air of serious disappointment. Longstreet's troops had continued to confront Warren, knowing that to lose that part of the enemy's line would expose the troops at the «angle» to a flank attack, and the obstacles to a successful assault were really very formidable. Warren was blamed not so much for not carrying the line in his front as for delays in making the attack.

The general now started for another part of the field, and kept moving from point to point to get a close view of the fighting on different parts of the line. Once or twice he called for a powerful field-glass belonging to Badeau. This was rather unusual, for the general never carried a glass himself, and seldom used one. He was exceptionally farsighted, and generally trusted to his natural vision in examining the field. Badeau's nearsightedness made him very dependent on his glass. A few days before, while he was using it, a battery commander who was passing attempted a professional joke by remarking, «I say, Badeau; can you see Richmond?» «Not quite,» answered the colonel; «though I hope to some day.» «Better have the barrels of your glass rifled so that it will carry farther,» suggested the artillerist.

Before riding far the general came to a humble-looking farm-house, which was within range of the enemy's guns, and surrounded by wounded men, sullen-looking prisoners, and terror-stricken stragglers. The fences were broken, the ground was furrowed by shells; and the place presented a scene which depicted war in its most repulsive aspect. An old lady and her daughter were standing on the porch. When the mother was told that the officer passing was the general-in-chief, she ran toward him, and with the tears running down her cheeks, threw up her arms and cried, «Thank God! thank God! I again behold the glorious flag of the Union, that I have not laid eyes on for three long, terrible years. Thank the Lord that I have at last seen the commander of the Union armies! I am proud to say that my husband and my son went from here to serve in those armies, but I have been cut off from all communication, and can get no tidings of them. Oh, you don't know, sir, what

a loyal woman suffers in this land; but the coming of the Union troops makes me feel that deliverance is at last at hand, and that the gates have been opened for my escape from this hell.» The general was so touched by this impassioned speech, and felt so firmly convinced that the woman was telling the truth, that he dismounted and went into the yard, and sat for a little time on the porch, to learn the details of her story, and to see what he could do to comfort and succor her. She gave an account of her persecutions and sufferings which would have moved the sternest heart. The general, finding that she was without food, ordered a supply of rations to be issued to her and her daughter, and promised to have inquiries set on foot to ascertain the whereabouts of her husband and son. She was profuse in her expressions of gratitude for these acts of kindness. Her story was afterward found to be true in every particular.

SCENES AT THE «BLOODY ANGLE.»

I HAD been anxious to participate in the scenes occurring at the «angle,» and now got permission to go there and look after some new movements which had been ordered. Lee made five assaults, in all, that day, in a series of desperate and even reckless attempts to retake his main line of earthworks; but each time his men were hurled back defeated, and he had to content himself in the end with throwing up a new line farther in his rear.

The battle near the «angle» was probably the most desperate engagement in the history of modern warfare, and presented features which were absolutely appalling. It was chiefly a savage hand-to-hand fight across the breastworks. Rank after rank was riddled by shot and shell and bayonet-thrusts, and finally sank, a mass of torn and mutilated corpses; then fresh troops rushed madly forward to replace the dead, and so the murderous work went on. Guns were run up close to the parapet, and double charges of canister played their part in the bloody work. The fence-rails and logs in the breastworks were shattered into splinters, and trees over a foot and a half in diameter were cut completely in two by the incessant musketry fire. A section of the trunk of a stout oak-tree thus severed was afterward sent to Washington, where it is still on exhibition at the National Museum. We had not only shot down an army but also a forest. The opposing flags were in places thrust against each other, and muskets were fired with muzzle against muzzle. Skulls were crushed with clubbed muskets, and men stabbed to death with swords and bayonets thrust between the logs in the parapet which separated the combatants. Wild cheers, savage yells, and frantic shrieks rose above the sighing of the wind and the pattering of the rain, and formed a demoniacal accompaniment to the booming of the guns as they hurled their missiles of death into the contending ranks. Even the darkness of night and the pitiless storm failed to stop the fierce contest, and the deadly strife did not cease till after midnight. Our troops had been under fire for twenty hours, but they still held the position which they had so dearly purchased.

My duties carried me again to the spot the next day, and the appalling sight presented was harrowing in the extreme. Our own killed were scattered over a large space near the «angle,» while in front of the captured breastworks the enemy's dead, vastly more numerous than our own, were piled upon each other in some places four layers deep, exhibiting every ghastly phase of mutilation. Below the mass of fast-decaying corpses, the convulsive twitching of limbs and the writhing of bodies showed that there were wounded men still alive and struggling to extricate themselves from their horrid entombment. Every relief possible was afforded, but in too many cases it came too late. The place was well named the «Bloody Angle.»

The results of the battle are best summed up in the report which the general-in-chief sent to Washington. At 6:30 P.M., May 12, he wrote to Halleck as follows: «The eighth day of battle closes, leaving between three and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two general officers, and over thirty pieces of artillery. The enemy are obstinate, and seem to have found the last ditch. We have lost no organization, not even that of a company, whilst we have destroyed and captured one division (Johnson's), one brigade (Doles's), and one regiment entire of the enemy.» The Confederates had suffered greatly in general officers. Two had been killed, four severely wounded, and two captured. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing was less than seven thousand; that of the enemy, between nine and ten thousand, as nearly as could be ascertained.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

NAPOLEON'S INTEREST IN THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE, BY GENERAL JACKSON.

WHEN the news reached Europe of the battle at Chalmette, commonly known as the battle of New Orleans, and of the terribly disastrous results to the English army, the account at first was not credited. That a trained force from the picked regiments of the British army, schooled in war, with commanders of the distinction that Pakenham and Keene enjoyed, should meet with such a defeat at the hands of a «militia general,» was hardly to be believed under any circumstances; but that out of a force of 6000 strong there should be a loss of 2117 killed and wounded on the British side, while the Americans had only 6 killed and 7 wounded, was held to be impossible. The Duke of Wellington was particularly savage in his denunciation of the «Yankee lie,» as he termed the first vague reports that reached him of the terrible and unexpected defeat. When, however, the facts touching the result of the fight were substantiated, Europe was amazed.

The news reached the Emperor Napoleon, then in exile at Elba, some time in February. He was intensely interested to know how such a defeat had been effected, and through Colonel Saint-Maur, a former soldier of the Empire then living in southwest Louisiana, the details of the battle were furnished to General Bertrand, who communicated them to the Emperor. When Napoleon learned that the American riflemen had mainly done the deadly work, he immediately desired that all the information touching these riflemen, their weapon, and their method of fighting should be obtained and sent him. «Such an arm,» he said, «would surely be as effective in Europe as in America. The French army should have some *tirailleurs* capable of using it. Surely the gift of marksmanship is not confined to the American alone.»

Through Stephen Girard, four American rifles that had been used at New Orleans, and some targets shot by Coffee's Kentuckians, were sent to the Emperor after his arrival in Paris on his return to power. The weapons were very different from any ever seen in Europe. Up to that time the Tyrolean and German riflemen were the most famous sharp-shooters the Continent had ever known. Their rifles were short compared with the American arm, very large in caliber, and handsomely finished and mounted. Those from America were from forty-two to forty-eight inches in the barrel, and full-stocked—that is, the wood of the gun extended the full length of the barrel, which was heavy, weighing from nine and a half to ten and a half pounds. The workmanship of the entire piece was rude and unattractive; but with this weapon—unwieldy to European eyes—the American backwoodsmen conquered the great wilderness lying from the Alleghanies to the Gulf of Mexico.

One feature of «the deadly American gun,» as Napoleon called it, was its extreme accuracy. The targets sent to him, it was certified, had been shot at from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five yards. At the distance first named ten bullets had been put into a square four inches by four and a half. The farthest-distance shots were made at a six-inch square with two black lines crossing at the center. All the bullets of this firing were well inside the square. This was the most wonderful sharp-shooting of which Napoleon had ever seen proof. The severe simplicity of the American rifle greatly impressed him; but this was explained in the following fashion by Mr. Laurens of South Carolina: «Silver is too scarce and valuable to use on the hunting-rifle for its ornamentation; but the reason an experienced woodsman of our country would not venture into an Indian campaign with an ornamented rifle is that all white metal glitters. An Indian's eye might detect the gleam of silver on a rifle when he would not discover its owner in any other way; so no experienced scout ever permits his men to take the field in an Indian campaign with anything among their accoutrements that will reflect the sun's rays.»

Napoleon derived his best idea of the battle at Chalmette from a personal letter

from General Jackson to Mr. James Monroe, which fully described the fight, and was carefully translated into French, and then was printed, and sent to the Emperor.

Monroe had been American minister to the court of the French Republic in 1803, when Bonaparte was consul; and it was Monroe's sturdy Americanism that had brought about the purchase from France of the Louisiana territory, out of which fourteen States have been added to the Union. A firm friendship grew up between the young French general and the American statesman, which ended only with Bonaparte's death. To the late Judge Gayarré of Louisiana I was indebted for information as to the existence of this letter, and in 1866 General George W. Monroe of Kentucky, a grandnephew of President Monroe, allowed it to be copied. It is as follows:

The battle [said General Jackson] commenced at a very little before 7 A. M., January 8, 1815, and as far as the infantry was concerned it was over by 9 A. M. My force was very much mixed. I had portions of the Seventh and Forty-fourth regular infantry regiments, Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen, creoles, United States marines and sailors, Baratarian men,—one of them, Captain Dominique You, commanded part of my artillery (and a famous gunner he was),—and two battalions of free negroes. I had in the action about 6000 men. The British strength was almost the same as mine, but vastly superior in drill and discipline. Of their force my riflemen killed and wounded 2117 in less than an hour, including two general officers (both died on the field, each a division commander), seven full colonels, with seventy-five line and staff officers. I lost 6 killed and 7 wounded.

As to tactics, there were very little in use on either side. We had some works of earth fronting the river, but the Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen, who sustained the main attack, had protected themselves by a work about two feet and a half high, made of logs placed two feet apart, and the space between filled in with earth. This work began at the Mississippi River, and ended in the swamp, being at a right angle with the river.

Thinking this the weakest portion of our line, and seeing ununiformed men behind the trifling defenses, General Pakenham thought it the best thing to begin his attack by carrying this part of my line with the bayonet. On the 3d of January I had ordered that each rifleman's powder-horn be filled, and enough lead for one hundred bullets issued, besides good material for bullet-patching. Coffee reported to me on the 7th that this order had been obeyed, and every man had cleaned up his rifle and put a new flint into the hammer; so we were as ready as we could be for the attack.

There was a very heavy fog on the river that morning, and the British had formed and were moving before I knew it. The disposition of the riflemen was very simple. They were told off in numbers one and two. Number one was to fire first, then step back and let number two shoot while he reloaded. About six hundred yards from the riflemen there was a great drainage canal running back from the Mississippi River to the swamp in the rear of the tilled land on which we were operating. Along this canal the British formed, under the fire of the few artillery pieces I had near enough to them to get their range. But the instant I saw them I said to Coffee, whom I directed to hurry to his line, which was to be first attacked: «By——, we have got them; they are ours!» Coffee dashed forward, and riding along his line, called out, «Don't shoot till you can see their belt-buckles.» The British were formed in mass, well closed up, and about two companies front.[1]

The British, thus formed, moved on at a quick step, without firing a shot, to within one hundred yards of the kneeling riflemen, who were holding their fire till they could see the belt-buckles of their enemies. The British advance was executed as though they had been on parade. They marched shoulder to shoulder, with the step of veterans, as they were. At one hundred yards' distance from our line the order was given, «Extend column front.»[2] «Double quick, march! *Charge!*» With bayonets at the charge, they came on us at a run. I own it was an anxious moment; I well knew the charging column was made up of the picked troops of the British army. They had been trained by the duke himself, were commanded by his brother-in-law, and had successfully held off the ablest of Napoleon's marshals in the Spanish campaign. My riflemen had never seen such an attack, nor had they ever before fought white men. The morning, too, was damp; their powder might not burn well. «God help us!» I muttered, watching the rapidly advancing line. Seventy, sixty, fifty, finally forty yards, were they from the silent kneeling riflemen. All of my men I could see was their long rifles rested on the logs before them. They obeyed their orders well; not a shot was fired until the redcoats were within forty yards. I heard Coffee's voice as he roared out: «Now, men, aim for the center of the cross-belts![3] Fire!» A second after the order a crackling, blazing flash ran all along our line. The smoke hung so heavily in the misty morning air that I could not see what had happened. I called Tom Overton and Abner Duncan, of my staff, and we galloped toward Coffee's line. In a few seconds after the first fire there came another sharp, ringing volley. As I came within one hundred and fifty yards of Coffee, the smoke lifted enough for me to make out what was happening.

[1] This would have made the massed column sixty files deep.

[2] That is, the English front was increased from 120 files to 240, so that a greater portion of the American works might be attacked at once. It was a fatal move for the English, as it increased the number of targets for the deadly rifles.

[3] The place where the two belts then in use by the British army for carrying the cartridge-box and the bayonet crossed on the breast.

The British were falling back in a confused, disorderly mass, and the entire first ranks of their column were blown away. For two hundred yards in our front the ground was covered with a mass of writhing wounded, dead, and dying redcoats. By the time the rifles were wiped [1] the British line was reformed, and on it came again. This time they were led by General Pakenham in person, gallantly mounted, and riding as though he was on parade. Just before he got within range of Coffee's line I heard a single rifle-shot from a group of country carts we had been using, about one hundred and seventy-five yards distant, and a moment thereafter I saw Pakenham reel and pitch out of his saddle. I have always believed he fell from the bullet of a free man of color, who was a famous rifle-shot, and came from the Atakappas region of Louisiana. The second advance was precisely like the first in its ending. In five volleys the 1500 or more riflemen killed and wounded 2117 British soldiers, two thirds of them killed dead or mortally wounded. I did not know where General Pakenham was lying, or I should have sent to him, or gone in person, to offer any service in my power to render.

I was told he lived two hours after he was hit. His wound was directly through the liver and bowels. General Keene, I hear, was killed dead. They sent a flag to me, asking leave to gather up their wounded and bury their dead, which, of course, I granted. I was told by a wounded officer that the rank and file absolutely refused to make a third charge. «We have no chance with such shooting as these Americans do,» they said.

[1] The old-time rifleman always ran a wad of tow down his barrel after each shot, to keep it from becoming foul and to insure accuracy.

This concludes the material part of General Jackson's letter. It was in the feverish glories of the Hundred Days that Napoleon came into possession of Mr. Monroe's translation. There was no doubt about the facts. There happened to be abroad then in France two or three American gentlemen who were accustomed to the use of the rifle. One of them selected a weapon out of the four sent from America to the French emperor, and in Napoleon's presence did some really excellent sharp-shooting at one hundred yards.

Had Napoleon won Waterloo, it is possible that he would have organized a corps of sharp-shooters and armed them with the American rifle, which was capable of a more deadly accuracy than any European arm of the kind, not excepting even the rifle of Switzerland. General Jackson repeated the compliment of Napoleon to the typical American weapon to General William Selby Harney, then a field-officer of dragoons, who in turn related the incident to the writer.

William Hugh Robarts.



ENNUI.

A WIDE, bare field 'neath blinding skies,
Where no tree grows, no shadow lies,
Where no wind stirs, where no bee flies.

A roadway, even, blank, and white,
That swerves not left, that swerves not right,
That stretches, changeless, out of sight.

Footprints midway adown its dust;
Two lagging, leaden feet, that just
Trail on and on, because they must.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

(*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*)

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

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WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

SYNOPSIS OF NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER PARTS.

[HUGH WYNNE tells why he desired to write the story of his life, and how the diary of his friend John Warder enabled him to compass this end. He relates why his people came out of Wales and gave up an estate to win freedom to worship God as Quakers please. Of his school life in Philadelphia, about 1760 and later, he speaks; of the books he read, and of his mother, a French Quaker; and also of his aunt Gainor Wynne, a maiden lady of wealth, who early went back to the Church of England and was all for resistance to the crown. Hugh speaks of John Wynne, his father, as a stern man and an exemplary Quaker, strongly loyal to the king. Between these two conflicting influences Hugh Wynne's young life was passed. He leaves school to attend the academy, which now is the University of Pennsylvania. He has his first fight, and is thereby discouraged as to the value of non-resistance to oppression.

Is apprenticed to a farrier, after the custom of the early Friends, who would have all learn a trade. Of the society of that time. Enters his father's counting-house. Of his temptations. His father is persuaded to go with his wife to England in the autumn, to avoid being consignee of the tea. Of a quarrel with his father. Of Hugh's lapses from virtue, and of what Friends said of them. How he was influenced by his aunt against the king, and how all his home teaching had been of non-resistance and of the duty of obedience to the crown.]

VII.

THE next day, having seen to matters of business in the morning, I set out after dinner in my finest clothes to join my friends. I fear that I promised my mother to be careful, and to be at home by nine o'clock.

I met Captain Montresor at the London Coffee-house at High and Front streets, and, having taken a chaise, drove out through the woods to the upper ferry, and thence to Egglesfield, the seat of Mr. Warner, from whom the club known then as «The Colony in Schuylkill» held under a curious tenure the acre or two of land where they had built a log cabin and founded this ancient and singular institution. Here were met Anthony Morris, who fell at Trenton; Mr. Tench Francis, sometime Attorney-General; Mifflin; and that Galloway who later became a Tory, with Mr. Willing, and others of less note, old and young. I was late for the annual ceremony of presenting three fish to Mr. Warner, this being the condition on which the soil was held, but I saw the great pewter dish with the Penn arms, a gift from that family, on which the fish were offered.

It was a merry and odd party; for, clad in white aprons, the apprentices, so called, cooked the dinner and served it; and the punch and Madeira went round the table often enough, as the «king's health» was drunk, and «success to trade,» and «the ladies, God bless them!»

I liked it well, and, with my aunt's warning in mind, drank but little, and listened to the talk, which was too free at times, as was the bad custom of that day, and now and then angry; for here were some who were to die for their country, and some who were to fail it in the hour of need.

Despite my English friends, and thanks to Mr. Wilson and my Aunt Gainor, I was fast becoming an ardent Whig, so that the talk, in which I had small share, interested me deeply. At last, about seven, the pipes having been smoked and much punch taken, the company rose to go, some of them the worse for their potations.

We drove into town, and at the coffee-house put up and paid for our chaise. I said good-by to Mr. Montresor, who, I think, had been charged by Miss Wynne to look after me, when a Captain Small, whom I knew, stopped me. He was well known as one of the most reckless of the younger officers, a stout, short man, rather heroically presented long afterward, in Trumbull's picture of the «Death of Warren,» as trying to put aside the bayonets. As I paused to reply, I saw Jack Warder standing on the other side of the street. He nodded, smiling, and made as if he were about to cross over. He had many times talked with me seriously this winter, until I had become vexed, and told him he

was a milksop. After this I saw little of him. Now I was annoyed at the idea that he was spying upon my actions, and therefore, like a fool, merely nodded, and, turning my back on him, heard Mr. Small say: «You must not go yet, Mr. Wynne. We are to have supper upstairs, and you will like to see a gentleman of your name, Mr. Arthur Wynne, of the Grenadiers. He tells me he is of distant kin to you.»

Montresor said I had better go home, but Etherington asked if I wanted my bottle and nurse; and so at last, partly from pride and partly out of curiosity to see this other Wynne, I said I would remain long enough to welcome the gentleman and take a social glass. When we entered the room upstairs, I found a supper of cold meats and, as usual, punch and liquors. There were two dozen or more officers in undress jackets, their caps and swords in the corners, and also two or three of the younger men of the Tory or doubtful parties.

Several officers called to me to sit with them, for I was a favourite, and could troll a catch or sing parts fairly well. My companion, Small, said, «This way, Wynne,» and, followed by Montresor and the colonel of the Scots Greys, whose name I forget, we moved to a table remote from the door. Here Montresor, pushing past Small, said: «Captain Wynne, I have the honour to present to you Mr. Hugh Wynne, one of your family, I hear.»

Upon this there rose to greet me a gentleman in undress uniform. He was tall and well built, but not so broad or strong as we other Wynnes; certainly an unusually handsome man. He carried his head high, was very erect, and had an air of distinction, for which at that time I should have had no name. I may add that he was dressed with unusual neatness, and very richly; all of which, I being but a half-formed young fellow, did much impress me.

He looked at me so steadily as we came near that it gave me a rather unpleasant impression; for those who do not meet the eye at all are scarcely less disagreeable than those who too continually watch you, as was this man's way. I was rather young to be a very careful observer of men's faces, but I did see that Captain Wynne's bore traces of too convivial habits.

As I recall his dark, regular features, I remember, for we met often afterward, that the lower part of his face was too thin, and that in repose his mouth was apt not to remain fully shut, a peculiarity, as I now think, of persons of weak will.

My first feeling of there being something unpleasing about him soon left me. He rose, and, with graciousness and the ease and manner of one used to the best society, moved around the table and took my hand.

«I am but a far-away kinsman,» he said, «but I am charmed to make your acquaintance. You are like the picture of old Sir Robert at Wyncote, where I was last year for the otter-hunting.»

I greeted him warmly. «And art thou living at Wyncote?» I asked rather awkwardly.

«No; I do not live at home. I am but a cadet, and yours is the elder branch.» Then he added gaily: «I salute you, sir, as the head of our old house. Your very good health!» And at this, with a charm of manner I have seen but rarely, he put a hand on my shoulder, and added: «We must be friends, Cousin Wynne, and I must know your father, and above all Mistress Wynne. Montresor never ceases talking of her.»

I said it would give me pleasure to present him; then, delighted to hear of Wyncote, I sat down, and, despite a warning look from Montresor, began to take wine with this newly found kinsman.

Mr. Arthur Wynne was a man fully ten years my senior. He had served in the Guards, and in the Indies, and was full of stories of court and camp and war, such as every young fellow of spirit likes to hear.

Captain Montresor lingered awhile, and then, finding it vain to persist in his purpose, gave it up, and fell to talking with one of his fellow-officers, while I went on questioning my cousin as to the Wynnes to their uttermost generation. Either he cared little about them, or he knew little, for he seemed much to prefer to tell queer stories about the court ladies, and my Lord Chesterfield's boor of a son, who had such small manners and such a large appetite, and of Sir Guy Carleton, whom he was about to join in Canada. He advised me to get a pair of colours as my aunt had once desired, and seemed surprised when I paraded my friend Mr. Wilson's opinions as my own, and talked of taxation and the oppression under which commerce had to be carried on. In fact, as to this I knew something; but in this, as in other matters, he deferred to me as one does to a well-informed talker of one's own age, now setting me right with admirable courtesy, and now cordially agreeing.

What with his evident desire to be friendly, and the wine I was taking, I fell an easy prey to one who rarely failed to please when he was so minded. Too well amused to reflect that the hours were swiftly passing, I sat,

taking glass after glass mechanically. As the night went on we had more punch, and the dice began to rattle on the tables, despite the landlord's remonstrance, who feared to fall into the hands of the law and lose his licence. But a lively major called out that here was licence enough, and hustled him out of the room, calling for more rum-punch, and stronger.

Meanwhile the smoke grew thick and thicker. Here and there a song broke out, and the clink of coin and the rattle of dice went on. When at last Montresor came to our table and said he was going, and would I come, too, I rose, and, bidding my kinsman good-by, went with the captain. I heard him swear as he found the door locked. No one seemed to know who had the key, and not at all ill-pleased, and past feeling regret, I turned back and stood over a table where some officers were throwing a main.

Then I saw in a corner a poor fellow who used to be an usher at the academy, and who, having taken to drink, had lost his place. Now he was a sort of servitor in the coffee-house, and had gotten locked up in the room and could not escape. He had taken refuge in a corner at a deserted table, and, sitting unnoticed, was solacing himself with what was left of a bowl of punch. A sense of not altogether maudlin pity came upon me, and I went over and sat down beside him. No one took any heed of us. The air was heavy with pipe-smoke, oaths, mad catches of song, clink of glasses, and rattle of dice noisily cast, with here and there a toast cried; so that it was hard to see for the smoke, or to hear a man speak.

«Why, Savoy! How camest thou here?» I said.

«The devil fetched me, I guess.»

He was far gone in liquor. «I am like Mr. Sterne's starling: ‹I can't get out.› Ever read Mr. Sterne's—what is it?—oh, his ‹Sentimental Journey›?»

Here was one worse than I, and I felt inclined to use what Friends call a precious occasion, a way being opened.

«This is a sad business, Savoy,» I said.

«Dre'ful,» he returned. «*Facilis descensus taverni.* No use to talk to me. I am tired of life. I am going to die. Some men shoot themselves, some like the rope, and some cold water. You know what Bishop what's-his-name—I mean Jeremy Taylor—says about ways to die: ‹None please me.› But drink is the best. I mean to drink myself dead—dead—d—dead,» and here he fell on to my shoulder. Letting him down easily, I loosed his neckerchief, and stood beside him, pitiful and shocked. Then in a moment I felt that I was drunk. The room whirled, and with an effort I got to the open window, stumbling over legs of men, who looked up from their cards and cursed me.

Of what chanced after this I knew for a time but little until I was in one instant sobered. This was an hour later, and nigh to twelve o'clock. What took place I heard from others; and as it concerns a turning-point in my life, I shall try to relate it as if I myself had been conscious all the while.

The better for air, I went over to a table in the center of the room not far from the door. Leaning heavily on Captain Small's shoulder, I threw on the table the last gold joe my aunt had given me with her final lesson in morals.

«Best in three, Etherington.»

«Take it,» he cried.

I threw double sixes, he threes, and I deuce ace. Then he cast some numbers as good. Certainly the devil meant to have me. I threw a third time; a six and a five turned up, and he an ace and a four. I had won. «Double or quits,» I said; «one throw.» I won again, and at this I went on until the pile of gold grew beneath my eyes, amid laughter, curses, and all manner of vileness. Presently I heard the colonel exclaim, «This won't do, gentlemen,» and I felt some one trying to draw me from the table. It was Captain Wynne. I cried out: «Hands off! no liberties with me! I am the head of thy house; thou art only a cadet.» He laughed as I pushed him aside.

«You said double or quits,» cried the stout major. How he got into the game I knew not.

«It is a mere boy! for shame!» cried the colonel. «I forbid it.»

«I am a gentleman,» I said. «Thou canst order thy officers; thou canst not order me,» and as I spoke I cast so hard that I crushed the box. I heard some one cry, «A —— pretty Quaker! By George, he has lost! A clean hundred pounds!» Even in this drunken revel there was a pause for a moment. I was, after all, but a tipsy lad of twenty, and some were just not far enough gone to feel that it might look to others an ugly business. The colonel said something to Major Milewood as to disrespect, I hardly know what; for at this moment there was a loud knocking at the door. In the lull that followed I heard the colonel's voice.

Then the tumult broke out anew. «By Jove, it is a woman!» cried Wynne. «I hear her. Wine and women! A guinea to a guinea she 's pretty!»

«Done!» cried some one.

«Here 's the key,» said the major; «let 's have her in.»

«*Place aux dames,*» hiccoughed a cornet.

The colonel rose, but it was too late. Wynne, seizing the key, unlocked the door and threw it wide open, as my mother, followed by Jack Warder, entered the room, and stood still a moment, dazed.

Captain Wynne, leering and unsteady, caught at her waist, exclaiming, «By George! she might be younger, but I 've won. A toast! a toast! A Quaker, by George!»

Whether I was sobered or not, I know not. I can only say that of a sudden I was myself and strangely quiet. I saw the dear lady, brave, beautiful, and with her curls falling about her neck, as she shrank back from the man's touch.

«Come, Hugh,» she said.

«Yes, mother,» I said; «but first—» and I struck Captain Wynne full in the face, so that, unprepared as he was, he fell over a table and on to the floor.

Every one started up. There was instant silence.

In a moment he was on his feet, and, like myself, another man. Turning, he said, with amazing coolness, wiping the blood away, for I was strong, and had hit hard: «Madam, I beg your pardon; we have been behaving like beasts, and I am fitly punished. As to you, Mr. Wynne, you are a boy, and have undertaken to rough it with men. This shall go no further.»

«It shall go where I please,» I cried.

«No, no; Hugh, Hugh!» said my mother.

«We will talk it over to-morrow,» said the captain; and then, turning, «I mean, gentlemen, that this shall stop here. If any man thinks I am wrong, let him say so. I shall know how to settle accounts with him.»

«No, no,» said the colonel; «you are right, and if any officer thinks otherwise, I too am at his service.» In the silence which came after he added, «Permit me, madam»; and offering his arm to my mother, we following, they went downstairs, Jack and I after them, and so into the street and the reproachful calm of the starlit April night.

VIII.

«EVEN so far away as now,» says Jack, writing in after-days, «it grieves me to think of that winter, and of this mad scene at the London Coffee-house. When I saw Hugh go in with the officers, I waited for an hour, and then went away. Returning later, I learned that he was still upstairs. I felt that if I stayed until he came forth, although he might not be in a way to talk to me, to know that I had waited so long might touch him and help him to hear me with patience. I walked to and fro until the clock had struck twelve, fearful and troubled like a woman. Sometimes I think I am like a woman in certain ways, but not in all.

«There were many people who loved Hugh, but, save his mother, none as I did. He had a serious kindliness in his ways, liking to help people, and for me at certain times and in certain crises a reassuring directness of swift dealing with matters in hand, most sustaining to one of my hesitating nature. His courage was instinctive, mine the result of obedience to my will, and requiring a resolute effort.

«I think of him always as in time of peril, throwing his head up and his shoulders back, and smiling, with very wide-open eyes, like his mother's, but a deeper blue. The friendship of young men has often for a partial basis admiration of physical force, and Hugh excelled me there, although I have never been considered feeble or awkward except among those of another sex, where always I am seen, I fear, to disadvantage.

«Just after twelve I saw a woman coming hastily up Front street. As she came to a pause in the light which streamed from the open door, I knew her for Madam Marie, as she had taught me to call her. She wore a *calèche* hood, fallen back so that I saw her hair, half tumbled from under the thin gauze cap worn on the top of the head by most Quakers. She was clad quite too slightly, and had for wrap only a light, gray silk shawl.

«‹*Mon Dieu!*› she exclaimed, ‹I had to come. Jack, is he here? *Il faut que je monte,* I must go upstairs.› In excitement she was apt to talk French, and then to translate. ‹Let me go,› said I; but she cried out, ‹No, no! come!›

«There were many rough folks without, and others called together by the noise above, and no wonder. I said, ‹Come in; I will go up with thee.› She pushed me aside, and, with staring eyes, cried, ‹*Où est l'escalier?*› As we went through the coffee-room, the loungers looked at her with surprise. She followed me without more words, ran by me on the stairs, and in a moment beat fiercely on the door, crying, ‹*Ouvrez!* open! quick!› Then there was that madhouse scene.»

And this was how it came about, as Jack has here told, that, still hot and angry, but much sobered, I, her son, walked beside my mother till we came to our door, and Jack left us, saying:

«Wilt thou see me to-morrow?»

I said, «Yes. God bless thee! Thou art the real son,» and we entered.

Then it was sweet to see her; she said no word of reproach except, «*Il ne faut pas me donner ton baiser ce soir.* No, no; I am not to be kissed.» And so I went, sorrowful and still dizzy, up to my sleepless couch.

At the first gray light of dawn I rose, and was soon away half a mile from shore in my boat. As I came up from my first plunge in the friendly river, and brushed the water from my eyes, I do assure you the world seemed different. The water was very cold, but I cared nothing for that. I went home another and a better man, with hope and trust and self-repose for company. That hour in the water at early morn forever after seemed to me a mysterious separation between two lives, like a mighty baptismal change. Even now I think of it with a certain awe.

I pulled home as the sun rose, and lingered about until our servants came in for the early worship of the day. Soon I had the mother's kiss, and underwent a quick, searching look, after which she nodded gaily, and said, «*Est-ce que tout est bien, mon fils?* Is all well with thee, my son?» I said, «Yes—yes.» I heard her murmur a sweet little prayer in her beloved French tongue. Then she began to read a chapter. I looked up amazed. It was the prodigal's story.

I stood it ill, thinking it hard that she should have made choice of that reproachful parable. I stared sideways out at the stream and the ships, but lost no word, as, with a voice that broke now and then, she read the parable to its close. After this should have come prayer, silent or spoken; but, to my surprise, she said, «We will not pray this morning,» and we went in to breakfast at once.

As for me, I could not eat. I went out alone to the garden and sat down. I knew she would come to me soon. It seemed to me a long while. I sat on the grass against a tree, an old cherry, as I remember, and waited.

I can see her coming toward me under the trees, grave and quiet and sweet. The great beauty, Sarah Lukens, who married in mid-war the gallant Lennox, used to say of my mother that she put some sugar into all her moods; and it was true. I have seen her angry. I had rather have faced my father in his wildest rage than her. Why was she not angry now? She had vast reason for displeasure. After men have become wise enough to understand woman, I protest there will remain the mother, whom no man will ever comprehend.

«What a beautiful day, Hugh! And thou hadst a good swim? Was it cold? Why may not girls swim? I should love it.»

Next she was beside me on the grass, my head on her bosom, saying, with a little sob, as if she had done some wrong thing:

«I—I did not choose it, dear; indeed I did not. It came in order with the day, as my father reads; and I—I did not think until I began it, and then I would not stop. It is strange for it so to chance. I wonder where that prodigal's mother was all the while? Oh, thou art better than that wicked, wicked prodigal. I never would have let him go at all—never if I could have helped it, I mean. *Mon Dieu!* I think we women were made only for prayer or for forgiveness; we can stop no sin, and when it is done can only cry, ‹Come back! come back! I love you!›»

If I cried on that tender heart, and spoke no word, and was but a child again, I am sure that it was of all ways the best to tell her that never again should she be hurt by any act of mine.

«See, there is Judith at the door, wondering where I am,» she said, «and what is to be for dinner. I must go and get ready the fatted calf. Ah, I would not have left one alive. Yes, yes, I can jest, because I am no more afraid, *mon fils*, nor ever shall be.»

Upon this I would have said something of my deep shame, and of the swine among whom I had wallowed.

«No,» she cried; «*c'est fini, mon cher.* It is all over. The swine will eat alone hereafter.» And so would hear no more, only adding, «As for me, I want to be told once how brave I was. Jack said so; indeed he did. I *was* brave, was I not?»

«Don't, dear mother! please! I cannot bear it.» Somehow this plea, so childlike, to be praised for what must have cost so much, quite overcame me.

«Yes, yes,» she said; «I understand thee, and I shall always. How strong thou art, *mon fils!* I was proud of thee, even in that sty of pigs in red coats. And he behaved like a gentleman, and hath wondrous self-command. I would see him again; who is he?»

I told her his name.

«*Que c'est drôle.* That is curious. Thy cousin! No doubt we shall see him to-day, and thy father. I shall tell him all—all. He must know.»

«Yes, he must know,» I said; «but I will tell him myself.»

«He will be angry, but that is part of thy punishment.»

Then I told her, too, I had lost an hundred pounds, as I believed, and she said:

«That is, after all, the least. There are pearls of my sister's I never wear. Thy aunt must take them and pay this debt. Go now

to thy business as if nothing had happened, and I will send thee the pearls by Tom. No, no; it is to be as I say; I must have my way.»

What could I do? I kissed her, and we parted. I made no promises, and she asked for none. I like to think of how, after all, I left with her this sense of quiet trust.

I have said that the daily march of events never so influenced my life as did critical occasions. This was surely one of them. I do not now regret the knowledge of a baser world which I thus acquired. It has been of use to me, and to some with whose lives I have had to deal.

Of the wrath of my father, when I humbly confessed my sins, it is not needful to speak at length. For business calamities he was ready enough, and lacked not decision; but in this matter he was, as I could see, puzzled. He strode up and down, a great bulk of a man, opening and shutting his hands, a trick he had in his rare moments of doubt or of intense self-repression.

«I know not what to do with thee,» he said over and over; «and thou didst strike the man, thy cousin? Well, well! and hurt him, I am told? And he did not return the blow!»

I had not said so. Thus I knew that other busy tongues had been at work. For my life, I could not see whether he looked upon the blow as my worst iniquity, or deep in his heart was hardly grieved at it.

«Thou didst strike him? I must consider of thee; I must take counsel. Go! thou wilt bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.» And so I left him, still striding to and fro, with ever the same odd movement of his hands. He took counsel, indeed, and for me and for him the most unwise that ever a troubled man could have taken. It was some days before this unpleasant scene took place, and meanwhile I had seen my aunt.

She was taking snuff furiously when I entered, and broke out at once, very red in the face, and walking about in a terrible rage. My mother used to say that the first thing one saw of my Aunt Gainor was her nose. It had been quite too much of a nose for the rest of her face until gray hair and some change wrought by time in the architecture of her fine head helped to make it more in harmony with the rest of her features. Somehow it arrested my attention now, and Heaven knows why it seemed to me more odd than ever.

«This is a fine repentance, indeed! What are you staring at, you fool? Here has been that wild curlew Bess Ferguson with an awful tale of how you have gambled and lost an hundred pounds, and half killed an unlucky cousin. Who the deuce is the man? A nice godchild you are! A proper rage I am in, and Dr. Rush tells me I am never to let myself get excited! As to Mrs. Galloway, duels and murder are the least of her talk; and, upon my word, you know no more of the small sword than of—I know not what. I must send you to Pike for lessons. When is it to be?»

«My dear aunt,» I cried, «I wish all these Tory cats of yours were dead!»

At this she broke into laughter, and sat down.

«Cats! and did n't they miaow! But that sweet girl Jack Warder has been here too; sent, I suppose, by that dear Jesuit, your mother. How he blushes! I hear you behaved like a gentleman even in your cups. I like the lad; I did not use to. He is a manly miss. Sit down, and tell me all about it. Bless me! how hot I am!»

Upon this I knew I had won my battle, and went on to tell the whole story. When I produced my pearls, of which I was horribly ashamed, she broke out anew, declaring we were all mere traders, and did we think her a pawnbroker? and ended by giving me an hundred pounds, and bidding me to be careful and pay at once, as it was a debt of honour. «As to the pearls, let Madam Marie keep them for thy wife.»

Thus ended a sorry business. It was to be told, and I have told it; but none, not even my mother or Jack, knew how deep a mark it left upon my character, or how profoundly it affected my life.

My friend Jack shall say the requiescat of this chapter of my life, which I have so unwillingly recorded. There was one more thing needed to complete its misery. Says Jack:

«Hugh Wynne and I fell quite apart that winter of '72 and '73. It was my fault.» This I do not understand. «Came then that hideous night in April, and all the rest; and Hugh I saw the day after, and begged him to forgive me because I had so easily deserted him. I took him later a kind message from Mr. James Wilson; for our small city knew it all. Friends looked at him as one disgraced, except Friend Rupert Forest, who, to my amusement, seemed to enjoy to hear the whole story, saying, 'Alas! alas!' and yet, as I saw, far more pleased than distressed. It brought to my mind the battle he had set us to fight out when we were boys. For a week or two Hugh was dispirited, but after that, when the colonel had called, and his cousin Arthur Wynne began to be more and more with him, he took heart, and faced our little world, and

would let no one except myself say a word to him of the time of his downfall. This I think I never did, save perhaps once, and that long after.

«There was no need to preach. Converted devils make the best saints. I never was as good as Hugh, because I lacked courage to be wicked. Hugh was no saint, but he drank no more for a long while, and was ever after moderate. As to cards and dice, it was much the same.»

What Jack has here written is all nonsense. He was a better man than I, and never was nor could have been a bad one.

IX.

I HAVE said that one event had to be recorded before I completed the story of that episode of which I was weary of hearing. My father —and it was against all his habits in regard to most matters—reminded me almost daily of my misdeeds. He hoped I did not drink any more, and he would even look at the square flasks on the shelf to see, as I suspected, if they had been used. To be prayed for was worst of all, and this he did more than once. It was all of it unwise, and but for my mother I should have been even more unhappy. I can see now that my father was this while in distress, feeling that he must do something, and not knowing what to do.

In his business life there had always been a way opened, as Friends say. He did not see that what I needed was what it was not in his nature to give, and thus it came about that we drew apart, and perhaps neither then nor at any later time were, or could ever have been, in the kindlier relation which makes the best of friendships that of the grown-up son with the elderly father.

At last, after a month or more, when it was far on in June, he ceased to trouble me, and to walk up and down, opening and shutting his hands, as he recounted my sins. He had reached an unfortunate decision, of which I was soon to feel the results.

In the mean time my cousin Mr. Arthur Wynne had come into very close intimacy with all our family circle. As he had much to do with my later life, it is well to return a little, and to detail here what followed after the night of my mother's visit to the coffee-house.

Next day, in the evening, came the colonel of the Scots Greys, and desired to see me in the sitting-room, my father being still in Lancaster.

«Mr. Wynne,» he said, «Captain Wynne has asked me to call in reference to that unhappy business of last night. He begs to make his excuses to Mrs. Wynne in this letter, which may I ask you to deliver? And after this action on his part I trust you will see your way to regret the blow you struck.»

I was quiet for a moment, feeling that I must be careful what answer I made. «I cannot feel sorry,» I said; «I do not regret it.»

«That is a pity, Mr. Wynne. You should remember that Mr. Arthur Wynne could not have known who the lady was. A blow is a thing no gentleman can, as a rule, submit to; but this has been discussed by Sir William Draper and myself, and we feel that Mr. Arthur Wynne cannot challenge a boy of eighteen.»

«I am twenty,» I replied.

«Pardon me—of twenty, who is his cousin. That is the real point I would make. You have the best of it. You were right, quite right; but, by St. George, you are a hard hitter! Mr. Wynne would have come in person, but he is hardly fit to be seen, and a sign-painter is just now busy painting his eyelids and cheek, so as to enable him to appear out of doors.»

The colonel treated me with the utmost respect, and, as a young fellow naturally would be, I was embarrassed more than a little, but not at all dissatisfied with the condition of my cousin. I said awkwardly that if he was willing to forget it I supposed I ought to be.

«I think so,» said the colonel. «Suppose you leave it with me, and in a day or two talk it over with him. Indeed, he is a most charming gentleman, and a worthy member of a good old house.»

I said I would leave it with the colonel, and upon this he said, «Good-by, and come and dine with the mess some day, but don't hit any more of us»; and so, laughing, he went away, leaving me flattered, but with the feeling that somehow he had gotten the better of me.

My mother declared it was a beautiful letter, writ prettily, but ill-spelled (neither George the king nor our own George could spell well). She would not let me see it. I did years afterward. In it he spoke of me as a boy, and she was cunning enough to know that I should not like that.

It was a week before we saw Mr. Arthur Wynne. My father had meanwhile vented his first wrath on me, and I was slowly getting over the strong sense of disgust, shame, contrition, and anger, and had settled down earnestly to my work. I hardly recognised the man who came in on us after supper, as my mother and I sat in the orchard, with my

father in a better humour than of late, and smoking a churchwarden, which, you may like to know, was a long clay pipe. The smoke sailed peacefully up, as I sat looking at its blue smoke-rings. (How often have I seen them float from the black lips of cannon, and thought of my father and his pipe!)

We discussed the state of trade, and now and then I read aloud bits from the Boston «Packet» of two weeks back, or my mother spoke of their September voyage, and of what would be needed for it, a voyage being looked upon as a serious affair in those times.

«I found your doors hospitably open,» said the captain, appearing, «and the servant said I should find you here; so I have taken my welcome for granted, and am come to make my most humble excuses to Mrs. Wynne.»

We all rose as he drew near, my mother saying in my ear as he approached, «It is Arthur Wynne. Now, Hugh, take care!»

This newly found cousin was, like all of us, tall, but, as I have said, not quite so broad as we other Wynnes. He was of swarthy complexion from long service in the East, and had black hair, not fine, but rather coarse. I noticed a scar on his forehead. He shook hands, using his left hand, because, as I learned, of awkwardness from an old wound. But with his left he was an expert swordsman, and, like left-handed swordsmen, the more dangerous.

«We are glad to see thee, Cousin Wynne,» said my mother.

As for me, I saw marks of my handiwork still on his cheek; I took his greeting with decent cordiality, and said, «Sit down; wilt thou smoke a pipe, Cousin Arthur?»

He said he did not smoke, and set himself, with the address of a man used to a greater world than ours, to charm those whom no doubt he considered to be quite simple folk. In a few minutes the unpleasantness of the situation was over. He and my father were at one about politics, and I wisely held my peace. He let fall a discreet sentence or two about the habits of soldiers, and his own regrets. As to me, he said, laughing:

«Your son is not quite of your views as a Friend in regard to warfare.»

«My son is a hasty young man,» said my father, and I felt my mother's touch on my arm.

Our cousin was in no way upset by this. He said, «No, no, cousin; he is young, but not hasty. I was fitly dealt with. We are hot-blooded people, we Wynnes. The ways of Friends are not our ways of dealing with an injury; and it was more—I wish to say so—it was an insult. He was right.»

«There is no such thing as insult in the matter,» said my father. «We may insult the great Master, but it is not for man to resent or punish.»

«I fear as to that we shall continue to differ.» He spoke with the utmost deference. «Do you go to Wyncote? I hear you are for England in the autumn.»

«No; I shall be too full of business. Wyncote has no great interest for me.»

«Indeed? It might perhaps disappoint you—a tumble-down old house, an embarrassed estate. My brother will get but a small income when it falls to him. As to my father, he fights cocks and dogs, rides to hounds, and, I grieve to say, drinks hard, like all our Welsh squires.»

I was surprised at his frank statement. My mother watched him curiously, with those attentive blue eyes, as my father returned:

«Of a certainty, thou dost not add to my inducements to visit Wyncote. I should, I fear, be sadly out of place.»

«I am afraid that is but too true, unless your head is better than mine. We are a sad set, we Wynnes. All the prosperity, and, I fear, much of the decency, of the family crossed the ocean long ago.»

«Yet I should like to see Wyncote,» said I. «I think thou didst tell me it is not thy home.»

«No; a soldier can hardly be said to have a home; and a younger brother, with a tough father alive, and an elder brother on an impoverished estate, must needs be a wanderer.»

«But we shall make thee welcome here,» said my father, with grave kindness. «We are plain people, and live simply; but a Wynne should always find, as we used to say here, the latch-string outside.»

With a little more talk of the Wynnes, the captain, declining to remain longer, rose, and, turning to me, said, «I hear, Cousin Hugh, that you refused to say that you were sorry for the sharp lesson you gave me the other night. I have made my peace with your mother.»

«I shall see that my son behaves himself in future. Thou hast heard thy cousin, Hugh?»

I had, and I meant to make it up with him, but my father's effort as a peacemaker did not render my course the more easy. Still, with the mother-eyes on me, I kept my temper.

«I was about to say thou hast done all a man can do,» said I.

«Then let us shake hands honestly,» he replied, «and let bygones be bygones.»

I saw both my parents glance at me. «I should be a brute if I did not say yes, and mean it, too; but I cannot declare that I am sorry, except for the whole business.» And with this I took his left hand, a variety of

the commonplace ceremony which always, to my last knowledge of Captain Wynne, affected me unpleasantly.

He laughed. «They call us in Merionethshire the wilful Wynnes. You will find me a good friend if you don't want the things I want. I am like most younger brothers, inclined to want things. I thank you all for a pleasant hour. It is like home, or better.» With this he bowed low to my mother's curtsey, and went away, chatting as I conducted him to the door, and promising to sail with me, or to fish.

Naturally enough, on my return I found my parents discussing our newly found relative. My mother thought he talked much of himself, and had been pleasanter if he had not spoken so frankly of his father. My father said little, except that there seemed to be good in the young man.

«Why should we not forgive that in him which we must forgive in our own son?»

My father had some dreadful power to hurt me, and to me only was he an unjust man; this may have been because my wrong-doing troubled both his paternal and his spiritual pride. I was about to say that there was little likeness between my sin and that of my cousin; but I saw my mother, as she stood back of my father's great bulk, shake her head, and I held my tongue. Not so she.

«If thou hadst been a woman in my place, John Wynne, thou wouldst be far from saying the thing thou hast said.»

Never had I heard or seen in our house a thing like this. I saw, in the fading light, my father working his hands as I have described, a signal of restrained anger, and, like anything physically unusual in one we love, not quite pleasant to see. But my mother, who knew not fear of him nor of any, went on, despite his saying, «This is unseemly—unseemly, wife.»

«Thou art unjust, John, to my son.»

«Thy son?»

«Yes; mine as well as thine. I have faith that thou, even thou, John, wouldst have done as my boy did.»

«I? I?» he cried; and now I saw that he was disturbed, for he was moving his feet like some proud, restrained horse pawing the grass. At last he broke the stillness which followed his exclamations: «There is but one answer, wife. Both have been brutes, but this boy has been kept near to godly things all his life. Each First-day the tongues of righteous men have taught him to live clean, to put away wrath, to love his enemies; and in a day—a minute—it is gone, and, as it were, useless, and I the shame of the town.»

I hoped this was all; but my mother cried. «John! John! It is thy pride that is hurt. No, it is not seemly to dispute with thee, and before thy son. And yet—and yet—even that is better than to let him go with the thought that he is altogether like, or no better than, that man. If thou hast a duty to bear testimony, so have I.» And thus the mother of the prodigal son had her say. No doubt she found it hard, and I saw her dash the tears away with a quick hand, as she added, «If I have hurt thee, John, I am sorry.»

«There is but one answer, wife. Love thy enemy; do good to them that despitefully use thee. Thou wilt ruin thy son with false kindness, and who shall save him from the pit?»

I turned at last in a storm of indignation, crying, «Could I see my mother treated like a street-wench or a gutter-drab, and lift no hand? I wish I had killed him!»

«You see, wife,» said my father. «Yes, even this was to be borne.»

«Not by me!» I cried, and strode into the house, wondering if ever I was to be done with it.

The day after no one of us showed a sign of this outbreak. Never had I seen the like of it among us; but the Quaker habit of absolute self-repression and of concealment of emotion again prevailed, so that at breakfast we met as usual, and, whatever we may have felt, there was no outward evidence of my mother's just anger, of my father's bitterness, or of my own disgust.

X.

I WAS not yet to see the end of my iniquity, and was to feel the consequences in ways which, for many a day, influenced my life and actions.

It was toward the end of June. The feeling of uneasiness and dread was becoming more and more felt, not only in commerce, which is so sensitive, but also in the social relations of men. The king's officers were more saucy, and, like all soldiers, eager for active service, imagining an easy victory over a people untrained in war. Such Tory pamphleteers as the foul-tongued Massachusetts writer, Daniel Leonard, were answering «Vindex» (Mr. Adams) and the widely read letters of «An American Farmer.» The plan of organised correspondence between the colonies began to be felt in some approach to unity of action, for at this time the outspoken objection to the views of the king and his facile minister was general, and even men like Galloway, Chew, the Allens, and

John Penn stood with varying degrees of good will among those who were urging resistance to oppression. As yet the too mighty phantom of independence had not appeared on the horizon of our stormy politics, to scare the timid, and to consolidate our own resistance.

I worked hard with my father at our lessening and complicated business, riding far into the country to collect debts, often with Jack, who had like errands to do, and with whom I discussed the topics which were so often, and not always too amiably, in question at my Aunt Gainor's table. I was just now too busy to be much with my old favourites, the officers. Indeed, I was wise enough to keep away from them.

My cousin I saw often, both at my aunt's, as I shall relate, and elsewhere; for he came much to our house, and my father found it agreeable to talk over with him the news of the day. My mother did not like him as well, but she held her peace, and, like every other man, he was attracted by her gaiety, and quaint way of looking at men and things.

Mr. Wilson I saw at times, as he still had, I know not why, a fancy for me, and loved well to sail with me of evenings over to Kaighn's Point to fish, or down to Gloucester to bob for crabs. I owed him much. A profound knowledge of law, variety of reading, and a mind which left broadly on our afterhistory the marks of his powerful intellect, were at my service. He used to caution me how I spoke of his opinions to others, and he would then discuss with freedom politics and the men whose figures were fast rising into distinctness as leaders to be listened to and trusted. Many of them he knew, and thus first I heard clearly what manner of persons were Patrick Henry and the Adamses, Dickinson, Peyton Randolph, and others less prominent. In this way I came to be more and more confirmed in the opinions my Aunt Gainor so resolutely held, and also more careful how I expressed them. Indeed, although but twenty years of age, I was become quite suddenly an older and graver man. Mr. Wilson surprised me one day by saying abruptly, as he pulled up a reluctant crab, «Do you never think, Hugh, that we shall have war?»

I was indeed amazed, and said so. Then he added: «It will come. My place will not be in the field, but, whether you like it or not, you will see battles. You were made for a soldier, Hugh, Quaker or no Quaker.»

I thought it odd that two people as different as my Aunt Gainor and he should have the same belief that we were drifting into war. She had said to me the night before that she had known Lord North as a boy, and that the king was an obstinate Dutchman, and would make his minister go his way, adding, «When it comes you will be in it; you can't escape.»

No one else whom I knew had any such belief. Wilson's views and prediction sent me home thoughtful enough.

That evening my father said to me, «We go to Merion to-morrow, Hugh.» It was there we spent our summers. «To-morrow will be Fourth-day. It is our last day of Meeting in the town. There will, perhaps, be some wise words said as to present confusions, and I wish thee to hear them, my son.»

I said, «Yes; at seven, father?» I was, however, astonished; for these occasional night Meetings in the middle of the week were but rarely attended by the younger Friends, and, although opened with such religious observances as the society affected, were chiefly reserved for business and questions of discipline. I had not the least desire to go, but there was no help for it.

Our supper took place at six on this Wednesday, a little earlier than usual, and I observed that my father drank several cups of tea, which was not his habit. Few people took tea since the futile tax had been set upon it; but my father continued to drink it, and would have no concealment, as was the custom with some Whigs, who in public professed to be opposed to the views of the crown as to the right to collect indirect taxes.

Seeing that I did not drink it, and knowing that I liked nothing better than a good dish of tea, he asked me why I did not partake of it. Not willing to create new trouble, I said I did not want any. He urged the matter no further, but I saw he was not well pleased. We set off soon after in silence, he walking with hands behind his back clasping his gold-headed cane, his collarless coat and waistcoat below his beaver, and the gray hair in a thick mass between. He wore shoes, fine drab short-clothes, and black silk stockings, all without buckles; and he moved rapidly, nodding to those he met on the way, to the Bank Hill Meeting-house, in Front street, above Arch.

It was a simple brick building, set on a bank a few feet above the level of the roadway. The gables and shutters were painted white, as was also the plain Doric doorway, which had a pillar on each side. I judged by the number of both sexes entering that it was an unusual occasion. There were many drab-

coated men, and there were elderly women, in gowns of drab or gray, with white silk shawls and black silk-covered cardboard bonnets. Here and there a man or woman was in gayer colours or wore buckles, and some had silver buttons; but these were rare. The Meeting-room was, so to speak, a large oblong box with whitewashed walls. A broad passage ran from the door to the farther end; on the right of it sat the men, on the left the women; against the remoter wall, facing the rude benches, were three rows of seats, one above the other. On these sat at the back the elders, and in front of them the overseers. The clerk of the Meeting had a little desk provided for him. Over their heads was a long sounding-board.

To me the scene had been familiar for years; but to-day it excited my attention because of an air of expectation, and even of excitement, among the few more youthful Friends. I saw, as we entered, furtive glances cast at my father and me; but as to this I had grown to be of late more or less indifferent, and had no anticipation of what was to follow later.

I had become, since my sad downfall, a more serious and thoughtful young man, and far better fitted to feel the beauty and the spirituality of these Meetings than I had been before. When the doors were closed I sat silent in prayer; a great stillness fell upon one and all of the three or four hundred people here met together.

As I waited, with long-trained patience, for full twenty minutes, a still deeper quiet came upon the figures seated on each side of the aisle. For a time none of the men uncovered, but soon a few took off their broad hats, having remained with them on their heads long enough to satisfy custom by this protest against the ways of other men. The larger number kept their hats on their heads. Then a strange incident took place: a woman of middle age, but gray, her hair fallen about her shoulders, entered noisily, and, standing before the elders, cried out in a loud voice, as though in affliction and sore distress: «See to your standing; the Lord is about to search and examine your camp. Ho, ye of little faith and less works, the hand of God is come upon you—the mighty hand of punishment!» As she spake thus wildly she swayed to and fro, and seemed to me disordered in mind. Finally she passed across the space in front of the overseers, to the women's side, and then back again, repeating her mad language. My Aunt Gainor's great bronze Buddha was not more motionless than they who sat on the elders' seats. At last the woman faced the Meeting, and went down the aisle, waving her hands, and crying out, «I shall have peace, peace, in thus having discharged my Lord's errand.» The many there met did justice to their discipline. Scarce a face showed the surprise all must have felt. No one turned to see her go out, or seemed to hear the door banged furiously after her. The covered heads remained silent and almost motionless; the rows of deep bonnets were almost as moveless. Fully ten minutes of perfect silence followed this singular outburst. Then I saw the tall, gaunt figure of Nicholas Waln rise slowly, a faint but pleasant smile on his severe face, while he looked about him and began:

«Whether what ye have heard be of God I cannot say. The time hath troubled many souls. The woman, Sarah Harris, who has, as some are aware, borne many sweet and pleasing testimonies to Friends in Wilmington, I know not. Whether what ye have heard be of God or but a rash way of speech, let us feel that it is a warning to Friends here assembled that we be careful of what we say and do. It hath been borne in upon me that Friends do not fully understand one another, and that some are moved to wrath, and some inclined to think that Friends should depart from their ways and question that which hath been done by the rulers God hath set over us. Let us be careful that our General Epistles lean not to the aiding of corrupt and wicked men, who are leading weak-minded persons into paths of violence.» And here he sat down.

A moment later got up Thomas Scattergood, grim and dark of visage. None of his features expressed the slightest emotion, although even from the beginning he spoke with vehemence and his body rocked to and fro.

«The days are darkening; the times are evil. Our master, set over us by God, has seen fit to tax certain commodities that means may be raised for the just government of these colonies, where we and our fathers have prospered in our worldly goods, under a rule that has left us free to worship God as seems best to us. And now we are bid by men, not of our society, ungodly self-seekers, sons of darkness, to unite with them in the way of resistance to the law. There have even been found here among us those who have signed agreements to disobey such as are set over us, unmindful of the order to render to Cæsar that which is his. Let there be among Friends neither fear nor any shortcoming. Let us bear testimony against evil-doers, whether they be of us or not. Let us cut down and utterly cast forth those who depart from

righteousness. Are they not of the scum which riseth on the boiling pot? There is a time for Friends to remonstrate, and a time to act. I fear lest these too gentle counsels of Friend Waln be out of time and out of place. Away with those who, hearing, heed not. Let them be dealt with as they should be, with love for the sinner, but with thought as to the evil which comes of unscourged examples, so that when again we are met in the Quarterly Meeting there shall be none among us to stir up discord, and we can say to other Meetings: 'As we have done, so do ye. Make clean the house of the Lord.'»

The night was now upon us, and the ringing tones of the speaker were heard through the darkness before he sat down. While all waited, two Friends lighted the candles set in tin sconces against the pillars of the gallery, and, in the dim light they gave, the discussion went on.

Then I saw that Arthur Howell was about to speak. This able and tender-minded man usually sat in Meeting with his head bent, his felt hat before his eyes, wrapped in thought, and lifted above all consideration of the things of this earth. As he began, his rich, full voice filled the space, and something in its pleading sweetness appealed to every heart. He spoke as one who, having no doubt, wondered that any one else should doubt, and he brought the discussion to a decisive point at once.

«It is well,» he said, «that all should be convinced by those who, from age and influence among Friends, have the best right of speech. Nevertheless, since this is a Meeting for discipline, let all be heard with fairness and order. Men have gone astray. They have contended for the asserting of civil rights in a manner contrary to our peaceable profession and principles, and, although repeatedly admonished, do not manifest any disposition to make the Meeting a proper acknowledgment of their outgoings. Therefore it is that we bear our testimony against such practices, and can have no unity with those who follow them until they come to a sense of their errors. Therefore, if this be the sense of our Meeting, let the clerk be moved to manifest the feelings of the Meeting to these members, signing on our behalf, for the matter hath already been before us twice, and hath been deeply and prayerfully considered by ourselves; and I am charged to tell Friends that these members who have thus gone astray are unwilling to be convinced by such as have sought to bring them to a better mind. This hath been duly reported, and overseers having thus failed, it doth only remain to abide by the sense of our Meeting. But this I have already said: the matter hath been prayerfully considered.»

After this, others spoke, but all elder Friends understood that the business had been disposed of, and little attention was given to those who rose after Friend Howell sat down. Indeed, that they were ill-advised to speak at all was plainly to be read in the countenances of many.

This was my first experience of an evening Meeting, and even to one acquainted with all the ways of Friends the scene was not without its interest. The night was now dark outside. The tallow dips ran down and flared dismally. A man with snuffers went to and fro, and the pungent odours of candles, burned out and to be replaced, filled the room.

In the quiet which followed Arthur Howell's refined and distinct accents, I looked at the row of placid faces where the women sat, some rosy, some old, all in the monastic cell of the bonnet, which made it as impossible to see, except in front, as it is for a horse with blinders. I wondered how this queer head-gear came to have been made, and recalled my aunt's amusement at the care exercised as to its form and material. Few there, I think, let their thoughts wander, and in front of me the row of drab coats and wide felt or beaver hats remained almost motionless.

At last James Pemberton, the esteemed clerk of the Meeting, rose. «I am moved,» he said, «by the Spirit to declare that the sense, and also the weight, of the Meeting is that Cyrus Edson and William Jameson be advised, in accordance with the instructed wish of Friends.»

He then sat down. There was no vote taken. Even had a majority of those present been hostile to the proposed action, it is improbable that any protest would have been made. The clerk's statement that the weight of the Meeting was affirmative, would have been held to settle the matter, as it appeared best to a limited number of those recognised, through their piety and strict living, to be competent to decide for the rest.

I was now assured that this was all, and looked to see two of the elders shake hands, which is the well-recognised signal for the Meeting to break up; but as the elders did not move, the rest sat still and waited. By and by I saw Nicholas Waln extend his hand to my father, who, looking steadily before him, made no sign of perceiving this intention to dismiss Friends. A still longer pause

followed. As I learned afterward, no further speaking was anticipated. No one stirred. For my part, I was quite ready to go, and impatiently awaited the signal of dismissal. A minute or two passed; then I was aware of a short, neatly built man, who rose from a bench near by. His face was strong, irregular of feature, and for some reason impressed me. I could see even in the indistinct light that he flushed deeply as he got up on his feet. He received instant attention, for he went past me, and, standing in the passageway, was quiet for a moment. He was, I think, not over thirty, and seemed embarrassed at the instant attention he received. For a few minutes he appeared to seek his words, and then, quite suddenly, to find them in eloquent abundance.

«It is not usual,» he said, «for disowned members of the society to openly protest. Neither are these our brothers here to-day. Nor, were they with us, are they so skilled with the tongue as to be able to defend themselves against the strong language of Thomas Scattergood or the gentle speech of Arthur Howell. I would say a word for them, and, too, for myself, since nothing is more sure than that I think them right, and know that ye will, before long, cast out me, to whom your worship is sweet and lovely, and the ways of Friends for the most part such as seem to me more acceptable than those of any other Christian society. Whether it be that old memories of persecution, or too great prosperity, have hardened you, I do not know. It does seem to me that ye have put on a severity of dress and life that was not so once, and that undue strictness hath destroyed for us some of the innocent joys of this world. I also find unwholesome and burdensome that inner garment of self-righteousness in which ye clothe yourselves to judge the motives of your fellow-men.

«So far as the law went against such views as you entertained, none did more resist them, in your own way, than did you; but now the English across the seas tell us that the liberty our fathers sought on these shores is to be that which pleases a corrupt and pliant ministry, and not that which is common to men of English blood. Some brave men of our society say: ‹Let us make a stand here, lest worse things come. Let us refuse to eat, drink, or wear the articles they assume to tax, whether we will or not.› There is no violence. Believe me, there will be none if we are one throughout the colonies. But if not—if not—if grave old men like you, afraid of this mere shadow of passive resistance, dreading to see trade decay and the fat flanks of prosperity grow lean—if you are wholly with our oppressors, passively with them, or, as some believe, actively, then—then, dear friends, it will be not the shadow, but the substance, of resistance that will fall in blood and ruin on you and on all men—on your easy lives and your accumulated gains.

«Ay, look to it! There is blood on the garments of many a man who sits fearfully at home, and thinks that because he does nothing he will be free of guilt when the great account is called.»

On this a rare exception to the tranquillity of Meeting occurred. Daniel Offley, by trade a farrier, rose and broke in, speaking loudly, as one used to lift his voice amid the din of hammers: «Wherefore should this youth bring among us the godless things of worldly men?» His sonorous tones rang out through the partial obscurity, and shook, as I noticed, the scattered spires of the candle flames. «This is no time for foolish men to be heard, where the elders are of a mind. The sense of the Meeting is with us. The weight of the Meeting is with us. The king is a good king, and who are we to resist? Out with those who are not of our ways! Let the hammer fall on the unrighteous, lest the sheep be scattered, and the Shepherd leave them.»

At this queer mixture of metaphors I saw the previous speaker smile as he stood in the aisle. Next I heard the gentle voice of James Pemberton break in on the uncouth speech of the big farrier.

«It is the custom of Friends that all men who feel to be moved to tell us aught shall be heard. Friend Wetherill, we will hear thee to an end.» He spoke with the courteous ease of a well-bred gentleman, and the smith sat down.

Friend Wetherill paused a moment, looking to left and right along the lines of deeply interested and motionless faces. Then he continued: «On what you and others do in these days depends what shall come upon us. Let no man deceive you, not even the timid counsel of gray hairs or the wariness of wealth. The guinea fears; the penny fights; and the poor penny is to-day deeply concerned. You take shelter under the law of Christ, to live, as far as possible, at peace with all men. As far as possible? It should at times be felt that Paul's limitation is also a command. Do not resist him who would slay a child or wrong a woman—that is how you read the law of God.

«It is extremes which bring ruin to the best Christian societies, and if the mass of

men were with you, civil order would cease, and the carefully builded structure of civilisation would perish. You are already undergoing a process of dry decay, and as you dry and dry, you harden and shrink, and see it not. A wild woman has told you to set your camp in order. See to it, my friends; see to it!»

For not less than a minute the speaker remained silent, with bended head, still keeping the wonderfully steady attention of this staid assembly. Very slowly he lifted his face, and now, as he began again, it was with a look of tender sweetness: «It was far back in Second-month, 1771, I began to be encompassed by doubts as to the course Friends were taking. To-day I am assured in spirit that you are wrong in the support you gave, and, let me say, are giving, to an unjust cause. I think I take an innocent liberty to express myself on this occasion, also according to the prospect I have of the matter. There is something due to the king, and something to the cause of the public. When kings deviate from the righteous law of justice in which kings ought to rule, it is the right, ay, and the religious duty, of the people to be plain and honest in letting them know where. I am not a person of such consequence as to dictate; but there is in me and in you a court to which I confidently appeal. I *have* appealed to it in prayer as to what my course shall be. I obey my conscience. Take heed that you do not act rashly.»

Here again, after these calm words, he paused, and then said, with emphatic sternness: «As my last words, let me leave with you the admonition of the great founder of this colony. ‹I beseech you,› he says, ‹for the sake of Christ, who so sharply prohibited making others suffer for their religion, that you have a care how you exercise power over other men's consciences. My friends, conscience is God's throne in man, and the power of it his prerogative!› These are solemn words. Whether you leave me to live among you, free to do what seems right to me, or drive me forth, who have no wish to go, now and always I shall love you. That love you cannot take away, nor weaken, nor disturb.»

I was sorry when the melody of this clear voice ceased. The speaker, wiping the moisture from his brow, stood still, and, covering his face with his hands, was lost in the prayer which I doubt not followed.

A long interval of absence of all sound came after he ceased to speak. No one replied. The matter was closed, a decision reached, and the clerk instructed. I knew enough to feel sure that those manly tones of appeal and remonstrance had failed of their purpose.

At this moment I saw an elderly man on the seat before me rise, and with deliberateness kneel in prayer; or, as Friends say, Israel Sharpless appeared in supplication. At first, as he began to be heard, Friends rose here and there, until all were afoot and all uncovered. The silence and reverent bended heads, and the dim light, affected me as never before. Many turned their backs on the praying man, an odd custom, but common. As he prayed his voice rose until it filled the great room; and of a sudden I started, and broke out in a cold sweat, for this was what I heard:

«O Lord, arise, and let Thine enemies be scattered. Dip me deeper in Jordan. Wash me in the laver of regeneration. Give me courage to wrestle with ill-doers. Let my applications be heard.

«Father of mercy, remember of Thy pity those of the young among us who, being fallen into evil ways, are gone astray. We pray that they who have gambled and drunk and brought to shame and sorrow their elders may be recovered into a better mind, and sin no more. We pray Thee, Almighty Father, that they be led to consider and to repent of deeds of violence, that those among us whom the confusion of the times has set against the law and authority of rulers be better counselled; or, if not, strengthen us so to deal with these young men as shall make pure again Thy sheepfold, that they be no longer a means of leading others into wickedness and debauchery.» I heard no more. This man was a close friend of my father. I knew but too well that it was I who was thus reproved, and thus put to shame. I looked this way and that, the hot blood in my face, thinking to escape. Custom held me. I caught, as I stared, furtive glances from some of the younger folk. Here and there some sweet, gentle face considered me a moment with pity, or with a curiosity too strong for even the grim discipline of Friends. I stood erect. The prayer went on. Now and then I caught a phrase, but the most part of what he said was lost to me. I looked about me at times with the anguish of a trapped animal.

At last I saw that my gentle-voiced speaker, Wetherill, was, like myself, rigid, with upheld head, and that, with a faint smile on his face, he was looking toward me. Minute after minute passed. Would they never be done with it? I began to wonder what was going on

under those bent gray hats and black bonnets. I was far away from penitence or remorse, a bruised and tormented man, helpless, if ever a man was helpless, under the monotonous and silent reproach of some hundreds of people who had condemned me unheard. It did seem as if it never would end.

At last the voice died out. The man rose, and put on his hat. All resumed their seats and their head-coverings. I saw that Friend Scattergood extended a hand to my father, who was, as I have not yet stated, an elder. The grasp was accepted. Elders and overseers, both men and women, rose, and we also. I pushed my way out, rudely, I fear. At the door James Pemberton put out his hand. I looked him full in the face, and turned away from the too inquisitive looks of the younger Friends. I went by my father without a word. He could not have known what pain his method of saving my soul would cost me. That he had been in some way active in the matter I did not doubt, and I knew later that my opinion was but too correct.

Hastening down Front street with an overwhelming desire to be alone, I paused at our own door, and then, late as it was, now close to ten, I unmoored my boat, and was about to push off when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Samuel Wetherill.

«Let me go with thee, my boy,» he said. «We should talk a little, thou and I.»

I said: «Yes. Thou art the only man I want to see to-night.»

There were no more words. The moon was up as I pulled down Dock Creek and out on my friendly river.

«Let thy boat drift,» he said. «Perhaps thou art aware, Hugh Wynne, how grieved I was; for I know all that went before. I somehow think that thou hast already done for thyself what these good folk seemed to think was needed. Am I right?»

«Yes,» I said.

«Then say no more. James Wilson has spoken of thee often. To be loved of such a man is much. I hear that thou hast been led to think with us, and that, despite those wicked wild oats, thou art a young man of parts and good feelings, thoughtful beyond thy years.»

I thanked him almost in tears; for this kindly judgment was, past belief, the best remedy I could have had.

«I saw thy great suffering; but in a year, in a month, this will seem a thing of no import; only, when thou art calm and canst think, hold a Meeting in thy own heart, and ask thy quiet judgment, thy conscience, thy memory, if prayer be needed; and do it for thyself, Hugh.»

I said, «Thank thee,» but no more. I have ever been averse to talking of my relations to another world, or of what I believe, or of what I am led thereby to do in hours of self-communion. I sat wishing my father were like this, a tender-hearted yet resolute man.

Seeing me indisposed to speak, he went on: «If we could but keep the better part of Friends' creed, and be set free to live at peace with the law, to realise that to sit down quietly under oppression may be to serve the devil, and not God! Thou knowest, as well as I, that divers Friends have publicly avowed the ministry, and allege that whatever they may do is a just punishment of rebellion. We are going to have a serious settlement, and it will become us all, Hugh, young and old, to see that we are on the right side, even if we have to draw the sword. And thou and I shall not be alone of Friends. There are Clement and Owen Biddle, and Christopher Marshall, and more.»

I was surprised, and said so.

«Yes, yes,» he said; «but I talk to thee as to a man, and these things are not to be spread abroad. I trust I have been to thee a comfort; and, now the moon is setting, let us go home.»

I thanked him as well as I knew how. He had indeed consoled me.

When I came in my father had gone to bed, but my mother was waiting to see me. She caught me in her arms, and, weeping like a child, cried: «Oh, I have heard! He did not tell me beforehand, or I should have forbade it. Thou shouldst never have gone—never! It was cruel! *Mon Dieu!* how could they do it!»

It was I who now had to comfort, and this helped me amazingly, and yet added to my just anger; for why must she, who was innocent, be thus made to suffer? My father, when he came in, had asked for me. He had met my cousin, who had seen me going down Front street, and had hinted that I meant to find comfort at the coffee-house among the officers. She knew better, and had said her mind of this kinsman and his ways; upon which my father had gone angry to his bed. I was beginning to have an increasing distrust and dislike of Arthur, and the present news did not lessen either feeling. So at last here was an end of the consequences of my sad night at the coffee-house.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

«THERE WAS INSTANT SILENCE.»

(SEE PAGE 365.)

PUBLIC SPIRIT IN MODERN ATHENS.

BY D. BIKÉLAS.[1]

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A BYZANTINE CORNER.

I.

DURING the war for Greek independence the seat of government was moving from place to place, according to circumstances, until it was fixed at Nauplia under Capo d'Istria's short-lived presidency. It was in that city that young King Otho landed in 1832, amid the acclamations of the regenerated nation joyfully welcoming its first sovereign. Two years later the capital of the newly created kingdom was transferred from Nauplia to Athens—a measure imposed upon the counselors of the youthful king alike by her geographical position and her glorious name.

On the eve of the revolution in 1821 the population of Athens was said not to exceed 8000 souls. During the war she played an important part. Exposed to all the ravages of that long and merciless contest, many times taken and retaken, the town had then reached the lowest point of decay. When the Turks were strongest in the surrounding plain, where almost incessant fighting was going on, the inhabitants took refuge in the neighboring islands of Salamis and Ægina, as the ancient Athenians had done at the approach of Xerxes, returning with the tide of victory to their ruined dwellings. When the Turks had finally gone scarcely 2000 Greeks were left in the three hundred dilapidated houses piled at the foot of the Acropolis. As to the Piræus, a rickety building which had served as a custom-house was the only one to be seen on the desolate banks of the unfrequented port.

When, a few years later, it was decided to transfer the capital, signs of improvement had already begun to appear; the population had once more reached some 8000, and new houses had been erected here and there. The best one, now serving as a police office, was secured as a royal residence pending the construction of the palace, which, begun in 1834, was finished only four years later. If the aim of its German architect was, by the unpretending simplicity of the façade, to escape dangerous comparison with the monuments of antiquity, it must be allowed that he fully succeeded. The north part, adorned with an Ionic colonnade, by far the best part of the structure, can be seen only from the garden. In spring this garden, or park, with its vigorous verdure, is delightful when the orange-trees are in blossom and the nightingales sing in the shade. It shows what the poor soil of Attica is capable of when properly cared for.

Ancient Athens spread round the Acropolis, especially on the hills facing the south, which are now uninhabited. The new town lies to the north of the antique citadel—an extension of the cluster of houses already existing at the foot of the rock when the war was ended. Two main intersecting streets were laid out—Æolus street, starting from below the Acropolis and running northward, and Hermes street, leading from the royal palace toward the Piræus. The capital was

[1] American readers will be interested to know that Mr. Bikélas as the leading literary man of Greece, was chairman of the Greek Committee in charge of the Olympian Games of 1896. The present paper was written by him in English.—EDITOR.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

SOCRATES IN THE STREETS OF ATHENS, B. C. 400.

thus designed to lie in the valley between the Acropolis on one side and Mount Lycabettus on the other. No ambition of future development is traceable in the original plan. The ground chosen, and the width of the main streets, tend to show that the founders of the new city little dreamed of its rapid extension. Squeezing herself out of her narrow confines, the city has gradually scaled the foot of Lycabettus and spread beyond the valley on both sides, principally in a southwesterly direction. If the extension had been in a straight line toward the sea, Athens would now be nearing a junction with the Piræus; but both towns, as if avoiding each other, extend in parallel lines, and one must look to a probably distant future for the day when they shall be connected by rows of houses, instead of the long walls of ancient days.

The fashionable quarters of the capital are to be found in the new additions to the primitive plan—the Neapolis, as it is called. Large thoroughfares have there been opened, fine buildings erected, both public and private; and Athens, already the finest city in the east of Europe, bids fair to become, if no stop be put to her progress, one of the handsomest cities on the Mediterranean.

Under King Otho's reign progress was comparatively slow. At the accession of King George, in the year 1863, the population did not exceed 45,000. The advance has been more rapid since then, especially during the last twenty years of material prosperity, which has lately been interrupted, let us hope temporarily, by the financial entanglements of the Greek government. During that period the immigration of well-to-do Greeks from abroad has not been one of the least causes of this development. In 1879 the census showed a population of nearly 64,000; in 1889, 114,000; and to-day, judging by the vital and building statistics, the number of inhabitants, if it does not exceed, cannot fall short of 130,000. The progress of the newly created town of Piræus is not less remarkable. From 5000 or 6000 souls, which had already gathered there some thirty years ago, its population had grown to 34,000 in 1889, and is now estimated at more than 50,000. Together the two towns number as many inhabitants as they probably possessed in the fourth century B. C. The sources of information as to the population of ancient Athens are indeed vague; but from a passage of Xenophon giving the number of families as 10,000, and from a passage of Athenæus indicating the proportion of slaves to freemen at the time of Demetrius Phalereus, it may be calculated that at that epoch the population of Athens, including that of the Piræus, was about 180,000. The area included within the walls of both towns seems rather to confirm this estimate. The surrounding country was thickly populated—much more so than at any succeeding period; but it is more than probable that the inhabitants of Athens proper and of her seaport never exceeded 200,000.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE PNYX.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A GREEK SHEPHERD.

The progress of the modern capital of Greece will not astonish American readers; but Athens in no way resembles New York or Chicago, nor is Greece America. Between the two countries there is no point of comparison whatsoever. The Americans, springing from and connected with a powerful European nation, began their career with all the advantages and few of the drawbacks of civilization. They had only to confront the physical obstacles to their possession of the extensive territories which attracted and rewarded their enlightened energy, and immigration accelerated the formation of a glorious commonwealth. The Greeks, emerging from ages of debasing serfdom, had no

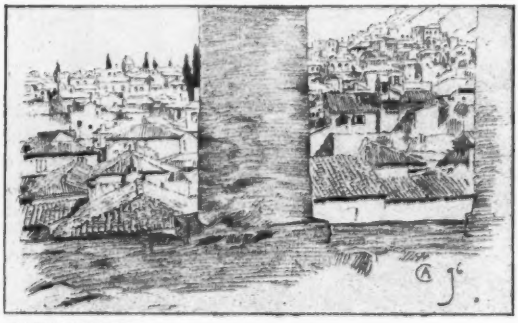
political or social or intellectual preparation for the work of regeneration. After having achieved by dint of desperate efforts the independence of a part only of their land and race, they had to undergo a series of revolutions before settling down into an organized body politic. Moreover, the belief that the national unity is not yet complete has tended, and long may tend, to retard the work of internal development. Neither these considerations, nor the fact that the whole country was a scene of desolation at the close of the war of independence, must be lost sight of in forming a judgment as to the progress thus far effected.

The revival of education was the first care of the Greeks on feeling once more free. In this they received from America welcome help, of which the grateful memory is far from being lost. The names of Dr. and Mrs. Howe of Boston, and of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who made Athens their home, are not forgotten in Greece. In the schools opened by the latter, and in those of the Rev. Mr. King, six hundred girls were receiving education as early as 1835. Those schools were mainly supported by the practical generosity of American ladies. It may have been forgotten in America that this was the first example of the union of bodies representing different religious denominations in a common good work. A Greek society was soon formed, with the same object—that of female education. One of the ornaments of modern Athens is the fine school building erected for that society at the expense of a wealthy Greek whose name it bears (Arsakeion). This is but one among the many institutions due to the patriotism of Hellenes residing abroad, but nobly vying with each other in the embellishment of the capital which symbolizes the unity of the race.

First in date and in importance of these institutions is the university. At the time of its foundation academic instruction would seem to have been superfluous, elementary schools being the crying need of Greece; but such was not the feeling of the people. A seat of high culture in the capital of the new kingdom, open to all Greeks within and without its boundaries, was an assertion of national life, a bond of union, and a banner of hope. The new building, the first important one erected in Athens apart from the royal residence, was begun in 1839, and completed only in 1864, though one of its wings was occupied by the university as early as 1841. More than three thousand students, coming from all parts of Hellendom, and distributed among four faculties, now yearly justify the optimism of the original promoters. The cost of the edifice was covered by private contributions. «Each year,» says Professor Pantasides, the historian of the university, «the rectors, in their annual reports, announced gifts showing the interest taken in the establishment by all classes. One offered his field, another his house or books or apparatus. Most of the contributors gave money; side by side with the wealthy donor who brought his tens of thousands came an itinerant grinder with twenty drachmæ; a man-servant sent twenty-eight drachmæ and five lepta, and an old soldier of the war of independence, having only his now useless weapons, gave them to the fund.»

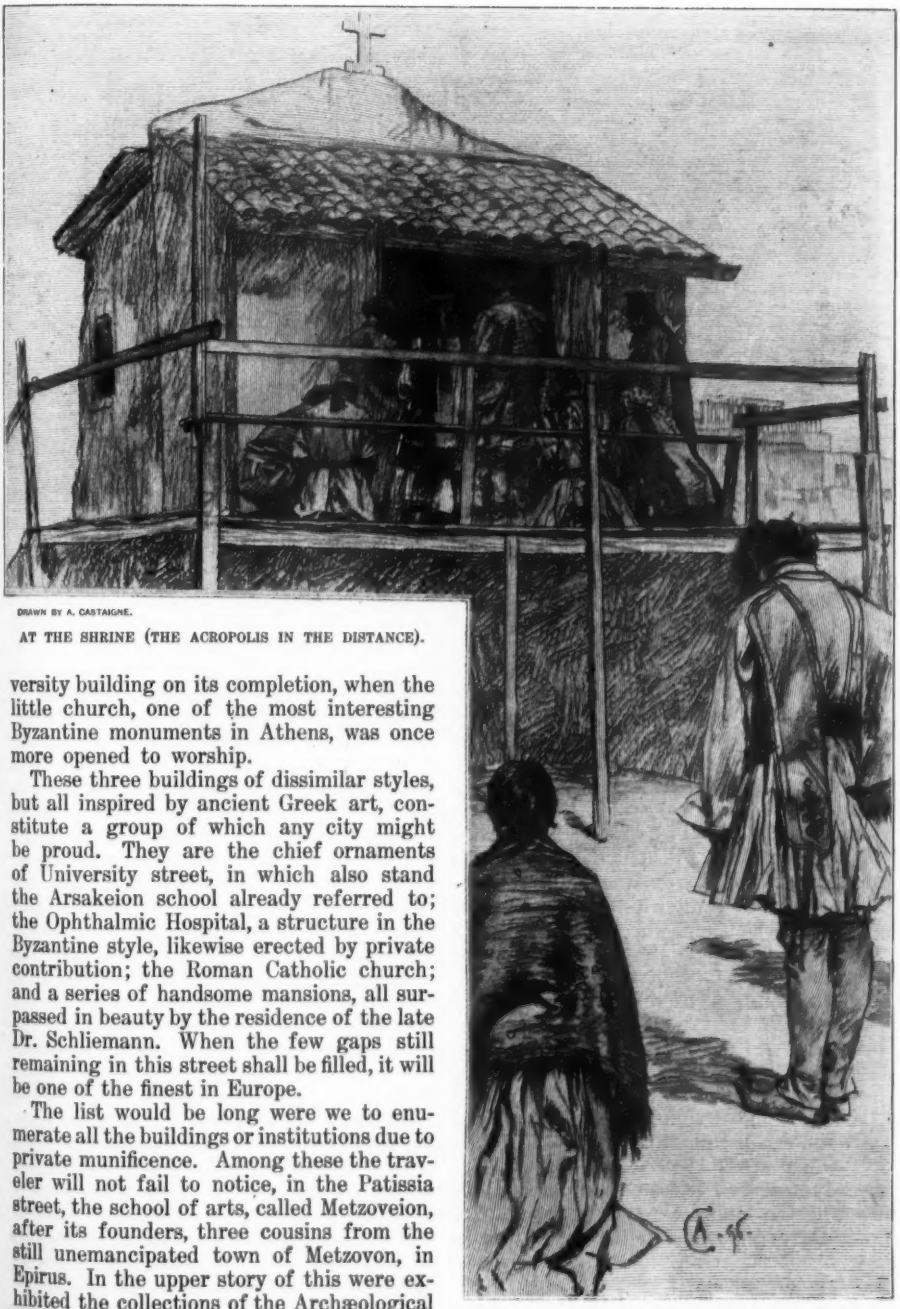
The university, situated on a commanding site in the center of the new town, is flanked by buildings not less imposing, due to the munificence of Greeks living abroad. Baron Sina of Vienna, whose father had already built the beautiful observatory on the hill above the Pnyx, is the founder of the marble palace on the left.

On the right of the university another building of equal magnificence, now approaching completion, is being built at the expense of Mr. Vagliano, a Greek merchant of London. This will serve for the national library. The collection of books now requiring and deserving such a home had very modest beginnings. The nucleus, it will interest Americans to know, was a gift of fifty-two volumes from their countryman Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts, in the year 1837. The collection, then stored in the tiny medieval church just behind the new metropolitan church of Athens, was removed to the upper story of the uni-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A VIEW FROM THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

AT THE SHRINE (THE ACROPOLIS IN THE DISTANCE).

versity building on its completion, when the little church, one of the most interesting Byzantine monuments in Athens, was once more opened to worship.

These three buildings of dissimilar styles, but all inspired by ancient Greek art, constitute a group of which any city might be proud. They are the chief ornaments of University street, in which also stand the Arsakeion school already referred to; the Ophthalmic Hospital, a structure in the Byzantine style, likewise erected by private contribution; the Roman Catholic church; and a series of handsome mansions, all surpassed in beauty by the residence of the late Dr. Schliemann. When the few gaps still remaining in this street shall be filled, it will be one of the finest in Europe.

The list would be long were we to enumerate all the buildings or institutions due to private munificence. Among these the traveler will not fail to notice, in the Patissia street, the school of arts, called Metzoveion, after its founders, three cousins from the still unemancipated town of Metzovon, in Epirus. In the upper story of this were exhibited the collections of the Archæological Society, now removed to the Central Museum close by, of which hereafter. In the same building are housed the collections of the Ethnological and Historical Society of Greece, mainly devoted to the revolutionary period.

At the other end of University street, past



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS AT SUNSET.

the row of elegant mansions in Kephissia street, lies the seminary founded by Rizaris, an Epirote, and opposite it the model hospital, Evangelismos, patronized by the queen. One of its wings was built at the expense of M. Syngros, the founder of the museum at Olympia, who has also endowed Athens with other philanthropic institutions, such as the poor-house, near the Evangelismos Hospital, and the model prison outside Athens, in the direction of the Piræus. To him is likewise due the home of the Female Industrial Institute, where a society of Athenian ladies provides work and tuition to hundreds of poor girls and women, and where foreign visitors will be glad to find varied specimens of national industry.

Appropriate mention has already been made in THE CENTURY of the immense amphitheater of the Stadion which has been restored at the expense of a Greek, M. Avérof, in view of the revival of the Olympic games.[1] About a million drachmæ were spent to prepare the Stadion for the recent celebration of the games. The generous donor, who had already deserved by other gifts an eminent place among the benefactors of Greece, has undertaken to complete its restoration in marble, at the cost of at least double the amount already spent.

Close to the Stadion, on this side of the Ilissus, stands the palace destined for the industrial exhibitions of Greece. This is one of the numerous gifts the Greek nation owes to the two Zappas, who were both born in Epirus, and who both died in Rumania, and whose testamentary dispositions caused an interruption of diplomatic relations between Rumania and Greece, the government of the former denying the right of Greece to take possession of the landed property of the testators, in spite of the opinions of eminent European jurists, and of the offer of Greece to settle the dispute by arbitration. In front of this building, called Zappeion after the name of its founders, a park has been laid out, which in a few years, when the young trees shall have grown, will be one of the finest promenades possible. With the rock of the Acropolis on the right, and on the left the hills above the Ilissus encircling the Stadion, but not hiding the flanks and summit of Mount Hymettus, the view plunges thence through the majestic group of the columns of Jupiter's temple, along the sloping plain, down to the Ægean, the graceful lines of the isle of Ægina closing the horizon. When the sun sets in a sky of fathomless clearness, or sometimes dappled with purple cloudlets, the beauty of the hues reflected on Hymettus and on the ruined marble monuments is beyond the reach of description.

Of the three mountains inclosing the plain of Athens, Mount Parnes is the highest (4640 feet); Mount Pentelicus (3641 feet), with its regular triangular shape suggesting the

[1] See «The Olympic Games of 1896,» THE CENTURY for November, 1896.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A GIRL FROM ELEUSIS.

pediment of a temple, is the most imposing; but the thyme-covered, honey-producing Hymettus (3368 feet) has always been most intimately associated with Athens. It lies nearer to the city, and from almost all the streets and all the windows looking eastward can be seen its curved line marking the blue sky above, except on the rare gray days, when clouds resting on its top are an infallible sign of rain. The various hues of the mountains and the smaller hills forming an inner circle around Athens, combined with the view of the sea, lend an additional effect of airiness and buoyancy to the aspect. In the long, straight streets of the new town, open from end to end, nothing impedes the view on either side.

In praising Athens, we must not draw a veil over her defects. Such improvements as are indispensable to a modern city have not kept pace with her growth in extent and affluence. The stages of this progress can be



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

IN THE ANTIQUE CEMETERY.

seen in the structural inequalities even of contiguous dwellings. These dwellings may be chronologically divided into three categories: those of the first settlers, when all were poor, and the main necessity was at any rate to be housed; those of the thrifty citizens, who felt the want of more space and greater convenience, but had little regard for external appearance or interior comfort, and considered carpets and plate-glass a luxury, and even chimneys of small consequence; and those of the wealthy immigrants, who gave an impulse to the building of elegant houses among all who, thanks to increasing prosperity, could afford to imitate them. The proximity of the quarries of Hymettus and Pentelicus enables Athens to supply herself with a building material which no other city could have at equal cost. Marble, in itself an embellishment, is profusely used, and loses none of its brilliancy in the dry atmosphere, whose transparency makes pleasant to the eye even the light colors spread on the stone walls, which in other latitudes would hardly be bearable. The agreeable effect thus obtained is increased by the trees in some of the

streets and squares, as well as in the gardens of the better class of houses. But Athens might and would be more verdant still were it not for the lack of abundant water. This want was felt in antiquity as well: to it may partly be ascribed the epidemics recorded by ancient historians in times of war, when the number of inhabitants was increased by those of the surrounding country seeking refuge within the walls. Antoninus Pius endowed Athens with a perfect system of waterworks. They consisted of subterranean galleries collecting the waters of the neighboring mountains. To these old Roman aqueducts, successively discovered, repaired, and utilized, Athens still owes her scanty supply of water. Projects for increasing the supply are ever talked of, but will be deferred so long as the municipal finances remain no better than the national. Meanwhile, the macadamized roads between the fine sidewalks are hardly watered. This fact and the nature of the soil, notorious for its thinness since the days of Thucydides, account for the dust, which is the greatest blemish of Athens. An English lady was heard to admire the picturesqueness of its whirling clouds; but even were that single representative of an optimistic minority on a fine day, succeeding one of rain, to see the town and the clear outline of the distant mountains through a dustless atmosphere, she could not help regretting that the same effects are not artificially attainable.

On the whole, Athens will show to best advantage if visited after Constantinople and other towns in Turkey, as the standard of comparison will be fairer than that afforded by the great capitals of the West. It must not be forgotten that, if one of the most ancient, she is at the same time one of the newest among European towns; nor ought the long period of her decline ever to be lost sight of when comparing her with other towns.

The traveler who, remembering that long period of Turkish sway, counts on receiving an Oriental impression from the aspect of Athens is doomed to disappointment. Even the national garb is fast disappearing. It may still be worn by a few elderly Athenians. These, and a peasant here and there selling milk or cheese, recall the day when their dress was the national one. It is, however, the uniform of certain soldiers of light infantry, who may be seen parading the streets or mounting guard at the palace, in all the



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE ACADEMY OF ATHENS.

white splendor of the fustanelle. The wide blue trousers of the Ægean islanders are not less rare, nor is there much chance of seeing them at the Piræus, among the craft from the various islands moored along the quays. The uglier and cheaper product of the slop-shop has replaced the picturesque drapery of the olden time. The monotony of the modern costume is broken only by the priests, with their long black robes and their peculiar hats.

II.

THE foreign visitor will naturally first visit the Acropolis and the museums. His red Baedeker or Murray in hand, he will set out on his pilgrimage, and than either book no better guide could he have. The work of the archæological cicerone is well done in both, and it were idle to repeat here what is so easily found elsewhere.

The Acropolis, most beautiful, most renowned, and most sacred of rocks, will attract the traveler's eye even before he enters the Piræus; it is visible from almost every street within, and from every point outside of Athens; but nowhere is it seen to better advantage than from near the small church of St. Demetrius, on the height between the two hills crowned respectively by the monument of Philepappus and by the observatory, or from the windows of the latter, whence the view of the Propylæa and the façade of the Parthenon, in all their majesty of form and color, is undisturbed by modern buildings. The slope leading up to the entrance of the antique fortress, planted with pine-trees and aloes dating from the time of Amelia, the first queen of Greece, forms a zone of verdure setting off the brightness of the sun-gilt marbles above. On the other side of the rock the remnants of the old Turkish town and more recent hovels, piled one above another, rise with defacing effect to the very base of the Acropolis. These are condemned, and will have to be pulled down sooner or later. The plans are ready, and only await an administration which shall have the money, the will, and the power to carry them out. The steep base of the rock will then be cleared of the accumulated rubbish and of the unsightly dwellings, and more relics of antiquity will, it is hoped, be brought to light. Plantations will cover the cleared ground, and through them the road now leading to the gate of the Acropolis will be continued all round toward Hadrian's arch. The Acropolis itself will thus gain in height and beauty.

However admirable even now its external appearance, the view from within is not less impressive; the setting is worthy of the jewel. No sight can surpass in reposeful grandeur the panorama one commands in skirting the edge of the rock. The mountains inclosing the plain with its olive grove, the blue sea on the south shut in by the isles of Ægina and Salamis and by the distant mountains of the Morea, and, nearer, the columns of the Olympian Jupiter and of the Theseion, all arched by the transparent Attic sky, unite to form one harmonious picture, the natural features of which are heightened by the magic of the memories of old. In other countries, and elsewhere in Greece, may be seen landscapes that stir the admiration of the beholder; but nowhere are to be found more graceful lines or brighter coloring than one sees from the steps of the Parthenon, between the columns of the Propylæa, when the sun goes down:

> Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light!

Byron's verses come naturally to the mind on the spots which so well inspired him. The elegant choragic monument of Lysicrates stood within the courtyard of the now demolished convent of the Capuchins where the poet resided. Byron's statue, the gift of a Greek, the late M. Demetrius Schilizri, has recently been erected close by, near Hadrian's arch and the ruined temple of Jupiter.

The concatenation of present and past events caused Mr. Freeman, the historian and many others with him, to protest against the zeal of archæologists, who are apt to overlook the historical interest of postclassical monuments; and he and they continued vainly to protest against each successive obliteration of the traces left by the various occupants of the Acropolis. No doubt a line ought to be drawn somewhere; but where? When the Turks left Athens, the columns of the Propylæa half protruded from the roof of a storehouse, the Erechtheum was an exploded powder-magazine, and tumble-down houses covered the Acropolis. People are still living old enough to remember certain of the Turkish houses serving as museums, and fragments of sculpture and architecture scattered haphazard about the ruined temples. The removal of the former and the setting in order of the latter were on no account to be condemned; but the demolition of the Frankish tower, the destruction of the old entrance to the citadel and of its gates bearing Turkish inscriptions, and the leveling of the bastion connected with Odysseus's achievements,



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

CONSTITUTION PLACE, THE ROYAL PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND.

during the revolution, were contestable measures. The defenders of the point of view of general history have, however, been silenced by the success with which the work of destruction has been crowned. Had it been less thorough, the statues buried by the ancients before Pericles's renovation of the Parthenon would not have been found, nor could the monuments themselves have been studied with the same advantage; but the gain thus secured should not be an encouragement to further depredations. No wiser limit could be put to such work than that suggested by Lord Bute in his address at a meeting of the subscribers to the British school at Athens (1892). «I am not arguing,» said he, «that when one historical monument hopelessly interferes with another, the inferior should not be removed; what I do say is that such removal should only be effected after the greatest consideration, with the greatest care and caution, after making the most accurate record of what is to be destroyed, and with the careful preservation and transference, if need be, to another site of the historical monuments disturbed.»

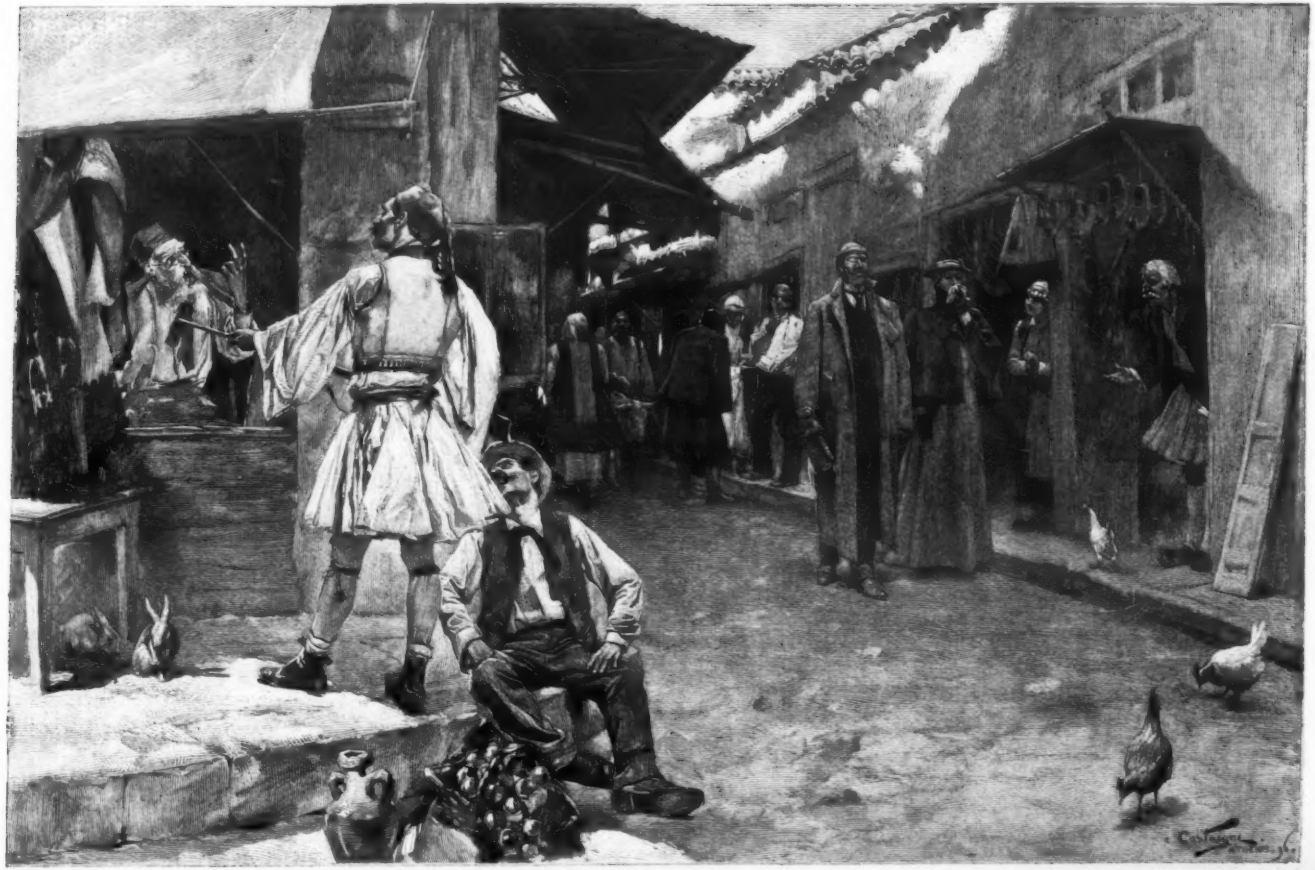
It is true that foreign archæologists cannot be expected to care much for anything beyond the immediate object of their study and researches, and that the Greeks themselves, from the very dawn of their independence, have regarded the relics of their glorious past as the main link between their country and the rest of the civilized world. The Archæological Society is one of the oldest and most useful institutions of modern Greece. The central museum, thanks to M. Cavvadias, the general ephor of antiquities, and to his excellent staff of young Greek archæologists, has become one of the finest in existence, not only for the value, but also for the methodical arrangement of its contents. Among these will especially be noticed the splendid series of funereal sculptures, and of Tanagra and Myrina figurines, the rare specimens of archaic art, and, above all, the unique treasure of Mycenæ found by an adoptive citizen of the United States, the late M. Schliemann. If the traveler feels some disappointment at not seeing in the museum the «Hermes» of Praxiteles, let him consider that a journey to Olympia is quickly and easily made, and that much may be said in favor of local museums, especially when adjacent to the monuments to which many of the objects they contain once belonged.

The world-wide interest in Grecian antiquities has been demonstrated by the establishment and development of the foreign archæological schools in Athens. Thanks to them, the capital is becoming the real center for the study of ancient art. The French set the example in 1845; the German school was founded next; the American school, housed in close neighborhood to the English one at the northeastern extremity of the town, displays, in keeping pace with the other schools, a spirit of emulation which has been rewarded by excellent results, and which promises still better for the future. Between this school and Athens a new bond of sympathy has been created by the recent death of its former director, Professor Merriam, who lies buried in the land he had learned to love so well.

These foreign schools, while tending to make Athens once more a seat of learning, serve also as social centers for visitors of the nationalities they respectively represent, and so help to facilitate intercourse between strangers, learned Greeks, and Athenian society in general. The directors, in addition to their appointed duties, perform others of an international nature, and the traveler, whether he come only to study the monuments, or, like Ulysses, «to see the cities of men, and to know something of their minds,» will not find their protection or guidance less useful than that of the accredited representative of his country. So exceptional an advantage should lend additional attraction to Athens, and yet the number of foreigners, and particularly of Americans, though increasing from year to year, is chiefly limited to a chosen few.

The main cause of discouragement to travelers, as well as to the formation of a numerous foreign colony in Athens, is the relative difficulty of access. This will be remedied when the railway now begun between Athens and Salonica shall have united Greece with the European system. In the interim, the voyage of three days and a half from Marseilles to the Piræus, by the large and comfortable French steamers of the Messageries Company, is rather too long for bad sailors. By way of Brindisi and Patras the voyage is not so long, but it might be shortened and made more agreeable by means of a direct line of larger and better steamers in regular correspondence with the railways both in Italy and in Greece.

Of late years internal communication has been greatly facilitated by the construction of railways and carriage-roads, but without as yet effecting any sensible improvement in provincial hotels, which in general still leave much to be desired. There is, of course, something that gratifies the spirit of adven-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

IN THE OLD QUARTER.

ture in conquering the difficulties which beset the traveler in some parts of Greece; and doubtless many will regret the vulgarization of classic scenes by the «personally conducted.» It will be long, however, before Taygetus, Parnassus, or Pindus is desecrated by funicular railways, or Greece becomes as stale as Switzerland. Without aiming so largely to increase traveling facilities, the Greek government would consult the best interests of the country by rendering it more accessible and more penetrable; and it should seek, moreover, to increase the attractions of the capital. The impulse once given, foreigners would begin to settle there, and the rest might be left to the law of supply and demand. The hotels in Athens are good, and at least two of them rank among the best in Europe. The letting of furnished apartments has not yet been greatly developed, but the Greeks are not likely to overlook a business so profitable. Life in Athens will be found easy and not expensive. The court (to whose social functions foreigners diplomatically presented find easy entrance), hospitable society, historic interest, picturesque environment, and a good climate are among the attractions that Athens offers to those who shall prefer her as a place of residence to one or another of the favored cities of Europe.

Surrounded by a zone of hills, beyond which rise the mountains, and looking southward to the sea, Athens enjoys a climate that is at once continental and insular. The mean temperature is less variable than that of a continent, and more so than that of an island, in the same latitude. The spring and autumn are delightful, and the winters are mild, the mercury seldom falling below zero, which it has not touched once during twenty-two of the winters since 1840. Snow very rarely falls in the plain, though it yearly whitens the mountain-tops; fogs and frost are equally rare, and, upon the whole, the daily variations of temperature are less than those observed in most European towns, including Paris, Milan, Florence, and even Nice.[1] The summer is long, but in the very hottest months, July and August, the sea-breeze which sweeps across the Ægean tempers the heat and diminishes that dryness of the air to which are due the extraordinary tenuity and limpidity of the ambient atmosphere, the wonderful blue of the Attic sky, and the optical illusion which makes distant objects seem near.

Sooner or later Athens is sure to become a winter resort not less favored than any on the Mediterranean, and the permanent home of many foreigners. The opinion thus confidently expressed is strengthened by the fact that few who have lived for some length of time within her gates pass out of them without regret, or fail to reënter them with pleasure.

[1] The mean temperature is in winter 8.90° centigrade, 47.50° Fahrenheit; in spring, 15.37° centigrade, 59° Fahrenheit; in summer 25.96° centigrade, 78.50° Fahrenheit; in autumn 18.70° centigrade, 65° Fahrenheit; January and February are the coldest months (8.04° and 8.63° centigrade respectively); July and August the hottest (26.99° and 26.63° centigrade). The mean annual rainfall is 0.4059, and the moisture of the air is put at 74.3 for the winter; 64.9 for the spring; 49.3 for the summer; 65.2 for the autumn. These details are due to the kindness of M. Eginitis, the learned director of the observatory at Athens.

D. Bikélas.



THE PARTHENON BY MOONLIGHT.

I.

THIS is an island of the golden Past
Uplifted in the tranquil sea of night.
This is true Athens! How the heart beats fast
When climbs the pilgrim to this gleaming height:
The crown and glory of consummate form;
The jewel of all the world, most nobly set;
High Beauty's shrine, outwearing every storm;
Shattered, but not undone; thrice lovely yet.

II.

Ah, Heaven, what tragic waste! Is Time so lavish
Of dear perfection, thus to see it spilled?
'T was worth an empire; now behold the ravish
That laid it low. The soaring plain is filled
With the wide-scattered letters of one word
Of loveliness that nevermore was spoken;
Nor ever shall its like again be heard:
Not dead is art—but that high charm is broken.

III.

Now moonlight builds with swift and mystic art
And makes the ruin whole—and yet not whole,
But exquisite, though crushed and torn apart.
Back to the temple steals its living soul:
In the star-silent night it comes all pale—
A spirit breathing beauty and delight,
And yet how stricken! Hark! I hear it wail,
Self-sorrowful, while every wound bleeds white.

IV.

And though more sad than is the nightingale
That mourns in Lycabettus' fragrant pine,
That soul to mine brings solace; nor shall fail
To heal the heart of man while still doth shine
Yon planet, doubly bright in this deep blue;
Yon moon that brims with fire these violet hills:
For Beauty is of God, and God is true,
And with his strength the soul of mortal fills.

R. W. Gilder.

THE LIGHTS OF SITKA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «THE CAT AND THE CHERUB,» ETC.

'T WAS the little gunboat *Lexington*, with sixes in the fore and aft of her, and a row of invidjus pop-guns arrayed in her side. 'T was a new cruise, and we laid several days waiting word, with the newspapers stirring up wars by the day. First we was bound for China, says they, to pull up the roots of the emperor's pigtail for being a pagan; and next we was sailing for Samoa, to boulyverse the nigger on uts throne; and the same day they had us running down forty knots an hour to Chile, to blow off the peaks off the Andes, and conquer the country with a file of bluebottle marines. And any of us that was right in uz mind give ut no thought, the sea being the sea, and wishes crank craft in a gale; but there was two aboard that was cross-eying themselves with their noses in the newspapers, one a bo'sun's mate named Oliver Peck, which no one would trust um in the shadow of a candle, and the other a pink little lad named Ellerson, that was new to uz drill, and homesick as the divil in heaven. 'T was only a crazy twist of good fortune, says they, that would steam us to a place called Corvana; which I never heard of ut before, but they said 't was the prettiest port south of paradise. Ut was circumstantial that them two, which distasted each other like oil and water, should wilt for sake of the small spot; and 't was me luck to find why. We up for Puget Sound, for the mayor of Corvana was having a party in uz back grass-yard, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the town, and git umself reëlected, and the *Lexington* was to let no foreign power interfere with the Highland fling.

Then little Ellerson turned flipflops clean round the capstan, and old Peck was that pleased that I seen um smile. But when I drew me first bead on Corvana I filled ut with hard words, for 't was three streets and a moth-eaten wharf of a town, that looked like 't was robbed from the floor of the sea. But what was gnawing old Peck and young Ellerson was plain: 't was a young girl, and I seen her countenance standing on the pier.

She was a diamond! She was that sweet and true ye could find ut in her face; and little, and trimmed in black, with the scrap of a hanky slung in her belt, and two feet, begad! like kittens peeping from under a door-step. Her eyes was that baby-blue ut made ye think of a fine day at home, no matter where ye lived, and her mouth that inviting ye wished there was more of ut. And every time ye looked at her ye looked at her again. And when ye seen the beating of her heart that Ellerson should be first ashore, ye asked yourself, What would she be to that rubber-faced Oliver Peck?

One day would be little Ellerson's liberty, and the next would be Peck's, each steaming up the same street, and never back till the tick of boat-time. And with Peck ashore little Ellerson would be blue as a sounding-lead, and with Ellerson ashore Peck would be ugly as umself. And seeing that the black-hearted bo'sun's mate had ut in for the lad, I laid alongside of little Ellerson, whence many a pleasant cross-parlance we had. Especially would he take uz pipe of an evening, and smoke up uz thoughts about womenkind, which to him was angels from heaven by virtue of white starch. 'T was painful and pretty to hear, for every woman that is bad, he would say, is bad because of some evil man with a stovepipe, he would say, and none so bad but the spark of saints and martyrs is lurking inside. And I talked to um awkward, for divil an answer I knew when I thought of me female reminiscences in ten different tongues. But he stuck by me close, and would take comfort in ut, and Clarence O'Shay would set staring at uz remarks like a wooden owl. Till one day little Ellerson says, would we be going ashore with um to pay uz respects to a fine-looking lady? And we polished ourselves to the occasion.

'T was a little house the big of a horse-car, and the grandmother sat laid up in a wheel-chair, with posies climbing all over the porch. Then Ellerson stood the two of us in a row, and says he:

«These is me two shipmates. The squat one, with the two little bandy legs, and the look like a mile-stone,» says he, «is Mr. O'Shay; and the spider-legged one, with uz

hands dangling at uz knees, is Mr. Lannigan —Sudden Lannigan, they call um; and together the two invented the tricks of the trade. Consider yourself knocked down to 'em,» says he.

And with that the young girl hauled off with a broken tea-pot, and give us tea from ut with no apologies, but her smiles made ye feel at home in your stockings. And Clarence O'Shay would be all the time looking at her with uz mouth hanging open like a bag, so that I first lacked the parts of speech with me embarrassment at um; but the girl stood by, and would talk of the sea, which even the name of ut scared her.

«For I hear once,» says she, «that the sea was all sweet as tea, but 't was made salt by the sailors' wives a-weeping on the shores of ut.»

And she would be asking many inquiries, saying, was the *Lexington* free from sinking qualities, and when was the next war, and how many of us would be killed at the first discharge of our guns? And I says, have no fear, for the foreign dis'greements of Uncle Sam was all in uz own living-space—which I slapped O'Shay between uz shoulder-pits to wake from uz hypnotism. «Ut 's Heaven's own truth—every inch of ut!» says he, coming to umself. And on the way I expostulated to um the meaning of ut. And when was we going there again? says he; but I told um the little girl was Ellerson's. For of Peck she spoke never a word, though Oliver umself was forever praising the charms of her.

Then come the cogitation of the powers what next to do with the ship; and the Secretary-grandmother of the Navy called in the President to um, and the cabinet, and the Supreme Court, and they all sat screwing their eyebrows on ut for ten days, till the old man got uz telegraph from Washington, saying, «Go where ye please.» Whereby the skipper says to umself, «We 'll take a cargo of time to Alaska,» that being the paradise free from statesmen.

And the day before we sailed I went by request to the little girl. Straight up in the wind she came, with eyes flying red signals, though she tried to smuggle the reason of ut. Mr. Ellerson, says she, was such a true friend of the family, says she, and so hard to part with um! War was coming, says she, for the newspapers said ut, though 't was not yet decided who we should fight. And would n't I hold little Ellerson behind me door to protect the enemy from hurting um? And with that she let loose with her weeping like the breaking of a dike, and I stood shifting me feet and fingering me cap, and saying, I 'm a dom fool, till I laid hold of the parts of speech.

«*I* 'll bring um to ye!» then says I, shaking me fist at her. «There 's a deal more ink to be spilt than blood,» says I; «and most of the fighting is after dark, by them big-head reporter men with glasses.»

«I knowed ye 'd do ut,» says she, sopping the tears; «for ut 's you that 's strong and brave and wise,» says she; «and you would n't let um come to harm, would ye?»

And I says, not by the chin of St. Patrick would the divil umself harm a hair of uz head. And I got under steerageway, badly with me emotions.

And when we hove up and begun to show heels to Corvana, there she was, standing on the pier, so blasted fine! Her little pocket doily was swabbing of her eyes one by one, till O'Shay filled uz pipe with oakum by mistake; and Oliver Peck was waving uz fin from the stern; but her dry light was glued to the forrard six, forninst which was leaning little Ellerson, sometimes smiling, sometimes snuffling to umself. I looked along the swash of us, and took me last sight at the little girl waving her hanky the big of a postage-stamp, with the pink setting sun shrinking in uts size behind her, and I gulped, and I says to meself, «It 's Lannigan will bring um home safe and sound to ye, or Lannigan will break a nerve!»

We lost one man by French leave at Corvana, which give a new station-bill, with Ellerson at Peck's command. And at fire-drill I seen Peck working um up, dealing um all the vituperation that should be evenly distributed among the boys. And that night I wiggled me thumb at old Peck, and says I, «Luff, ye beggar, or I 'll expostulate to ye!»

So that night little Ellerson freed umself about her, and I 'll never forget the velvet of uz voice with the little girl's name. She was orphan on one side, says he, and on the other her father was lost at sea. Small pence they had, with the grandmother laid up in ordinary and kept afloat by the apothecary; and the one that hauled 'em out of the mud once or twice, and would take the girl for salvage, was Oliver Peck umself—that was husband to her aunt that died. «But for me,» the snake would whisper to her, «ye 'd long been sent to the divil for bread. For the world is that hard,» he would say in the ear of the innocent lass, «that no man will lift uz hand for ye on respectable terms—no man except me, that will give ye me name and a decent life,» says he. And she, the poor little skiff,

was drifting to ut, though she 'd rather charm vipers than look the black Satan of a Peck between uz eyes. And she grew white, and promised to marry um, when along come little Ellerson.

From the sight of um, the pink little saint, 't was all over with Oliver. First she put in for a stay of proceedings, and then she rose up and would die before she 'd be spliced to um. And Peck swore to her, and says, begad! he 'd fix the two of 'em for doing um out of uz own; and little Ellerson offered to fight um abaft the court-house; but says Peck, «You 're a boy.» Then ut was Ellerson that had the right of line, and she took on weight, and looked like a new-painted posy, when of a sudden Ellerson had lost uz billet on the Puget Sound boat; and the marrying must be postponed, with Peck laying off and on, and mentioning umself again, being softy, and saying 't was a child's fascination she had for the lad, no doubt; that must now enlist for want of a job. And Peck made the young greenhorn take money for reaching Mare Island to present umself, which divil knows how, but he paid ut back from uz first two months, though the obligation left um strangely with one that hated um.

And when the *Lexington* dropped into Corvana ut was several months gone by. The little girl met um with the eyes of long nights awake, and says she, «I 'll not be promised to ye no longer, for I 'll not load ye with one that has nothing, and could only be a weight to your spirits,» says she, «and maybe would make a poor wife anyway.» And first little Ellerson kissed her, and then mildly he cussed her, and then he kissed her again; but not an inch would she be budging, saying only that Peck she would not marry, and saying no more. But when the last parting come, she up and kissed um smack on uz forehead, and give um a push in the chest, and run in and slammed the door in uz face; and by this he took main reliance in favor of her loving um, though he was doubtful if whether she would n't have kissed um in uz mouth if so, and would wonder if maybe she had n't aimed at uz mouth anyway, but missed ut by firing too soon at the wrong elevation. Then, in a while, the lad was afraid the girl might tire of life and so marry old Peck, and uz mouth hauled down with every turn of the screw. For he says how Peck was beseeching her every day at Corvana, and how, when she followed the ship to Seattle by rail, old Peck would easy git ashore for uz, being petty officer's mate, though for Ellerson 't would be hard, since the ship would only lay to for twenty-four hours—the time ut takes a navy officer to telegraph uz last ten words to the department. But I says to um, «Ye 'll go ashore by accident»; for I knowed old Peck would be prevaricating umself to freedom, which he did.

'T was a smoke-fog night on the Sound, and the sun went below looking the color of an amber mouthpiece, and then come dry blackness without a drop of dew on a hand-rail; and if ye put your hand out ten feet before ye 't was invisible. From a boatman I chartered a bit of a soap-box, and at the right time I sent little Ellerson by the board, with instructions to keep uz head inside of uz box till ut floated from sight. And he went. I can hear um this minute, with uz eager young smile looking in me ear. «God bless ye, old man!» says he; «'t was Heaven sent ye to be me friend.» And with that he dropped away soft in the tide, swimming with uz head in the box, like the man in front of the stage at the opera. He went off diagonizing toward the shore, and I knowed in an hour the little girl would be weeping on uz collar.

And scarce had the fog swallowed um when off come the launch, with old Peck smiling satisfied to umself, and he walked about forrard, wishing Ellerson would see um in uz content; and he would be all the time singing to umself a heaving lay, which the sound of ut is photographed on me mind as though with a chisel:

> He had a wife at Callao,
> At Rio dee Janeerio,
> At Rotterdam and Tokio,
> At Cairo, Cannes, and Malta.
> A wife he had at Killisnoo,
> At Singapore and Sebeeroo,
> At Mozambique and Timbuctoo,
> At Boston and Gibraltar.
>
> A single-hearted man was *he*;
> You need not speak of bigam*ie*;
> Because uz wife was Rosylie,
> And she sailed with um on the sea.

And at eight bells he went on duty aft, and I stowed meself in the dark near um, at risk of reprimand for being there off watch. «Where 's Ellerson?» says Peck. «Gone ashore in imitation of a cake of soap,» says I; «and the one that peaches on um will settle with me and with the ancestors that 's left behind me!» Then old Peck dropped uz humming, and gripped the chain-rail till ut creaked, and I heard the profanation escaping from um like the after-gas from a rifle;

and in a minute says he, «Ye 'll be sorry some day for putting your nose in places that don't fit ut.» And says I, «I 'll operate me own nose.» And he said no more, though we waited four hours in the dark; but the black snake was conniving in uz heart.

'T was near midnight when I heard little Ellerson's whistle floating on the tide, and the navigator that was officer of the deck that night was getting ready for uz relief, and would be going to fondle uz charts, being a crank fresh from the Hydrygravic Office. I leaned over and give a sneeze, which was the countersign between me and Ellerson; but then Oliver Peck worked uz trick on me. «There 's an incandescent died last night in the chart-house, sir,» says he; «and the man with the store-room key is in the hammick, sir.» And the navigator says, «Then send one to wake um up and git a new lamp,» which Peck turned to me, as being uz support there by rights, and says, «Git the lamp,» and I hurried to do ut, having no choice, for Peck had the call on me. But I would not rob the sleep of the carpenter's mate, robbing instead the nearest lamp-cage between decks; and I says to meself, «Ye misunderstood the order, and ye thought 't was for the captain's smoking-room.» And so with the lamp I made a dive for the place, which was a bit of a coop in her stern-frames, and by midnight the quietest place aboard. The ports was too small for me head. But I heard the loud whisper of little Ellerson, that thought ut was me, though 't was Peck, leaning over above.

«Hurrah!» says the lad; «she 's mine!» says he. «We 'll be spliced next year, and take the chances of life together. And ut 's you, old man, that 's to blame for me good luck!»

And then says Peck, with a voice like a stone, «I did n't know ut. Maybe ye think I 'm Sudd Lannigan!» and the lad in the water give an «Oh!» with confusion that ye could hear ut in the dark. «Bring along the box as ye come,» says Peck, growling; «I 'd be going ashore that way meself. Take a stiff hand on ut, now!» says he, throwing um the halyard end. And I heard um hard hauling ut in over the scupper, and uz grunting, and the dripping of the soap-box in the dark, and I says to meself, little Ellerson was being hoisted aboard, box and all. And then I thought of meself, and made out from the smoking-room in me stocking-feet; and as I went I seen Ellerson's leg swing by the port, with the box tied to uz toe, and the next second I heard a splash in the water, as of the box, and I says to meself, little Ellerson had fooled um, and glad I was.

I put me lamp in uts place in the chart-house in the nick of time, and I went forrard, looking for Ellerson. But uz hammick was yet in uts place in the berthing, and I seen no signs of um, and I hunted the living-space through, and the platforms, and every place that would hold um. Then I tumbled up again, and made me way, at the risk of reprimand, back to the poop. «Where is he?» says I to Peck, that was standing hand-hold to the rail. «Where is who?» says Peck, giving a jump because I come upon um barefoot, and looking ready to deal me one. «The lad, of course,» says I. «How do I know where he is?» says Peck, in a way that was new to um. «Am I detailed to nestle um?» says he, jerking ut out; and I stood looking at um, steaming with the lust of smashing uz head. «The boy just passed forrard,» then says Peck, looking at the deck; «and he talked of getting uz coin and slipping uz cable. I suppose he 's swum ashore by this. Now leave me alone, man,» says Peck; «for I 'm off me feed this night!»

And I trotted back and searched for the boy once more in every place a man could fit, living or dead; and a whirling set up in me head, for there was divil a sign of um, and uz coin still in the toe of uz boot in uz bag. Then I set down to reason, being frightened at the conundrum of ut, and me eyes sticking out at me head. «Bad—bad ut smells!» says I to meself; «for ye heard uz whistle, and ye seen uz head floating back invisible, and then ye heard uz voice, and seen uz foot with ut tied to the box; then ye heard a splash! Ah, ye blithering fool!» I yelled to meself, in a whisper; «if he come aboard at all he was wet to uz skin with water, and tracks of um is plain on the deck! And if not, then what was the splash?» Then I rose in the air, and charged with all me feet for the poop of her, no matter what officer stood in me way, but only praying me legs to git there, with me breath playing tricks and me heart between me teeth; but the deck stuck to me soles like fly-paper. «Ye 'll never git there at all!» says I to meself, with groans, and I let out me full contents of imprecation. And as I come thundering over the ladder to the poop I seen a vision in the middle of the dark astern of her. I seen a dear little lass trimmed all in black, with a little white hanky flying from her fingers; and she stood on the pier, and grew smaller and smaller till she was ten thousand miles away; and I heard her voice saying in me ear acrost the

water, «Ut 's you that 's strong and brave and wise, and you would n't let um come to harm, *would* ye?» Me insides give way. I dropped on me knees by the flag-staff, feeling and feeling for just one drop of water. And I let out a yell. The planks was dry as a stone. «I 'm a dom fool!» says I; «a dom —dom fool!» I howled, breaking with tears, and slamming me head on the deck. Then two blue-breeches came running, and hauled me away to the prison abaft the sick-bay. And me next distinct recollection I never knowed.

WHEN I come to meself I was sitting on the capstan, and the ship lagging along between terra firma and Vancouver's Island. And Clarence O'Shay says to me, «I 'm detailed to watch that ye do no harm to the bo'sun's mate. For some says ye 've been bit by a water-dog and have hydrophobia; and some says ye 've gone crazy, and your intelligence loose and dangling inside of ye. And now,» says he, «if you 're crazy, out with ut and say so—between friends,» says he; «and if not I 'll smoke me pipe.»

I seen a ring around the paymaster's clerk auctioneering off the kit of a blue-jacket. «'T is another deserter,» says O'Shay: «little Ellerson, that Peck says jumped off the bill-boards last night.» And I seen little Ellerson's white uniform hanging up, with «D. D. E.» on ut in stencil. «'T is ‹D. D.› he is now!» says I to meself, and I gulped and went below; and I sent O'Shay to buy what was left, which ut cost me double for O'Shay's bidding so stubborn ag'in' umself.

In a week, by easy stops, the ship set down for a stay at Sitka, in a fine berth abreast the ranch. Never a word did I say to old Peck all that time, for he kept the whites of uz eyes to umself, and I seen uz face change like a tree in the fall; for he loaded up with Victoria smuggle at Killisnoo, and was half seas over the rest of the time, yet taking but small content in uz liquor. And him, that was celebrated for keeping uz own company, would now be asking to go along with the boys, spearing salmon with 'em, and fishing for Siwash girls in the ranch; and ut looked that he was afraid to be alone with umself, as though he was scared he would say something to umself if he got the chance. One day I come acrost um behind uz back in the copper-green Grecian church, bowing uz head before the blessed Virgin, and he give a start as though stabbed, and coughed himself red for uz foolishness; till by and by he took with a Siwash girl, and would be spending uz time and wages on her, to the comment of the place. 'T was by this he twice overstayed uz liberty, and was deprived for ut, and went profaning to umself, with me eyes fastened on um trying to see um through. And not one of them days but I asked meself, could ut be any way that little Ellerson had slipped the ship without coming aboard, and could he be still living? And not a night but I seen in me dreams the little girl standing on the pier, and asking me the same question—with me snuffling in me sleep till they says, «Sudd Lannigan is plumb in the day, but crazy by midnight.» And I says to meself, Would one man murder another and live along and along, and never pay for ut, by virtue of no one to prove ut, with little Ellerson's body floating boot up to a soap-box, and so never observed? And me memory was gnawing me vitals, and the divil's own downheartedness stewing in me mind.

'T was the third time old Peck overstayed, and was deprived for ut two days when he ached hard to meet uz Siwash, that I seen a red petticoat waving in the afternoon from the little island next Japonski. And I seen a note carried ashore for um, and I says, something 's up. Then me fate took me in uts two hands and held me aboard, though I had full leave to go where I pleased; and I stowed meself barefoot in the curl of the anchor, pretending to smoke to meself. The moon was darting zigzag among the clouds, with Oliver Peck eying ut with hard looks from near by. I peeped over the side, and seen a canoe dropping down in the tide, held by a long line from another behind ut. Then Peck laid down by the edge, and in a minute the dugout fouled the anchor-chain, and he rolled over the side and went down the chain. And when he turned round he seen another man with um, and ut was me; and never a word had I spoke to um up to this since we left Seattle.

First he looked hard in the dark to make me out, and I grabbed the paddle and helped the tide, with him groping in the bottom for another, which there was none. And with one hand I hauled in the long line and fastened the end of ut to the anchor-stone. The moon give a peep out, and says he suddenly, «'T is you, Sudd Lannigan!» And says I, «'T is you, Oliver Peck!»

«Where do we be going at?» says he.

«Divil I know,» says I.

«It ain't your hands, then,» says he, «that 's handling that paddle?»

«No,» says I; «'t is the hand of God.»

And says he, «What may that mean?»

«Divil I know,» says I, paddling fast. I knowed he was staring at me in the dark, conniving as cool as uz thoughts would let um.

«'T is a fine boat behind ye,» says he, pointing to the excursion steamer from Puget Sound that lay at the pier. There was lights and music and dancing aboard of her, and a handsome sight she was; and I never turned me head.

«'T is strange you 're not aboard, dancing with the swells,» says he, in a minute, with a sneer.

«Not so,» says I; «for I loaned me claw-hammer to the Prince of Wales, and he never give ut back.»

«Ha, ha!» says Peck, laughing as though he was paid for ut; «ye 've a fine stowage of wit, Lannigan, and it 's an accomplished man ye are!»

«True,» says I, «for I can play ‹Yankee Doodle› with one hand, and listen to ‹God Save the Queen› with me other ear.»

Then he held uz mouth, and I kept paddling, saying never a word, but watching um take points on the island toward where we was headed, doubtful in the dark as to which one ut was. And in ten minutes we breasted a jut of rock and pines, and heard a female voice hail us with «*Klahow yah!*» And says Peck:

«'T is right in here I 'll be going ashore, thank ye.»

But I looked at um, and paddled steady, with never a word.

«Right in here, man!» says he, loud enough, and the wish to deal me one breaking in uz voice.

But I kept her headed where she was, and the tide took us rushing by the point, and Oliver let out a swear.

«Look here, Lannigan,» says he; «I 'm a mild-mannered man—I 'm a good-natured man; but there 's an end to trifling; and I 'll be going ashore on that island, and that 's all of ut—see?» says he, with a strain of uz voice.

But I said never a word. And uz hand dropped on the gun'le, and he took again to conniving. The tide was galloping with the wind in uts rear, and the dugout humming betwixt one island and another till the lights of Sitka disappeared, and by a few easy twists of her prow I lost um uz bearings. The cedars grew black down to the sea, with their feet on the rocks that swashed with the breakers, and dense they was, like a wall that shut ye away from time. Peck leaned over and scanned the shore, where the water was a hundred feet sheer, and by moonlight I seen the sweat on uz face and the look as of one counting uz chances.

«'T is this island,» says I, «where a man starved to death, near in plain sight of Sitka.»

And he thought a minute, and says he: «And 't is here, I believe, that one man knocked the other from the dugout, and drownded um, and then went where he dom'd pleased.»

«Indeed?» says I, paddling past ut. «And which of the two was ut?»

Which Peck made no reply; but I seen the inside of um as though he was glass, with the hate and the divil-craft surging in uz heart like the bilge in a pump. I rounded a point, and turned up an arm of the sea, with the water laying dim for two miles beyond us, and the high mountains towering on top of us, like ye might have been ten thousand miles from the history of man. 'T was that still ye could hear the lapping of the water on the shore, though the wind was stopped by the point, and the place laid as smooth as a table. And when a loon flew over us, and give a shout with uz fright, ye could hear the shout bounce back from the heart of the trees like the laughter of fifty jim*panzees*, till Oliver Peck coughed to cheer umself with the sound of uz voice, and then was scared by uts echo. And I steered up in the darkness twenty feet from the shore of the wilderness, till the trees shut out the moon and most of the sky.

«Ha, ha!» says Peck, of a sudden; «'t is a fine excursion we 're having! And so let ut go at that, and no malice between us, for I never felt that gay as this minute! I could kill and eat two species of the human race! Show me a man that 's looking for trouble, will ye, Lannigan?»

And in the middle of ut come a long howl of a she-bear that had lost her cub—a howl like the last despair.

«What 's that?» says he, gripping the gun'le.

«Hark!» says I, dropping the paddle; «'t is the voice of a hand that 's laid hold of the bottom of us! Hark!» says I. And I leaned over the stern and dropped the anchor-stone without uz knowing ut, and the she-bear let out another howl, like 't was in the air forninst us.

«Paddle, man—paddle!» says Peck, with uz tongue sticking to uz lips. «This is no place—»

«Hark!» says I; «'t is a voice walking on the bottom! Listen, listen! 'T is little Ellerson. ‹Ellerson, Ellerson, Ellerson!› ut says.

And then, ‹Peck, Peck, Oliver Peck!› What does ut mean?» says I.

«What 's that to me?» says Peck, like a cur in a corner. «What 's ut to me? I 've no relations with um. He run off at Seattle; he took off to be deceiving the woman that promised to marry me. What are ye looking at *me* for? You 're crazy!»

And he seized the paddle and worked ut like wild, sending the spray all over us. But we stayed stuck and fast, for we was anchored. And the howling of the she-bear—long, squealing, and divilish ut was, like the ghost of a sick locomotive lost in the hills—the howling of ut made um bend to ut, to the broiling of uz wits.

«What is ut? What is ut?» says he, with the beads on uz brow.

«'T is Ellerson,» says I. «'T is Ellerson saying he wants you. He says he wants the man that stove uz head in and dropped um overboard to drown. What does ut mean, man?» says I. «Who stove uz head in? Was ut you, ye white-livered snake?» says I, crawling at um. And I seen in the dark uz hands go over uz head, stripping the lanyard of uz jackknife. «Was ut you that robbed um from the little girl standing on the pier?» says I. «He 's down at the bottom,» says I, darting me thumb at the side; «and he says 't was you that took uz life!»

«Go tell um 't is true, then!» says Peck, with a yell like a savage. «*That* for ye!» says he.

And he made a swing at me with the paddle, which ut broke to splinters on me arm; and I give a duck, and the canoe overturned, and we dropped in the ice-water, hugging like brothers, with the sea absorbing the profanity of ut, and then the top of the water rising above us in bubbles, and divil a sound. For we was forty feet below, with the sandy bottom roiling under our toes, while we carved with knives. And the business me and Peck had together was transacted then and there, for I rose up flabbergasting round the water a bit, and then laid hold of the bottom of the canoe, with the moon looking on ut as peaceful as a garden, when I heard a small sound, and I looked down in the water, and I seen something bubbling up from below. Ut was uz soul. And the moon went behind uts clouds, and I set and think.

DIVIL a word I said to meself till I seen the lights of Sitka. The dugout I righted; but the paddle had gone by the board, and 't was two hours of swimming with ut ahead of me, in a dead calm, before the tide took a hand and let me steer with me feet, with the prow of the boat stuck high in the air. I seen the lights of Sitka reflected in the still water for four miles,—all the lights from the houses and the swell steamer, and the beacon on Baranoff Castle, and the light from the Mission of Christ,—and every one of them was pointing straight at me.

«Ye killed a man!» says they. «Look at ye—ye killed a man!»

«Aye,» says I, «and small consolation. But ut won't bring um back to her,» says I. «She 's standing on the pier there, trimmed all in black, with a little white hanky slung in her belt. And she 's waving her hand to me; and I hear her speaking acrost the waters with a voice that breaks in two at each word, and she says, ‹I 'm waiting, I 'm waiting!› she says; ‹for ut 's you that 's strong and brave and wise, and you *would n't* let um come to harm, *would* ye?› »

«And ye killed a man!» says the lights of Sitka.

«Yes, and I did,» says I; «but it won't bring back little Ellerson, and she 'll never see um again till the coming of judgment day, and the squaring of the log.»

CLARENCE O'SHAY was sitting forrard, uz feet embracing the jack-staff, and uz pipe smoking in uz teeth.

«Hair and hide of ye is wet to the skin,» says he, as I laid me hand on her bow, with the moon white-shining as innocent as a maid. «And your bugle 's broke, and a bloody stab on the shoulder, and your pants one leg flapping in the wind. What 's the answer to ut?»

«One of me legs mutinied,» says I, «and I brung ut aboard by force. And the Lord have mercy on me soul!»

Chester Bailey Fernald.

A GIRL OF MODERN TYRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «MAIN TRAVELLED ROADS,» «PRAIRIE SONGS,» ETC.

WITH PICTURES BY T. DE THULSTRUP.



HARTLEY.

ALBERT LOHR was studying the motion of the ropes and lamps, and listening to the rumble of the wheels and the roar of the ferocious wind against the pane of glass that his head touched. It was the midnight train from Marion rushing toward Warsaw like some savage thing unchained, creaking, shrieking, and clattering through the wild storm which possessed the whole Mississippi Valley.

Albert lost sight of the lamps at last, and began to wonder what his future would be. «First I must go through the university at Madison, then I'll study law, go into politics, and perhaps some time I may go to Washington.»

In imagination he saw that wonderful city. As a Western boy, Boston to him was historic, New York was the great metropolis, but Washington was the great American city, and political greatness the only fame.

The car was nearly empty: save here and there the wide-awake Western drummer, and a woman with four fretful children, the train was as deserted as it was frightfully cold. The engine shrieked warningly at intervals, the train rumbled hollowly over short bridges and across pikes, swung round the hills, and plunged with wild warnings past little towns hid in the snow, with only here and there a light shining dimly.

One of the drummers now and then rose up from his cramped bed on the seats, and swore dreadfully at the railway company for not heating the cars. The woman with the children inquired for the tenth time, «Is the next station Lodi?»

«Yes, ma'am, it is,» snarled the drummer, as he jerked viciously at the strap on his valise; «and darned glad I am, too, I can tell yeh! I 'll be stiff as a car-pin if I stay in this infernal ice-chest another hour. I wonder what the company think—»

At Lodi several people got on, among them a fat man and a very pretty daughter abnormally wide awake, considering the time of night. She saw Albert for the same reason that he saw her—they were both young and good-looking.

He began his musings again, modified by this girl's face. He had left out the feminine element; obviously he must recapitulate. He 'd study law, yes; but that would not prevent going to sociables and church fairs. And at these fairs the chances were good for a meeting with a girl. Her father must be influential—county judge or district attorney; this would open new avenues.

He was roused by the sound of his name.

«Is Albert Lohr in this car?» shouted the brakeman, coming in, enveloped in a cloud of fine snow.

«Yes; here!» shouted Albert.

«Here 's a telegram for you.»

Albert snatched the envelop with a sudden fear of disaster at home; but it was dated «Tyre»:

Get off at Tyre. I 'll be there.

HARTLEY.

«Well, now, that 's fun!» said Albert, looking at the brakeman. «When do we reach there?»

«About 2:20.»

«Well, by thunder! A pretty time o' night!»

The brakeman grinned sympathetically. «Any answer?» he asked at length.

«No; that is, none that 'u'd do the matter justice,» Albert said, studying the telegram.

«Hartley friend o' yours?»

«Yes; know him?»

«Yes; he boarded where I did in Lacrosse.»

When he came back again, the brakeman said to Albert, in a hesitating way:

«Ain't going t' stop off long, I s'pose?»

«May an' may not; depends on Hartley. Why?»

«Well, I 've got an aunt there that keeps boarders, and I kind o' like t' send her one when I can. If you should happen to stay a few days, go an' see her. She sets up first-class grub, an' it would n't kill anybody, anyhow, if you went up an' called.»

«Course not. If I stay long enough t' make it pay I 'll look her up sure. I ain't no Vanderbilt to stop at two-dollar-a-day hotels.»

The brakeman sat down opposite Albert, encouraged by his smile.

«Y' see, my division ends at Lacrosse, and I run back and forth here every other day, but I don't get much chance to see them, and I ain't worth a cuss f'r letter-writin'. Y' see, she 's only aunt by marriage, but I like her; an' I guess she 's got about all she can stand up under, an' so I like t' help her a little when I can. The old man was killed in the army, an' that left the old lady t' rustle f'r her livin'. Dummed if she ain't sandy as old Sand. They 're gitt'n' along purty—»

The whistle blew for brakes, and seizing his lantern, the brakeman slammed out on the platform.

«Tough night for twisting brakes,» suggested Albert, when he came in again.

«Yes—on the freight.»

«Good heavens! I should say so. They don't run freight such nights as this?»

«Don't they? Well, I guess they don't stop for a storm like this if they 's any money to be made by sending her through. Many 's the night I 've broke all night on top of the old wooden cars, when the wind cut like a razor. Shear the hair off a cast-iron mule —*woo-o-o!* There 's where you need grit, old man,» he ended, dropping into familiar speech.

«Yes; or need a job awful bad.»

The brakeman was struck with this idea. «There 's where you 're right. A feller don't take that kind of a job for the fun of it. Not much! He takes it because he 's got to. That 's as sure 's you 're a foot high. I tell you, a feller 's got t' rustle these days if he gits any kind of a job—»

«*Toot, too-o-o-o-t, toot!*»

The station passed, the brakeman did not return, perhaps because he found some other listener, perhaps because he was afraid of boring this pleasant young fellow. Albert shuddered with a sympathetic pain as he thought of the men on the tops of the icy cars, with hands straining at the brake, and the wind cutting their faces like a sand-blast. His mind went out to the thousands of freight-trains shuttling to and fro across the vast web of gleaming iron spread out on the mighty breast of the Western plains. Oh, those tireless hands at the wheel and throttle!

He looked at his watch; it was two o'clock; the next station was Tyre. As he began to get his things together, the brakeman came in.

«Oh, I forgot to say that the old lady's name is Welsh—Mrs. Robert Welsh. Say I sent yeh, and it 'll be all right.»

«Sure! I 'll try her in the morning—that is, if I find out I 'm going to stay.»

«Tyre! *Tyre!*» yelled the brakeman, as with clanging bell and whizz of steam the train slowed down and the wheels began to cry out in the snow.

Albert got his things together, and pulled his cap firmly down on his head.

«Here goes!» he muttered.

«Hold y'r breath!» shouted the brakeman.

Albert swung himself to the platform before the station—a platform of planks along which the snow was streaming like water.

«Good night!» called the brakeman.

«*Good* night!»

«All-l abo-o-o-ard!» called the conductor somewhere in the storm; the brakeman swung his lantern, and the train drew off into the blinding whirl, and the lights were soon lost in the clouds of snow.

No more desolate place could well be imagined. A level plain apparently bare of houses, swept by a ferocious wind; a dingy little den called a station—no other shelter in sight; no sign of life save the dull glare of two windows to the left, alternately lost and found in the storm.

Albert's heart contracted with a sudden fear; the outlook was appalling.

«Where 's the town?» he yelled savagely at a dimly seen figure with a lantern—a man evidently locking the station door, his only refuge.

«Over there,» was the surly reply.

«How far?»

«'Bout a mile.»

«A mile!»

«That 's what I said—a mile.»

«Well, I 'll be blanked!»

«Well, y' better be doing something besides standing here, 'r y' 'll freeze t' death. I 'd go over to the Arteeshun House an' go t' bed if I was in your fix.»

«Oh, y' would!»

«I would.»

«Well, where *is* the Artesian House?»

«See them lights?»

«I see them lights.»

«Well, they 're it.»

«Oh, would n't your grammar make Old Grammati-cuss curl up, though!»

«What say?» queried the man, bending his head toward Albert, his form being almost lost in the snow that streamed against them both.

«I said I guessed I 'd try it,» grinned the youth, invisibly.

«Well, I would if I was in your fix. Keep right close after me; they 's some ditches here, and the foot-bridges are none too wide.»

«The Artesian is owned by the railway, eh?»

«Yup.»

«And you 're the clerk?»

«Yup; nice little scheme, ain't it?»

«Well, it 'll do,» replied Albert.

The man laughed without looking around.

«Keep your longest cuss-words till morning; you 'll need 'em, take my word for it.»

In the little bar-room, lighted by a vilely smelling kerosene-lamp, the clerk, hitherto a shadow and a voice, came to light as a middle-aged man with a sullen face slightly belied by a sly twinkle in his eyes.

«This beats all the winters I ever *did* see. It don't do nawthin' but blow, *blow*. Want to go to bed, I s'pose. Well, come along.»

He took up one of the absurd little lamps and tried to get more light out of it.

«Dummed if a white bean would n't be better.»

«Spit on it!» suggested Albert.

«I 'd throw the whole business out o' the window for a cent,» growled the man.

«Here 's y'r cent,» said the boy.

«You 're mighty frisky f'r a feller gitt'n' off'n a midnight train,» replied the man, tramping along a narrow hallway, and talking in a voice loud enough to awaken every sleeper in the house.

«Have t' be, or there 'd be a pair of us.»

«You 'll laugh out o' the other side o' y'r mouth when you saw away on one o' the bell-collar steaks this house puts up,» ended the clerk as he put the lamp down.

«'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'» called Albert after him, and then plunged into the icy bed.

He was awakened the next morning by the cooks pounding steak down in the kitchen, and wrangling over some division of duty. It was a vile place at any time, but on a morning like this it was appalling. The water was frozen, the floor like ice, the seven-by-nine glass frosted so that he could n't see to comb his hair.

«All that got me out of bed,» said Albert to the clerk, «was the thought of leaving.»

«Got y'r teeth filed?» said the day clerk, with a wink. «Old Collins's beef will try 'em.»

The breakfast was incredibly bad—so much worse than he expected that Albert was forced to admit he had never seen its like. He fled from the place without a glance behind, and took passage in an omnibus for the town, a mile away. It was terribly cold, the thermometer twenty below zero; but the sun was very brilliant, and the air still.

The driver pulled up before a very ambitious wooden hotel entitled «The Eldorado,» and Albert dashed in and up to the stove, with both hands holding on to his ears.

As he stood there, frantic with pain, kicking his toes and rubbing his ears, he heard a chuckle,—a slow, sly, insulting chuckle,—turned, and saw Hartley standing in the doorway, visibly exulting over his misery.

«Hello, Bert! that you?»

«What 's left of me. Say, you 're a good one, ain't yeh? Why did n't you telegraph me at Marion? A deuce of a night I 've had of it!»

«Do yeh good,» laughed Hartley, a tall, alert, handsome fellow nearly thirty years of age.

After a short and vigorous «blowing up,» Albert said: «Well, now, what 's the meaning of all this, anyhow? Why this change from Racine?»

«Well, yeh see, I got wind of another fellow going to work this county for a 'Life of Logan,' and thinks I, 'By jinks! I 'd better drop in ahead of him with Blaine's «Twenty Years.»' I telegraphed f'r territory, got it, and telegraphed to stop you.»

«You did it. When did yeh come down?»

«Last night, six o'clock.»

Albert was getting warmer and better-natured.

«Well, I 'm here; what yeh going t' do with me?»

«I 'll use yeh some way; can't tell. First thing is to find a boarding-place where we can work in a couple o' books on the bill.»

«Well, I don't know about that, but I 'm going to look up a place a brakeman gave me a pointer on.»

«All right; here goes!»

Scarcely any one was stirring on the streets. The wind was pitilessly cold, though not strong. The snow under the feet cried out with a note like glass and steel. The windows of the stores were thick with frost, and Albert gave a shudder of fear, almost as if he were homeless. He had never experienced anything like it before.

Entering one of the stores, they found a group of men sitting about the stove, smoking, chatting, and spitting aimlessly into a

huge spittoon made of boards and filled with sawdust. Each man suspended smoking and talking as the strangers entered.

«Can any of you gentlemen tell us where Mrs. Welsh lives?»

There was a silence; then the clerk behind the counter said:

«I guess so. Two blocks north and three west, next to last house on left-hand side.»

«Clear as a bell!» laughed Hartley, and they pushed out into the cold again, drawing their mufflers up to their eyes.

«I don't want much of this,» muttered Bert through his scarf.

The house was a large frame-house standing on the edge of a bank, and as the young men waited they could look down on the meadow-land, where the river lay blue and still and as hard as iron.

A pale little girl ten or twelve years of age let them in.

«Is this where Mrs. Welsh lives?»

«Yes, sir.»

«Will you ask her to come here a moment?»

«Yes, sir,» piped the little one. «Won't you sit down by the fire?» she added, with a quaint air of hospitality.

The room was the usual village sitting-room: a cylinder heater full of wood at one side of it; a rag carpet, much faded, on the floor; a cabinet organ; a doleful pair of crayon portraits on the wall, one supposedly a baby—a figure dressed like a child of six months, but with a face old and cynical enough to be forty-five. The paper on the wall was of the hideous striped sort, and the chairs were nondescript; but everything was clean—so clean it looked worn more with brushing than with use.

A slim woman of fifty, with hollow eyes and a patient smile, came in, wiping her hands on her apron.

«How d' ye do? Did you want to see me?»

«Yes,» said Hartley, smiling. «The fact is, we 're book-agents, and looking for a place to board.»

«Well—a—I—yes, I keep boarders.»

«I was sent here by a brakeman on the midnight express,» put in Bert.

«Oh, Tom,» said the woman, her face clearing. «Tom 's always sending us people. Why, yes; I 've got room for you, I guess—this room here.» She pushed open a folding-door leading into what had been her parlor.

«You can have this.»

«And the price?»

«Four dollars.»

«Eight dollars f'r the two of us. All right; we 'll be with you a week or two if we have luck.»

The woman smiled and shut the door. Bert thought how much she looked like his mother in the back—the same tired droop in the shoulders, the same colorless dress, once blue or brown, now a peculiar drab, characterless with much washing.

«Excuse me, won't you? I 've got to be at my baking; make y'rselves at home.»

«Now, Jim,» said Bert, «I 'm going t' stay right here while you go and order our trunks around—just t' pay you off f'r last night.»

«All right,» said Hartley, cheerily going out. After getting warm, Bert sat down at the organ and played a gospel hymn or two from the Moody and Sankey hymnal. He was in the midst of the chorus of «Let your lower lights,» etc., when a young woman entered the room. She had a whisk-broom in her hand, and stood a picture of gentle surprise. Bert wheeled about on his stool.

«I thought it was Stella,» she began.

«I 'm a book-agent,» said Bert, rising with his best grace; «I might as well out with it. I 'm here to board.»

«Oh!» said the girl, with some relief. She was very fair and very slight, almost frail. Her eyes were of the sunniest blue, her face pale and somewhat thin, but her lips showed scarlet, and her teeth were fine. Bert liked her, and smiled.

«A book-agent is the next thing to a burglar, I know; but still—»

«Oh, I did n't mean that, but I *was* surprised. When did you come?»

«Just a few moments ago. Am I in your way?» he inquired, with elaborate solicitude.

«Oh, no! Please go on; you play very well, I think. It is so seldom young men play.»

«I had to at college; the other fellows all wanted to sing. You play, of course.»

«When I have time.» She sighed. There was a weary droop in her voice; she seemed aware of it, and said more brightly:

«You mean Madison, I suppose?»

«Yes; I 'm in my second year.»

«I went there two years. Then I had to quit and come home to help mother.»

«Did you? That 's why I 'm out here on this infernal book business—to get money.»

She looked at him with interest now, noticing his fine eyes and waving brown hair.

«It 's dreadful, ain't it? But you 've got a hope to go back. I have n't. At first I did n't think I could live; but I did.» She ended with a sigh, a far-off expression in her eyes.

There was a pause again. Bert felt that

she was no ordinary girl, and she was quite as strongly drawn to him.

«It almost killed me to give it up. I don't s'pose I'd know any of the scholars you know. Even the teachers are not the same. Oh, yes —Sarah Shaw; I think she 's back for the normal course.»

«Oh, yes!» exclaimed Bert, «I know Sarah. We boarded on the same street; used t' go home together after class. An awful nice girl, too.»

«She 's a worker. She teaches school. I can't do that, for mother needs me at home.» There was another pause, broken by the little girl, who called:

«Maud, mama wants you.»

Maud rose and went out, with a tired smile on her face that emphasized her resemblance to her mother. Bert could n't forget that smile, and he was still thinking about the girl, and what her life must be, when Hartley came in.

«By jinks! It 's *snifty*, as dad used to say. You can't draw a long breath through your nostrils; freeze y'r nose solid as a bottle,» he announced, throwing off his coat with an air which seemed to make him an old resident of the room.

«By the way, I 've just found out why you was so anxious to get into this house, hey?» he said, slapping Bert's knee. «Another case o' girl.»

Bert blushed; he could n't help it, notwithstanding his innocence in this case. Hartley went on.

«Oh, I know you! A girl in the house; might 'a' known it,» Hartley continued, in a hoarse whisper.

«I did n't know it myself till about ten minutes ago,» protested Bert.

Hartley winked prodigiously.

«Don't tell me! Is she pretty?»

«No—that is, *you* would n't call her so.»

«Oh, the deuce I would n't! Don't you *wish* I would n't? I'd like to see the girl I would n't call pretty, right to her face, too.»

The girl returned at this moment with an armful of wood.

«Let *me* put it in,» cried Hartley, springing up. «Excuse me. My name is Hartley, book-agent: Blaine's ‹Twenty Years,› plain cloth, sprinkled edges, three dollars; half calf, three-fifty. This is my friend Mr. Lohr of Madison, German extraction, soph at the university.»

The girl bowed and smiled, and pushed by him toward the door of the parlor. Hartley followed her in, and Bert could hear them rattling away at the stove.

«Won't you sit down and play for us?» asked Hartley, after they returned to the sitting-room, with the persuasive music of the book-agent in his fine voice.

«Oh, no! It 's nearly dinner-time, and I must help about the table.»

«Now make yourselves at home,» said Mrs. Welsh, appearing at the door leading to the kitchen; «if you want anything, just let me know.»

«All right. We will; don't worry. We'll be trouble enough. Nice people,» said Hartley, as he shut the door of their room and sat down. «But the girl *ain't* what I call pretty.»

By the time the dinner-bell rang they were feeling at home in their new quarters. At the table they met the other boarders: the Brann brothers, newsdealers; old man Troutt, who kept the livery-stable (and smelled of it); and a small, dark, and wizened woman who kept the millinery store. The others, who came in late, were clerks.

Maud served the dinner, while Stella and her mother waited upon the table. Albert was accustomed to this, and made little account of the service. He did notice the hands of the girl, however, so white and graceful; no amount of work could quite remove their essential shapeliness.

Hartley struck up a conversation with the newsdealers, and left Bert free to observe Maud. She was not more than twenty, he decided, but she looked older, so careworn and sad was her face.

«They 's one thing ag'in' yeh,» Troutt, the liveryman, was bawling to Hartley: «they 's jest been worked one o' the goldingedest schemes you *ever* see! 'Bout six munce ago s'm' fellers come all through here claimin' t' be after information about the county and the leading citizens; wanted t' write a history, an' wanted all the pitchers of the leading men, old settlers, an' so on. You paid ten dollars, an' you had a book an' your pitcher in it.»

«I know the scheme,» grinned Hartley.

«Wal, sir, I s'pose them fellers roped in every man in this town. I don't s'pose they got out with a cent less 'n one thousand dollars. An' when the book come—wal!» Here he stopped to roar. «I don't s'pose you ever see a madder lot o' men in your life. In the first place, they got the names and the pitchers mixed so that I was Judge Ricker, an' Judge Ricker was ol' man Daggett. Did n't the judge swear—oh, it was awful!»

«I should say so.»

«An' the pitchers that wa'n't mixed was so goldinged *black* you could n't tell 'em from niggers. You know how kind o' lily-livered

Lawyer Ransom is? Wal, he looked like ol' black Joe; he was the maddest man of the hull b'ilin'. He throwed the book in the fire, and tromped around like a blind bull.»

«It was n't a success, I take it, then. Why, I should 'a' thought they 'd 'a' nabbed the fellows.»

«Not much! They was too keen for that. They did n't deliver the books theirselves; they hired Dick Bascom to do it f'r 'em. Course Dick wa'n't t' blame.»

«No; I never tried it before,» Albert was saying to Maud, at their end of the table. «Hartley offered me a good thing to come, and as I needed money, I came. I don't know what he 's going to do with me, now I 'm here.»

Albert did not go out after dinner with Hartley; it was too cold. Hartley let nothing stand in the way of business, however. He had been at school with Albert during his first year, but had gone back to work in preference to study.

Albert had brought his books with him, planning to keep up with his class, if possible, and was deep in a study of Cæsar when he heard a timid knock on the door.

«Come!» he called, student fashion.

Maud entered, her face aglow.

«How natural that sounds!» she said.

Albert sprang up to help her put down the wood in her arms. «I wish you 'd let me bring the wood,» he said pleadingly, as she refused his aid.

«I was n't sure you were in. Were you reading?»

«Cæsar,» he replied, holding up the book. «I am conditioned on Latin. I 'm going over the ‹Commentaries› again.»

«I thought I knew the book,» she laughed.

«You read Latin?»

«Yes, a little—Vergil.»

«Maybe you can help me out on these *oratia obliqua*. They bother me yet. I hate these ‹Cæsar saids.› I like Vergil better.»

She stood at his shoulder while he pointed out the knotty passage. She read it easily, and he thanked her. It was amazing how well acquainted they felt after this; they were as fellow-students.

The wind roared outside in the bare maples, and the fire boomed in its pent place within. The young people forgot the time and place. The girl sank into a chair almost unconsciously as they talked of Madison,—a great city to them,—of the Capitol building, of the splendid campus, of the lakes and the gay sailing there in summer and ice-boating in winter, of the struggles of «rooming.»

«Oh, it makes me homesick!» cried the girl, with a deep sigh. «It was the happiest, sunniest time of all my life. Oh, those walks and talks! Those recitations in the dear, chalky old rooms! Oh, *how* I would like to go back over that hollow door-stone again!»

She broke off, with tears in her eyes. He was obliged to cough two or three times before he could break the silence.

«I know just how you feel. I know, the first spring when I went back on the farm, it seemed as if I could n't stand it. I thought I 'd go crazy. The days seemed forty-eight hours long. It was so lonesome, and so dreary on rainy days! But of course I expected to go back; that 's what kept me up. I don't think I could have stood it if I had n't had hope.»

«I 've given it up now,» she said plaintively; «it 's no use hoping.»

«Why don't you teach?» asked Albert, deeply affected by her voice and manner.

«I did teach here for a year, but I could n't endure the noise; I'm not very strong, and the boys were so rude. If I could teach in a seminary—teach Latin and English, I should be happy, I think. But I can't leave mother now.»

She began to appear a different girl in the boy's eyes; the cheap dress, the check apron, could not hide her pure intellectual spirit. Her large blue eyes were deep with thought, and the pale face, lighted by the glow of the fire, was as lovely as a rose. Almost before he knew it, he was telling her of his life.

«I don't see how I endured it as long as I did,» he went on. «It was nothing but work, work, and mud the whole year round; it 's just so on all farms.»

«Yes, I guess it is,» said she. «Father was a carpenter, and I 've always lived here; but we have people who are farmers, and I know how it is with them.»

«Why, when I think of it now it makes me crawl! To think of getting up in the morning before daylight, and going out to the barn to do chores, to get ready to go into the field to work! Working, wasting y'r life on dirt. Goin' round and round in a circle, and never getting out.»

«It 's just the same for us women,» she corroborated. «Think of us going around the house day after day, and doing just the same things over an' over, year after year! That 's the whole of most women's lives. Dish-washing almost drives me crazy.»

«I know it,» said Albert; «but a fellow has t' do it. If his folks are workin' hard, why, of course he can't lay around and study. They ain't t' blame. I don't know that anybody 's t' blame.»

«No, I don't; but it makes me sad to see mother going around as she does, day after day. She won't let me do as much as I would.» The girl looked at her slender hands. «You see, I 'm not very strong. It makes my heart ache to see her going around in that quiet, patient way; she 's so good.»

«I know, I know! I 've felt just like that about my mother and father, too.»

There was a long pause, full of deep feeling, and then the girl continued in a low, hesitating voice:

«Mother 's had an awful hard time since father died. We had to go to keeping boarders, which was hard—very hard for mother.» The boy felt a sympathetic lump in his throat as the girl went on again: «But she does n't complain, and she did n't want me to come home from school; but of course I could n't do anything else.»

It did n't occur to either of them that any other course was open, nor that there was any heroism or self-sacrifice in the act; it was simply *right*.

«Well, I 'm not going to drudge all my life,» said the boy at last. «I know it 's kind o' selfish, but I can't live on a farm; it 'u'd kill me in a year. I 've made up my mind to study law and enter the bar. Lawyers manage to get hold of enough to live on decently, and that 's more than you can say of the farmers. And they live in town, where something is going on once in a while, anyway.»

In the pause which followed, footsteps were heard on the walk outside, and the girl sprang up with a beautiful blush.

«My stars! I did n't think—I forgot—I must go.»

Hartley burst into the room shortly after she left it, in his usual breeze.

«Hul-*lo!* Still at the Latin, hey?»

«Yes,» said Bert, with ease. «How goes it?»

«Oh, I 'm whooping 'er up! I 'm getting started in great shape. Been up to the courthouse and roped in three of the county officials. In these small towns the big man is the politician or the clergyman. I 've nailed the politicians through the ear; now you must go for the ministers to head the list—that 's your lay-out.»

«How 'm I t' do it?» said Bert, in an anxious tone. «I can't sell books if they don't want 'em.»

«Yes, yeh can. That 's the trade. Offer a big discount. Say full calf, two-fifty; morocco, two-ninety. Regular discount to the clergy, yeh know. Oh, they 're on to that little racket—no trouble. If you can get a few of these leaders of the flock, the rest will follow like lambs to the slaughter. Tra-la-la—who-o-o-*ish*, whish!»

Albert laughed at Hartley as he plunged his face into the ice-cold water, puffing and wheezing.

«Jeemimy Crickets! but ain't that water cold! I worked Rock River this way last month, and made a boomin' success. If you take hold here in the—»

«Oh, I 'm all ready to do anything that is needed, short of being kicked out.»

«No danger of that if you 're a real book-agent. It 's the snide that gets kicked. You 've got t' have some savvy in this, just like any other business.» He stopped in his dressing to say, «We 've struck a great boarding-place, hey?»

«Looks like it.»

«I begin t' cotton to the old lady a'ready. Good 'eal like mother used t' be 'fore she broke down. Did n't the old lady have a time of it raisin' me? Phewee! Patient! Job was n't a patchin'. But the test is going t' come on the biscuit; if her biscuit comes up t' mother's I 'm hern till death.»

He broke off to comb his hair, a very nice bit of work in his case.

II.

THERE was no discernible reason why the little town should have been called Tyre, and yet its name was as characteristically American as its architecture. It had the usual main street lined with low brick or wooden stores—a street which developed into a road running back up a wide, sandy valley away from the river. Being a county town, it had a courthouse in a yard near the center of the town, and a big summer hotel. The valley was peculiarly picturesque. Curiously shaped and oddly distributed hills rose out of the valley sand abruptly, forming a sort of amphitheater in which the village lay. These square-topped hills rose to a common level, showing that they were not the result of an upheaval, but were the remains of the original stratification left standing after the vast scooping action of the post-glacial floods.

The abrupt cliffs and lone huge pillars and peaks rising out of the valley level here and there showed the original layers of rock unmoved. They looked like vast ruined castles ancient as hills, on the massive tops of which time had sown sturdy oaks and cedars. They lent a certain air of romance to the valley at all times; but when in summer vines clambered over their rugged sides and underbrush softened their broken lines, it was not at all

difficult to imagine them the remains of an unrecorded, very warlike people.

Even now, in winter, with yellow-brown and green cedars standing starkly upon their summits, the hickories and small ashes blue-black with their masses of fine bare limbs meshed against the snow, these towers had a distinct charm. The weather was glorious winter, and in the early morning when the trees glistened with frost, or at evening when the white light of the sun was softened and violet shadows lay along the snow, the whole valley was a delight to the eye, full of distinct and lasting beauty, part of the beautiful and strange Mississippi River scenery.

In the campaign which Hartley began Albert did his best, and his best was done unconsciously, for the charm of his manner (all unknown to himself) was the most potent factor in securing consideration.

«I 'm not a book-agent,» he said to one of the clergymen to whom he went first; «I 'm a student trying to sell a good book and make a little money to help me complete my course at the university.»

He did not go to the back door, but walked up to the front, asked to see the minister, and placed his case at once before him. He had a sureness of air and a leisurely utterance quite the opposites of the brazen timidity and rapid, parrot-like tone of the professional. He secured the clergymen of the place to head his list, much to the delight and admiration of Hartley.

«Good! Now corral the alumni of the place. Work the fraternal racket to the bitter end. Oh, say! there 's a sociable to-morrow night; I guess we 'd better go, had n't we?»

«Go alone?»

«Alone? No! Take some girls. I 'm going to take neighbor Picket's daughter; she 's homely as a hedge-fence, but I 'll take her—great scheme!»

«Hartley, you 're an infernal fraud!»

«Nothing of the kind—I 'm business,» ended Hartley, with a laugh.

After supper the following day, as Albert was still lingering at the table with the girls and Mrs. Welsh, he thought of the sociable, and said on the impulse:

«Are you going to the sociable?»

«No; I guess not.»

«Would you go if I asked you?»

«Try me and see!» answered the girl, with a laugh, her color rising.

«All right. Miss Welsh, will you attend the festivity of the evening under my guidance and protection?»

«Yes, thank you.»

«I 'll be ready before you are.»

«No doubt; I 've got to wash the dishes.»

«I 'll wash the dishes; you go get ready,» said the self-regardless mother.

Albert felt that he had one of the loveliest girls in the room as he led Maud down the floor of the vestry of the church, filled with laughing young people moving about or seated at the long tables. Maud's cheeks were full of delicate color and her eyes shone with maidenly delight as they took seats at the table to sip a little coffee and nibble a bit of cake.

«I suppose they *must* have my fifteen cents some way,» said Albert, in a low voice, «and I guess we 'd better sit down.»

Maud introduced him to a number of young people who had been students at the university. They received him cordially, and in a very short time he was enjoying himself very well indeed. He was reminded rather disagreeably of his office, however, by seeing Hartley surrounded by a laughing crowd of the more frolicsome young people. He winked at Albert, as much as to say, «Good stroke of business.»

The evening passed away with songs, games, and recitations, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when the young people began to wander off toward home in pairs. Albert and Maud were among the first of the young folks to bid the rest good night.

The night was clear and cold, but perfectly still, and the young people, arm in arm, walked slowly homeward under the bare maples, in delicious companionship. Albert held her arm close to his side.

«Are you cold?» he asked in a low voice.

«No, thank you; the night is lovely,» she replied; then added with a sigh, «I don't like sociables so well as I used to—they tire me out.»

«We stayed too long.»

«It was n't that; I 'm getting so they seem kind o' silly.»

«Well, I feel a little that way myself,» he confessed.

«But there is so little to see here in Tyre at any time—no music, no theaters. I like theaters, don't you?»

«I can't go half enough.»

«But nothing worth seeing ever comes into these little towns—and then we 're all so poor, anyway.»

The lamp, turned low, was emitting a terrible odor as they entered the sitting-room.

«My goodness! it 's almost twelve o'clock. Good night.» She held out her hand.

«Good night,» he said, taking it, and giv-

ing it a cordial pressure which she remembered long.

«Good night,» she repeated softly, going up the stairs.

Hartley came in a few moments later, and found Bert sitting thoughtfully by the fire, with his coat and shoes off, evidently in deep abstraction.

«Well, I got away at last—much as ever.»

«Great scheme, that sociable, eh? I saw your little girl introducing you right and left.»



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

«'WHERE 'S THE TOWN?'» (SEE PAGE 402.)

«Say, Hartley, I wish you 'd leave her out of this thing; I don't like the way you speak of her when—»

«Phew! You don't? Oh, all right! I 'm mum as an oyster—only keep it up! Get in all the church sociables, and all that; there 's nothing like it.»

HARTLEY soon had canvassers out along the country roads, and was working every house in town. The campaign promised to lengthen into a month, perhaps longer. Albert especially became a great favorite. Every one declared there had never been such book-agents in the town: such gentlemanly fellows, they did n't press anybody to buy; they did n't rush about and «poke their noses where they were not wanted.» They were more like merchants with books to sell. The only person who failed to see the attraction in them was Ed Brann, who was popularly supposed to be engaged to Maud. He grew daily more sullen and repellent, toward Albert noticeably so.

One evening about six, after coming in from a long walk about town, Albert entered his room without lighting his lamp, lay down on the bed, and fell asleep. He had been out late the night before with Maud at a party, and slumber came almost instantly.

Maud came in shortly, hearing no response to her knock, and after hanging some towels on the rack went out without seeing the sleeper. In the sitting-room she met Ed Brann. He was a stalwart young man with curling black hair, and a face heavy at its best, but set and sullen now. His first words held a menace:

«Say, Maud, I want t' talk to you.»

«Very well; what is it, Ed?» replied the girl, quietly.

«I want to know how often you 're going to be out till twelve o'clock with this book-agent?»

Perhaps it was the derisive inflection on «book-agent» that woke Albert. Brann's tone was brutal—more brutal even than his words, and the girl turned pale and her breath quickened.

«Why, Ed, what 's the matter?»

«Matter is just this: you ain't got any business goin' around with that feller with my ring on your finger, that 's all.» He ended with an unmistakable threat in his voice.

«Very well,» said the girl, after a pause, curiously quiet; «then I won't; here 's your ring.»

The man's bluster disappeared instantly. Bert could tell by the change in his voice, which was incredibly great, as he pleaded:

«Oh, don't do that, Maud; I did n't mean to say that; I was mad—I 'm sorry.»

«I 'm *glad* you did it *now*, so I can know you. Take your ring, Ed; I never 'll wear it again.»

Albert had heard all this, but he did not know how the girl looked as she faced the man. In the silence which followed she looked him in the face, and scornfully passed him and went out into the kitchen. He did not return at supper.

Young people of this sort are not self-analysts, and Maud did not examine closely into causes. She was astonished to find herself more indignant than grieved. She broke into an angry wail as she went to her mother's bosom:

«Mother! mother!»

«Why, what 's the matter, Maudie? Tell me. There, there! don't cry, pet! Who 's been hurtin' my poor little bird?»

«Ed has; he said—he said—»

«There, there! poor child! Have you been quarreling? Never mind; it 'll come out all right.»

«No, it won't—not the way you mean,» the girl cried, lifting her head; «I 've given him back his ring, and I 'll never wear it again.»

The mother could not understand how the wounding brutality in the man's tone had fallen upon the girl's spirit, and Maud felt in some way as if she could not explain sufficiently to justify herself. Mrs. Welsh consoled herself with the idea that it was only a lovers' quarrel—one of the little jars sure to come when two natures are settling together—and that all would be mended in a day or two.

But there was a peculiar set look on the girl's face that promised little for Brann. Albert, being no more of a self-analyst than Maud, simply said, «Served him right,» and dwelt no more upon it for the time.

At supper, however, he was extravagantly gay, and to himself unaccountably so. He joked Troutt till Maud begged him to stop, and after the rest had gone he remained seated at the table, enjoying the indignant color in her face and the flash of her infrequent smile, which it was such a pleasure to provoke. He volunteered to help wash the dishes.

«Thank you, but I 'm afraid you 'd be more bother than help,» she replied.

«Thank you, but you don't know me. I ain't so green as I look, by no manner o' means. I 've been doing my own housekeeping for four terms.»

«I know all about that,» laughed the girl. «You young men rooming do precious little cooking, and no dish-washing at all.»

«That 's a base calumny! I made it a point to wash every dish in the house, except the spider, once a week; had a regular cleaning-up day.»

«And about the spider?»

«I wiped that out nicely with a newspaper every time I wanted to use it.»

«Oh, horrors! Mother, listen to that!»

«Why, what more could you ask? You would n't have me wipe it *six* times a day, would you?»

«I wonder it did n't poison yeh,» commented Mrs. Welsh.

«Takes more 'n that to poison a student,» laughed Albert, as he went out.

The next afternoon he came bursting into the kitchen, where Maud stood with her sleeves rolled up, deep in the dish-pan, while Stella stood wiping the dishes handed to her.

«Don't you want a sleigh-ride?» he asked, boyishly eager.

She looked up with shining eyes.

«Oh, would n't I! Can you get along, mother?»

«Certainly, child; the air 'll do yeh good.»

«W'y, Maud!» said the little girl, «you said you did n't want to when Ed—»

Mrs. Welsh silenced her, and said:

«Run right along, dear; it 's just the nicest time o' day. Are there many teams out?»

«They 're just beginning t' come out,» said Albert. «I 'll have a cutter around here in about two jiffies; be on hand, sure.»

Troutt was standing in the sunny doorway of his stable when the young fellow dashed up to him.

«Hello, Uncle Troutt! Harness the fastest nag into your swellest outfit instanter.»

«Aha! Goin' t' take y'r girl out, hey?»

«Yes; and I want 'o do it in style.»

«I guess ol' Dan 's the idee, if you can drive him; he 's a ring-tailed snorter.»

«Fast?»

«Nope; but safe. Gentle as a kitten and as knowin' as a fox. Drive him with one hand—left hand,» the old man chuckled.

«Troutt, you 're an insinuating old insinuator, and I 'll—»

Troutt laughed till his long faded beard flapped up and down and quivered with the stress of his enjoyment of his joke. He ended by hitching a vicious-looking sorrel to a gay, duck-bellied cutter, saying as he gave up the reins:

«Now, be keerful; Dan 's foxy; he 's all right when he sees you 've got the reins, but don't drop 'em.»

«Don't you worry about me; I grew up with horses,» said the over-confident youth, leaping into the sleigh and gathering up the lines. «Stand aside, my lord, and let the cortège pass. Hoop-la!»

The brute gave a tearing lunge, and was out of the doorway like a shot before the old man could utter a word. Albert thrilled with pleasure as he felt the reins stiffen in his hands, while the traces swung slack beside the thills.

«If he keeps this up he 'll do,» he thought.

As he turned up at the gate Maud came gaily down the path, muffled to the eyes.

«Oh, what a nice cutter! But the horse—is he gentle?» she asked, as she climbed in.

«As a cow,» Albert replied. «Git out o' this, Bones!»

The main street was already full of teams, light sleighs, bob-sleighs filled with children, and here and there a man in a light cutter alone, out for a race. Laughter was on the air, and the jingle-jangle of bells. The sun was dazzling in its brightness, and the gay wraps and scarfs lighted up the street with flecks of color. Loafers on the sidewalks fired a fusillade of words at the teams as they passed:

«Go it, Bones!»

«‹Let 'er *go*, Gallagher!› »

«Ain't she a daisy!»

But what cared the drivers? If the shouts were insolent they laid them to envy, and if they were pleasant they smiled in reply.



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

«‹I NEVER 'LL WEAR IT AGAIN.›»

Albert and Maud had made two easy turns up and down the street, when a man driving a span of large black-hawk horses dashed up a side street and whirled in just before them. The man was a superb driver, and sat with the reins held carelessly but securely in his left hand, guiding the team more by his voice than by the bit. He sat leaning forward with his head held down in a peculiar and sinister fashion.

«*Hel*-lo!» cried Bert; «that looks like Brann.»

«It is,» said Maud.

«Cracky! that 's a fine team—black-hawks, both of them. I wonder if ol' sorrel can pass 'em.»

«Oh, please don't try,» pleaded the girl.

«Why not?»

«Because—because I 'm afraid.»

«Afraid of what?»

«Afraid something 'll happen.»

«Something *is* goin' t' happen; I 'm goin' t' pass him if old Bones has got any *git* to him.»

«It 'll make him mad.»

«Who mad? Brann?»

«Yes.»

«Well, s'pose it does, who cares?»

The teams moved along at an easy pace. Some one called to Brann:

«They 're on y'r trail, Ed.»

There was something peculiar in the tone, and Brann looked behind for the first time, and saw them. He swore through his teeth, and turned about. He looked dogged and sullen, with his bent shoulders and his chin thrust down.

There were a dozen similar rigs moving up or down the street, and greetings passed from sleigh to sleigh. Everybody except Brann welcomed Albert with sincere pleasure, and exchanged rustic jokes with him. As they slowed up at the upper end of the street and began to turn, a man on the sidewalk said confidentially:

«Say, cap', if you handle that old rack-o'-bones just right, he 'll distance anything on this road. When you want him to do his best let him have the rein; don't pull a pound. I use to own 'im—I know 'im.»

The old sorrel came round «gauming,» his ugly head thrown up, his great red mouth open, his ears back. Brann and the young doctor of the place were turning together a little farther up the street. The blacks, superbly obedient to their driver, came down with flying hoofs, their great glossy breasts flecked with foam from their champing jaws.

«Come on, fellers!» yelled Brann, insultingly, as he came down past the doctor, and seemed about to pass Albert and Maud. There was hate in the glare of his eyes.

But he did not pass. The old sorrel seemed to lengthen; to the spectators his nose appeared to be glued to the glossy side of Brann's off black.

«See them blacks trot!» shouted Albert, in ungrammatical enthusiasm.

«See that old sorrel shake himself!» yelled the loafers.

The doctor came tearing down with a spirited bay, a magnificent stepper. As he drew along so that Bert could catch a glimpse of the mare's neck, he thrilled with delight. There was the thoroughbred's lacing of veins; the proud fling of her knees and the swell of her neck showed that she was far from doing her best. There was a wild light in her eyes.

These were the fast teams of the town. All interest was centered in them.

«Clear the track!» yelled the loafers.

«The doc's good f'r 'em.»

«If she don't break.»

Albert was pulling at the sorrel heavily, absorbed in seeing, as well as he could for the flung snowballs, the doctor's mare draw slowly, foot by foot, past the blacks. Suddenly Brann gave a shrill yell and stood up in his sleigh. The gallant little bay broke and fell behind; Brann gave a loud laugh; the blacks trotted on, their splendid pace unchanged.

«Let the sorrel out!» yelled somebody.

«Let him loose!» yelled Troutt on the corner, quivering with excitement. «Let him go!»

Albert remembered what the fellow had said; he let the reins loose. The old sorrel's teeth came together with a snap; his head lowered and his tail rose; he shot abreast of the blacks. Brann yelled:

«Sam—Saul, *git!*»

«See them trot!» shouted Bert, lost in admiration; but Maud, frightened into silence, had covered her head with the robe to escape the blinding cloud of flying snow. The sorrel drew steadily ahead; he was passing when Brann turned.

«Durn y'r old horse!» he yelled through his shut teeth, and laid the whip across the sorrel's hips. The blacks broke wildly, but, strange to say, the old sorrel increased his speed. Again Brann struck at him, but missed him, and the stroke fell on Bert's outstretched wrists. He turned to see what Brann meant by it; he did not see that the blacks were crowding him to the gutter; his hands felt numb.

«Look *out*, there!»

Before he could turn to look, the cutter seemed to be blown up by a bomb, and he rose in the air like a vaulter; he saw the traces part, he felt the reins slip through his hands, and that was all; he seemed to fall an immeasurable depth into a black abyss. . . . The next that he knew was a curious soft murmur of voices, out of which a sweet, agonized girl-voice broke, familiar but unrecognized:

«Oh, where 's the doctor! He 's dead—oh, he 's dead! *Can't* you hurry!»

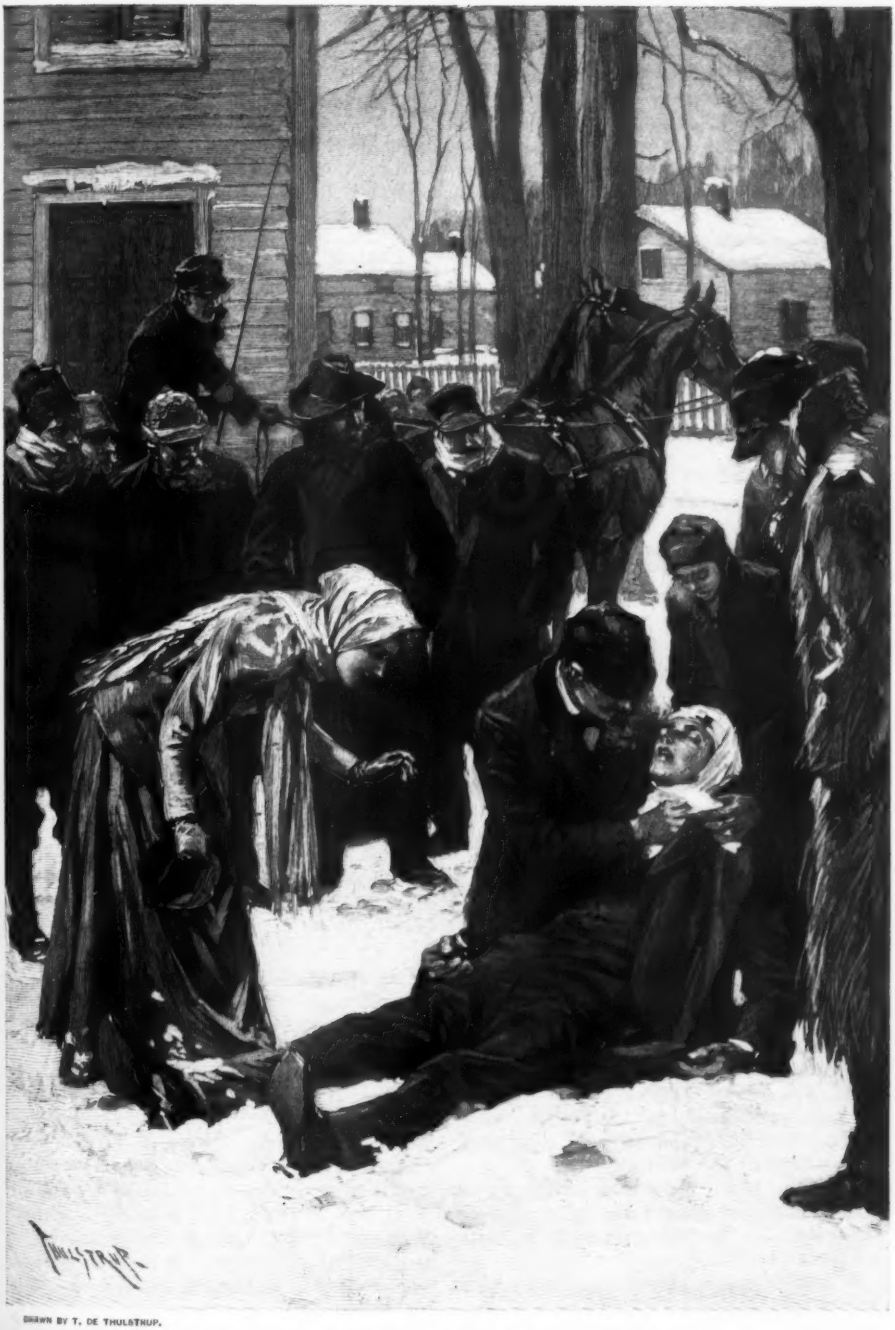
Next came a quick, authoritative voice, still far away, and a hush followed it; then an imperative order:

«Stand out o' the way! What do you think you can do by crowding on top of him?»

«Stand back! stand back!» other voices called.

Then he felt something cold on his head: they were taking his cap off and putting snow on his head; then the doctor (he knew him now) said:

«Let me take him!»



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

«‹CAN YOU HEAR US? ALBERT, DO YOU KNOW ME?›»

«Oh, can't I do something?» said the sweet voice.

«No—nothing.»

Then there came a strange fullness in his head. Shadows lighted by dull red flashes passed before his eyes; he wondered, in a slow, dull way, if he were dying. Then this changed; a dull, throbbing ache came into his head, and as this grew the noise of voices grew more distinct and he could hear sobbing. Then the dull, rhythmic red flashes passed slowly away from his eyes, and he opened his lids, but the glare of the sunlight struck them shut again; he saw only Maud's face, agonized, white, and wet with tears, looking down into his. He felt the doctor's hands winding bandages about his head, and he felt a crawling stream of blood behind his ear, getting as cold as ice as it sank under his collar.

They raised him a little more, and he opened his eyes on the circle of hushed and excited men thronging about him. He saw Brann, with wild, scared face, standing in his cutter and peering over the heads of the crowd.

«How do you feel now?» asked the doctor.

«Can you hear us? Albert, do you know me?» called the girl.

His lips moved stiffly, but he smiled a little, and at length whispered slowly, «Yes; I guess—I 'm all—right.»

«Put him into my cutter; Maud, get in here, too,» the doctor commanded, with all the authority of a physician in a small village. The crowd opened, and silenced its muttered comments as the doctor and Troutt helped the wounded man into the sleigh. The pain in his head grew worse, but Albert's perception of things grew in proportion; he closed his eyes to the sun, but in the shadow of Maud's breast opened them again and looked up at her. He felt a vague, child-like pleasure in knowing she was holding him in her arms; he felt the sleigh moving; he thought of his mother, and how it would frighten her if she knew.

The doctor was driving the horse and walking beside the sleigh, and the people were accosting him. Albert could catch their words now and then, and the reply:

«No; he is n't killed, nor anything near it; he 's stunned, that 's all; he is n't bleeding now. No; he 'll be all right in a day or two.»

«Hello!» said a breathless, hearty voice, «what the deuce y' been doing with my pardner? Bert, old fellow, are you there?» Hartley asked, clinging to the edge of the moving cutter, and peering into his friend's face. Albert smiled.

«I 'm here—what there is left of me,» he replied faintly.

«Glory! how 'd it happen?» he asked of the girl.

«I don't know—I could n't see—we ran into a culvert,» replied Maud.

Albert felt a steady return of waves of pain, but did not know that they were waves of returning life. He groaned, and tried to rise. The girl gently but firmly restrained him. Hartley was walking beside the doctor, talking loudly. «It was a devilish thing to do; the scoundrel ought 'o be jugged!»

Albert groaned, and tried to rise again. «I 'm bleeding yet; I 'm soaking you!»

The girl shuddered, but remained firm.

«No; we 're 'most home.»

She felt no shame, but a certain exaltation, as she looked into the curious faces she saw in groups on the sidewalk. The boys who ran alongside wore in their faces a look of awe, for they imagined themselves in the presence of death.

Maud gazed unrecognizingly upon her nearest girl friends. They seemed something alien in that moment; and they, gazing upon her white face and unrecognizing eyes, spoke in awed whispers.

At the gate the crowd gathered and waited with deepest interest, with a sort of shuddering pleasure. It was all a strange, unusual, and enthralling romance to them. The dazzling sunshine added to the wonder of it all.

«Ed Brann done it.»

«How?» asked several.

«With the butt-end of his whip.»

«That 's a lie! His team ran into Lohr's rig.»

«Not much; Ed crowded him into the ditch.»

«What fer?»

«'Cause Bert cut him out with Maud.»

«Come, get out of the way! Don't stand there gabbing,» yelled Hartley, as he took Albert in his arms, and, together with the doctor, lifted him out of the sleigh.

«Goodness sakes alive! Ain't it terrible! How is he?» asked an old lady, peering at him as he passed.

On the porch stood Mrs. Welsh, supported by Ed Brann.

«She 's all right, I tell you. He ain't hurt much, either; just stunned a little, that 's all.»

«Maud! child!» cried the mother, as Maud appeared out of the crowd, followed by a bevy of girls.

«Mother, *I 'm* all right!» she said as gaily as she could, running into the trembling arms outstretched toward her; «but oh, poor Albert!»

After they disappeared into the house the crowd dispersed. Brann went off by way of the alley; he was not prepared to meet their questions; but he met his brother and several others in his store.

«Now, what in —— you been up to?» was the fraternal greeting.

«Nothing.»

«Welting a man on the head with a whip-stock ain't anything, hey?»

«I did n't touch him. We was racing, and he run into the culvert.»

«Hank says he saw you strike—»

«He lies! I was strikin' the horse to make him break.»

«Oh, yeh was!» sneered the older man. «Well, I hope you understand that this 'll ruin us in this town. If you did n't strike him, they 'll say you run him into the culvert, 'n' every man, woman, 'n' child 'll be down on you, and *me* f'r bein' related to you. They all know how you feel towards him for cuttin' you out with Maud Welsh.»

«Oh, don't bear down on him too hard, Joe. He did n't mean t' do any harm,» said Troutt, who had followed Ed down to the store. «I guess the young feller 'll come out all right. Just go kind o' easy till we see how he comes out. If he dies, why, it 'll haf t' be looked into.»

Ed turned pale and swallowed hastily. «If he should die!» He would be a murderer; he knew that hate was in his heart. He shivered again as he remembered the man's white face with the bright red stream flowing down behind his ear and over his cheek. It almost seemed to him that he *had* struck him, so close had the accident followed upon the fall of his whip.

III.

ALBERT sank into a feverish sleep that night, with a vague perception of four figures in the room—Maud, her mother, Hartley, and the young doctor. When he awoke fully in the morning his head felt prodigiously hot and heavy.

It was early dawn, and the lamp was burning brightly. Outside, a man's feet could be heard on the squealing snow—a sound which told how still and cold it was. A team passed with a jingle of bells.

Albert raised his head and looked about. Hartley was lying on the sofa, rolled up in his overcoat and some extra quilts. He had lain down at last, worn with watching. Albert felt a little weak, and fell back on his pillow, thinking about the strange night he had passed—a night more filled with strange happenings than the afternoon.

His sleep had been broken by the most vivid and exciting dreams, and through these visions had moved the figures of Hartley, the doctor, and Maud and her mother. He had a confused idea of the night, but a very clear idea of the afternoon. He could see the sidewalks lined with faces, the sun shining on the snow, the old sorrel's side-flung head and open mouth; the sleigh rose under him again, and he felt the reins burn through his hands.

As the light grew in the room his mind cleared, and he began to feel quite like himself again. He lifted his muscular arm and opened and shut his hand, saying aloud in his old boyish manner:

«I guess I 'm all here.»

«What 's that?» called Hartley, rolling out of bed. «Did you ask for anything?»

«No—yes; gimme some water, Jim; my mouth is dry as a powder-mill.»

«How yeh feelin', anyway, pardner?» said Hartley, as he brought the water.

«First-rate, Jim; I guess I 'll be all right.»

«Well, I guess you 'd better keep quiet.»

Albert rose partly, assisted by his friend, and drank from the glass a moment; then fell back on his pillow.

«I don't feel s' well when I sit up.»

«Well, don't, then; stay right there where you are. Oh-um!» gaped Hartley, stretching himself; «it 's about time f'r breakfast, I guess. Want y'r hands washed and y'r hair combed?»

«I guess I ain't reduced to *that* yet.»

«Well, I guess y' *be*, old man. Now keep *quiet*, or have I got t' make yeh?» he asked in a threatening tone which made Albert smile. He wondered if Hartley had n't been sitting up most of the night; but if he had, he showed little effect of it, for he began to sing a comic song as he pulled on his boots.

He threw on his coat next, and went out into the kitchen, returning soon with some hot water, with which he began to bathe the wounded boy's face and hands as tenderly as a woman.

«There; now I guess you 're in shape f'r grub—feel any like grub?—Come in,» he called in answer to a knock on the door.

Mrs. Welsh entered.

«How is he?» she whispered anxiously.

«Oh, I 'm all right,» cried Albert. «Bring me a plate of pancakes, quick!»

Mrs. Welsh turned to Hartley with a startled expression, but Hartley's grin assured her.

«I 'm glad to find you so much better,» she said, going to his bedside. «I 've hardly slep', I was so much worried about you.»



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

«HE LAY, LOOKING AND LISTENING DREAMILY.»

It was very sweet to feel her fingers in his hair, as his mother would have caressed him.

«I guess I had n't better take off the bandages till the doctor comes, if you 're comfortable. Your breakfast is ready, Mr. Hartley, and I 'll bring something for Albert.»

Another knock a few minutes later, and Maud entered with a platter, followed closely by her mother, who carried some tea and milk.

Maud came forward timidly, but when he turned his eyes on her and said in a cheery voice, «Good morning, Miss Welsh!» she flamed out in rosy color and recoiled. She had expected to see him pale, dull-eyed, and with a weak voice, but there was little to indicate invalidism in his firm greeting. She gave place to Mrs. Welsh, who prepared his breakfast. She was smitten dumb by this turn of affairs; she hardly dared look at him as he sat propped up in bed. The crimson trimming on his shirt-front seemed like streams of blood; his head, swathed in bandages, made her shudder. But aside from these few suggestions of wounding, there was little of the horror of the previous day left. He did not look so pale and worn as the girl herself.

However, though he was feeling absurdly well, there was a good deal of bravado in his tone and manner, for he ate but little, and soon sank back on the bed.

«I feel better when my head is low,» he explained in a faint voice.

«Can't I do something?» asked the girl, her courage reviving as she saw how ill and faint he really was. His eyes were closed, and he looked the invalid now.

«I guess you better write to his folks.»

«No; don't do that,» he said, opening his eyes; «it will only do them harm, an' me no good. I 'll be all right in a few days. You need n't waste your time on me; Hartley 'll wait on me.»

«Mr. Lohr, how can you say such cruel—»

«Don't mind him now,» said Mrs. Welsh. «I 'm his mother now, and he 's goin' to do just as I tell him to; ain't you, Albert?»

He dropped his eyelids in assent, and went off in a doze. It was all very pleasant to be thus treated. Hartley was devotion itself, and the doctor removed his bandages with the care and deliberation of a man with a moderate practice; besides, he considered Albert a personal friend.

Hartley, after the doctor had gone, said with some hesitation:

«Well, now, pard, I *ought* to go out and see a couple o' fellows I promised t' meet this morning.»

«All right, Jim; all right. You go right ahead on business; I 'm goin' t' sleep, anyway, and I 'll be all right in a day or two.»

«Well, I will; but I 'll run in every hour 'r two and see if you don't want something. You 're in good hands, anyway, when I 'm gone.»

«Won't you read to me?» pleaded Albert in the afternoon, when Maud came in with her mother to brush up the room. «It 's getting rather slow business layin' here like this. Course I can't ask Jim to stay and read all the time, and he 's a bad reader, anyway; won't you?»

«Shall I, mother?»

«Why, of course, Maud!»

So Maud got a book, and sat down over by the stove, quite distant from the bed, and read to him from «The Lady of the Lake,» while the mother, like a piece of tireless machinery, moved about the house at the never-ending succession of petty drudgeries which wear the heart and soul out of so many wives and mothers, making life to them a pilgrimage from stove to pantry, from pantry to cellar, and from cellar to garret—a life that deadens and destroys, coarsens and narrows, till the flesh and bones are warped to the expression of the wronged and cheated soul.

Albert's selfishness was in a way excusable. He enjoyed beyond measure the sound of the girl's soft voice and the sight of her graceful head bent over the page. He lay, looking and listening dreamily, till the voice and the sun-lit head were lost in his deep, sweet sleep.

The girl sat with closed book, looking at his face as he slept. It was a curious study to her, a young man—*this* young man, asleep. His brown lashes lay on his cheek; his facial lines were as placid as a child's. As she looked she gained courage to go over softly and look down on him. How boyish he seemed! How little to be feared! How innocent, after all!

As she looked she thought of him the day before, with closed eyes, a ghastly stream of blood flowing down and soaking her dress. She shuddered. His hands, clean and strong and white, lay out on the coverlet, loose and open, the fingers fallen into graceful lines. Abruptly a boy outside gave a shout, and she leaped away with a sudden spring that left her pale and breathless. As she paused in the door and looked back at the undisturbed sleeper, she smiled, and the pink came back into her thin face.

Albert's superb young blood began to assert itself, and on the afternoon of the second

day he was able to sit in his rocking-chair before the fire and read a little, though he professed that his eyes were not strong, in order that Maud should read for him. This she did as often as she could leave her other work, which was «not half often enough,» the invalid grumbled.

«More than you deserve,» she found courage to say.

Hartley let nothing interfere with the book business, and the popular sympathy for Albert he coined into dollars remorselessly.

«You take it easy,» he kept saying to his partner; «don't you worry—your pay goes on just the same. You 're doing well right where you are. By jinks! biggest piece o' luck,» he went on, half in earnest. «Why, I can't turn around without taking an order—fact! Turned in a book on the livery bill—that 's all right. We 'll make a clear hundred dollars out o' that little bump o' yours.»

«Little bump! Say, now, that 's—»

«Keep it up—put it on! Don't get up in a hurry. I don't need you to canvass, and I guess you enjoy this 'bout as well.» He ended with a sly wink and cough.

Yes; the convalescence was delicious; afterward it grew to be one of the sweetest weeks of his life. Maud reading to him, bringing his food, and singing for him—yes; all that marred it was the stream of people who came to inquire how he was getting along. The sympathy was largely genuine, as Hartley could attest, but it bored the invalid. He had rather be left in quiet with Walter Scott and Maud, the drone of the long descriptive passages being a sure soporific.

He did not say, as an older person might, that she was not to be held accountable for what she did under the stress and tumult of that day; but he unconsciously did so regard her actions, led to do so by the changed conditions. In the light of common day it was hurrying to be a dream.

At the end of a week he was quite himself again, though he still had difficulty in wearing his hat, as he joked. It was not till the second Sunday after the accident that he appeared in the dining-room for the first time, with a large traveling-cap concealing the suggestive bandages. He looked pale and thin, but his eyes danced with joy.

Maud's eyes dilated with instant solicitude. The rest sprang up in surprise, with shouts of delight, as hearty as brethren.

«Ginger! I 'm glad t' see yeh!» said Troutt, so sincerely that he looked almost winning to the boy. The rest crowded around, shaking hands.

«Oh, I 'm on deck again.»

Ed Brann came in a moment later with his brother, and there was a significant little pause—a pause which grew painful till Albert turned and saw Brann, and called out:

«Hello, Ed! How are yeh? Did n't know you were here.»

As he held out his hand, Brann, his face purple with shame and embarrassment, lumbered heavily across the room and took it, muttering some poor apology.

«Hope y' don't blame me.»

«Naw; course not—fortune o' war. Nobody to blame; just my carelessness. Yes; I 'll take turkey,» he said to Maud, as he sank into the seat of honor at the head of the table.

Then the rest laughed and took seats, but Brann remained standing near Albert's chair. He had not finished yet.

«I 'm mighty glad yeh don't lay it up against me, Lohr; an' I want 'o say the doctor's bill is all right; you un'erstand, it 's *all right*.»

Albert looked at him a moment in surprise. He knew this, coming from a man like Brann, meant more than a thousand prayers from a ready apologist; it was a terrible victory, and he made it as easy for his rival as possible.

«Oh, all right, Ed; only I 'd calculated to cheat him out o' part of it—that is, turn in a couple o' Blaine's ‹Twenty Years› on the bill.»

Hartley roared, and the rest joined in, but not even Albert perceived all that it meant. It meant that the young savage had surrendered his claim in favor of the man he had all but killed. The struggle had been prodigious, but he had snatched victory out of defeat; his better nature had conquered.

No one ever gave him credit for it; and when he went West in the spring, people said his love for Maud had been superficial. In truth, he had loved the girl as sincerely as he had hated his rival. That he could rise out of the barbaric in his love and hate was heroic.

When Albert went to ride again, it was on melting snow, with the slowest horse Troutt had. Maud was happier than she had been since she left school, and fuller of color and singing. She dared not let a golden moment pass now without hearing it ring full, and she did not dare to think how short this day of happiness might be.

IV.

At the end of the fifth week there was a suspicion of spring in the wind as it swept the southern exposure of the valley. Febru-

ary was drawing to a close, and there was more than a suggestion of spring in the rapidly melting snow which still lay on the hills and under the cedars and tamaracks in the swamps. Patches of green grass, appearing on the sunny side of the road where the snow had melted, led to predictions of spring from the loafers beginning to sun themselves on the salt-barrels and shoe-boxes outside the stores.

A group sitting about the blacksmith shop were talking it.

«It 's an' early seedin'—now mark my words,» said Troutt, as he threw his knife into the soft ground at his feet. «The sun is crossing the line earlier this spring than it did last.»

«Yes; an' I heard a crow to-day makin' that kind of a—a spring noise that kind o'—I d' know what—kind o' goes all through a feller.»

«And there 's Uncle Sweeney, an' that settles it; spring 's comin' sure!» said Troutt, pointing at an old man, much bent, hobbling down the street like a symbolic figure of the old year.

«When *he* gits out the frogs ain't fur behind.»

«We 'll be gittin' on to the ground by next Monday,» said Sam Dingley to a crowd who were seated on the newly painted harrows and seeders which «Svend & Johnson» had got out ready for the spring trade. «Svend & Johnson's Agricultural Implement Depot» was on the north side of the street, and on a spring day the yard was one of the pleasantest loafing-places that could be imagined, especially if one wished company.

Albert wished to be alone. Something in the touch and tone of this spring afternoon made him restless and full of strange thoughts. He took his way out along the road which followed the river-bank, and in the outskirts of the village threw himself down on a bank of grass which the snows had protected, and which was already a tinge of green because of its wealth of sun.

The willows had thrown out their tiny light green flags, though their roots were under the ice, and some of the hardwood twigs were tinged with red. There was a faint, peculiar but powerful odor of uncovered earth in the air, and the touch of the wind was like a caress from a moist magnetic hand.

The boy absorbed the light and heat of the sun as some wild thing might, his hat over his face, his hands folded on his breast; he lay as still as a statue. He did not listen at first, he only felt; but at length he rose on his elbow and listened. The ice cracked and fell along the bank with a long, hollow, booming crash; a crow cawed, and a jay answered it from the willows below. A flight of sparrows passed, twittering innumerably. The boy shuddered with a strange, wistful longing and a realization of the flight of time.

He could have wept, he could have sung; he only shuddered and lay silent under the stress of that strange, sweet passion that quickened his heart, deepened his eyes, and made his breath come and go with a quivering sound. Across the dazzling blue arch of the sky the crow flapped, sending down his prophetic, jubilant note; the wind, as soft and sweet as April, stirred in his hair; the hills, deep in their dusky blue, seemed miles away; and the voices of the care-free skaters on the melting ice of the river below came to the ear subdued to a unity with the scene.

Suddenly a fear seized upon the boy—a horror! Life, life was passing! Life that can be lived only once, and lost, is lost forever! Life, that fatal gift of the Invisible Powers to man—a path with youth and joy and hope at its eastern gate, and despair, regret, and death at its low western portal!

The boy caught a glimpse of his real significance—a gnat, a speck in the sun: a boy facing the millions of great and wise and wealthy. He leaped up, clasping his hands.

«Oh, I *must* work! I must n't stay here; I must get back to my studies. Life is slipping by me, and I am doing nothing, being nothing!»

His face, as pale as death, absolutely shone with his passionate resolution, and his hands were clenched in a silent, inarticulate desire.

But on his way back he met the jocund party of skaters going home from the river, and with the easy shift and change of youth joined in their ringing laughter. The weird power of the wind's voice was gone, and he was the unthinking boy again; but the problem was only put off, not solved.

He had a suspicion of it one night when Hartley said, «Well, pardner, we 're getting 'most ready to pull out. Some way I always get restless when these warm days begin. Want 'o be moving some way.»

This was as sentimental as Hartley ever got; or if he ever felt more sentiment, he concealed it carefully.

«I s'pose it must 'a' been in spring that those old chaps, on their steeds and in their steel shirts, started out for the Holy Land or to rescue some damsel, hey?» he ended, with a grin. «Now, that 's the way I feel—just like striking out for, say, Oshkosh. This has been a big strike here, sure 's you live; that

little piece of lofty tumbling was a big boom, and no mistake. Why, your share o' this campaign will be a hundred and twenty dollars sure.»

«More 'n I 've earned,» replied Bert.

«No, it ain't. You 've done your duty like a man. Done as much in your way as I have. Now, if you want to try another county with me, say so. I 'll make a thousand dollars this year out o' this thing.»

«I guess I 'll go back to school.»

«All right; don't blame you at all.»

«I guess, with what I can earn for father, I can pull through the year. I *must* get back. I 'm awfully obliged to you, Jim.»

«That 'll do on that,» said Hartley, shortly; «you don't owe me anything. We 'll finish delivery to-morrow, and be ready to pull out on Friday or Sat.»

There was an acute pain in Albert's breast somewhere; he had not analyzed his case at all, and did not now, but the idea of going affected him strongly. It had been so pleasant, that daily return to a lovely girlish presence.

«Yes, sir,» Hartley was going on; «I 'm going to just quietly leave a book on her center-table. I don't know as it 'll interest her much, but it 'll show we appreciate the grub, and so on. By jinks! you don't seem to realize what a worker that woman is. Up five o'clock in the morning— By the way, you 've been going around with the girl a good deal, and she 's introduced you to some first-rate sales; now if you want 'o leave her a little something, make it a morocco copy, and charge it to the firm.»

Albert knew that he meant well, but he could n't, somehow, help saying ironically:

«Thanks; but I guess *one* copy of Blaine's ‹Twenty Years› will be enough in the house, especially—»

«Well, give her anything you please, and charge it up to the firm. I don't insist on Blaine; only suggested that because—»

«I guess I can stand the expense of my own.»

«I did n't say you could n't, man! But *I* want a hand in this thing. Don't be so turrible keen t' snap a feller up,» said Hartley, turning on him. «What the thunder is the matter of you anyway? I like the girl, and she 's been good to us all round; she tended you like an angel—»

«There, there! That 's enough o' that,» put in Albert, hastily. «F'r God's sake don't whang away on that string forever, as if I did n't know it!»

Hartley stared at him as he turned away.

«Well, by jinks! What *is* the matter o' you?»

He was too busy to dwell upon it much, but concluded his partner was homesick.

Albert was beginning to have a vague under-consciousness of his real feeling toward the girl, but he fought off the acknowledgment of it as long as possible. His mind moved in a circle, coming back to the one point ceaselessly,—a dreary prospect, in which the slender girl-figure had no place,—and each time the prospect grew more intolerably blank, and the pain in his heart more acute and throbbing.

When he faced her that night, after they had returned from a final skating-party down on the river, he was as far from a solution as ever. He had avoided all reference to their separation, and now he stood as a man might at the parting of two paths, saying: «I will not choose; I cannot choose. I will wait for some sign, some chance thing, to direct me.»

They stood opposite each other, each feeling that there was more to be said; the girl tender, her eyes cast down, holding her hands to the fire; he shivering, but not with cold. He had a vague knowledge of the vast importance of the moment, and he hesitated to speak.

«It 's almost spring again, is n't it? And you 've been here—» she paused, and looked up with a daring smile—«seems as if you 'd been here always.»

It was about half-past eight. Mrs. Welsh was setting her bread in the kitchen; they could hear her moving about. Hartley was down-town finishing up his business.

Albert's throat grew dry, and his limbs trembled. His pause was ominous; the girl's smile died away as he took a seat without looking at her.

«Well, Maud, I suppose—you know—we 're going away to-morrow.»

«Oh, must you? But you 'll come back?»

«I don't expect to—I don't see how.»

«Oh, don't say that!» cried the girl, her face as white as silver, her clasped hands straining.

«I must—I must!» he muttered, not looking at her, not daring to see her face.

«Oh, what can I do—*we* do, without you! I can't bear it!»

She stopped, and sank back into a chair, her breath coming heavily from her twitching lips, the unnoticed tears falling from her staring, pitiful, wild, appealing eyes, her hands nervously twisting her gloves.

There was a long silence. Each was undergoing a self-revelation; each was trying to face a future without the other.

«I must go!» he repeated aimlessly, mechanically.

The girl's heavy breathing deepened into a wild little moaning sound, inexpressibly pitiful, her hungry eyes fixed on his face. She gave way first, and flung herself down upon her knees at his side, her hands seeking his neck.

«Albert, I can't *live* without you now! Take me with you! Don't leave me!»

He stooped suddenly and took her in his arms, raised her, and kissed her hair.

«I did n't mean it, Maud; I 'll never leave you—never! Don't cry!»

She drew his face down to hers and kissed it, then turned her face to his breast and laughed and cried. There was a silence; then joy and confidence came back again.

«I know now what you meant,» the girl cried gaily, raising herself and looking into his face; «you were trying to scare me, and make me show how much I—cared for you—first!» There was a soft smile on her lips and a tender light in her eyes. «But I don't mind it.»

«I guess I did n't know myself what I meant,» he said, with a grave smile.

When Mrs. Welsh came in they were sitting on the sofa, talking in low voices of their future. He was grave and subdued, while she was radiant with love and hope. The future had no terrors for her. All plans were good and successful now. But the boy unconsciously felt the gravity of life somehow deepened by his love.

«Why, Maud!» Mrs. Welsh exclaimed, «what is—»

«Oh, mother, I 'm so happy—just as happy as a bird!» she cried, rushing into her mother's arms.

«Why, why!—what is it? You 're crying, dear!»

«No, I 'm not; I 'm laughing—see!»

Mrs. Welsh turned her dim eyes on the girl, who shook the tears from her lashes with the action of a bird shaking water from its wings. She seemed to shake off her trouble at the same moment. Mrs. Welsh understood perfectly.

«I 'm very glad, too, dearie,» she said simply, looking at the young man with mother-love irradiating her worn face. Albert went to her, and she kissed him, while the happy girl put her arms about them both in an ecstatic hug.

«*Now* you 've got a son, mother.»

«But I 've lost a daughter—my first-born.»

«Oh, wait till you hear our plans!»

«He 's going to settle down here, are n't you, Albert?»

Then they sat down, all three, and had a sweet, intimate talk of an hour, full of plans and hopes and confidences.

At last he kissed the radiant girl good night, and going into his own room, sat down by the stove, and, watching the flicker of the flame through the chinks, pondered on the change that had come into his life.

Already he sighed with the stress of care, the press of thought, which came upon him. The longing uneasiness of the boy had given place to another unrest—the unrest of the man who must face the world in earnest now, planning for food and shelter; and all plans included Maud.

To go back to school was out of the question. To expect help from his father, overworked and burdened with debt, was impossible. He must go to work, and go to work to aid *her*. A living must be wrung from this town. All the home and all the property Mrs. Welsh had were here, and wherever Maud went the mother must follow; she could not live without her.

He was in the midst of the turmoil when Hartley came in, humming the «Mulligan Guards.»

«In the dark, hey?»

«Completely in the dark.»

«Well, light up, light up!»

«I 'm trying to.»

«What the deuce do you mean by that tone? What 's been going on here since my absence?»

Albert did not reply, and Hartley shuffled about after a match, lighted the lamp, threw his coat and hat in the corner, and then said:

«Well, I 've got everything straightened up. Been freezing out old Daggett; the old skeesix has been promisin' f'r a week, and I just said, ‹Old man, I 'll camp right down with you here till you fork over,› and he did. By the way, everybody I talked with to-day about leaving said, ‹What 's Lohr going to do with that girl?› I told 'em I did n't know; do you? It seems you 've been thicker 'n I supposed.»

«I 'm going to marry her,» said Albert, calmly, but his voice sounded strangely alien.

«What 's that?» yelled Hartley.

«Sh! don't raise the neighbors. I 'm going to marry her.» He spoke quietly, but there was a peculiar numbness creeping over him.

«Well, by jinks! When? Say, looky here! Well, I swanny!» exclaimed Hartley, helplessly. «When?»

«Right away; some time this summer—June, maybe.»

Hartley thrust his hands into his trousers

pockets, stretched out his legs, and stared at his friend in vast amaze.

«You 're givin' me guff!»

«I 'm in dead earnest.»

«I thought you was going through college all so fast?»

«Well, I 've made up my mind it ain't much use to try,» replied Albert, listlessly.

«What y' goin' t' do here, or are y' goin' t' take the girl away with yeh?»

«She can't leave her mother. We 'll run this boarding-house for the present. I 'll try for the principalship of the school here. Raff is going to resign, he says; if I can't get that, I 'll get into a law office here. Don't worry about me.»

«But why go into this so quick? Why not put it off fifteen or twenty years?» asked Hartley, trying to get back to cheerful voice.

«What would be the use? At the end of a year I 'd be just about as poor as I am now.»

«Can't y'r father step in and help you?»

«No. There are three boys and two girls, all younger than me, to be looked out for, and he has all he can carry. Besides, *she* needs me right here and right now. Two delicate women struggling along; suppose one of 'em should fall sick? I tell you they need me, and if I can do anything to make life easy, or easier, I 'm going t' do it. Besides,» he ended in a peculiar tone, «we don't feel as if we could live apart much longer.»

«But, great Scott! man, you can't—»

«Now, hold on, Jim! I 've thought this thing all over, and I 've made up my mind. It ain't any use to go on talking about it. What good would it do me to go to school another year, come out without a dollar, and no more fitted for earning a living for her than I am now? And, besides all that, I could n't draw a free breath thinking of her here workin' away to keep things moving, liable at any minute to break down.»

Hartley gazed at him in despair, and with something like awe. It was a tremendous transformation in the young, ambitious student. He felt in a way responsible for the calamity, and that he ought to use every effort to bring the boy to his senses.

Like most men in America, and especially Western men, he still clung to the idea that a man was entirely responsible for his success or failure in life. He had not admitted that conditions of society might be so adverse that only men of most exceptional endowments, and willing and able to master many of the best and deepest and most sacred of their inspirations and impulses, could succeed.

Of the score of specially promising young fellows who had been with him at school, seventeen had dropped out and down. Most of them had married and gone back to farming, or to earn a precarious living in the small, dull towns where farmers trade and traders farm. Conditions were too adverse; they simply weakened, slipped slowly back into dullness and an ox-like or else a fretful patience. Thinking of these men, and thinking their failure due to themselves alone, Hartley could not endure the idea of his friend adding one more to the list of failures. He sprang up at last.

«Say, Bert, you might just as well hang y'rself and done with it! Why, it 's suicide! I can't allow it. I started in at college bravely, and failed because I 'd let it go too long. I could n't study—could n't git down to it; but you—why, old man, I 'd *bet* on you!» He had a tremor in his voice. «I hate like thunder to see you give up your plans. Say, you can't afford to do this; it 's too much to pay.»

«No, it ain't.»

«I say it is. What do you get, in—»

«I think so much o' her that—»

«Oh, nonsense! You 'd get over this in a week.»

«Jim!» called Albert, warningly, sharply.

«All right,» said Jim, in the tone of a man who felt that it was all wrong—«all right; but the time 'll come when you 'll wish I 'd—You ain't doin' the girl enough good to make up for the harm you 're doin' yourself.» He broke off again, and said in a tone of peculiar meaning: «I 'm done. I 'm all through, and I c'n see you 're through with Jim Hartley. Why, Bert, look here— No? All right!»

«Darn curious,» he muttered to himself, «that boy should get caught just at this time, and not with some one o' those girls in Madison. Well, it 's none o' my funeral,» he ended, with a sigh; for it had stirred him to the bottom of his sunny nature, after all. A dozen times, as he lay there beside his equally sleepless companion, he started to say something more in deprecation of the step, but each time stifled the opening word into a groan.

It would not be true to say that love had come to Albert Lohr as a relaxing influence, but it had changed the direction of his energies so radically as to make his whole life seem weaker and lower. As long as his love-dreams went out toward a vague and ideal woman, supposedly higher and grander than himself, he was spurred on to face the terrible sheer escarpment of social eminence; but

when he met, by accident, the actual woman who was to inspire his future efforts, the difficulties he faced took on solid reality.

His aspirations fell to the earth, their wings clipped, and became, perforce, submissive beasts at the plow. The force that moved so much of his thought was transformed into other energy. Whether it were a wise step he did not know; he certainly knew it was right.

The table was very gay at dinner next day. Maud was standing at the highest point of her girlhood dreams. Her flushed face and shining eyes made her seem almost a child, and Hartley wondered at her, and relented a little in the face of such happiness. Her face was turned to Albert in an unconscious, beautiful way; she had nothing to conceal now.

Mrs. Welsh was happy, too, but a little tearful in an unobtrusive way. Troutt had his jokes, of course, not very delicate, but of good intention. In fact, they were as flags and trumpets to the young people. Mrs. Welsh had confided in him, telling him to be secret; but the finesse of his joking could not fail to reveal everything he knew.

But Maud cared little. She was filled with a sort of tender boldness; and Albert, in the delight of the hour, gave himself up wholly to a trust in the future and to the fragrance and music of love.

«They 're gay as larks now,» thought Hartley to himself, as he joined in the laughter; «but that won't help 'em any, ten years from now.»

He could hardly speak next day as he shook hands at the station with his friend.

«Good-by, ol' man; I hope it 'll come out all right, but I 'm afraid— But there! I promised not to say anything about it. Good-by till we meet in Congress,» he ended in a lamentable attempt at being funny.

«Can't you come to the wedding, Jim? We 've decided on June. You see, they need a man around the house, so we— You 'll come, won't you, old fellow? And don't mind my being a little crusty last night.»

«Oh, yes; I 'll come,» Jim said, in a tone which concealed a desire to utter one more protest.

«It 's no use; that ends him, sure 's I 'm a thief. He 's jumped into a hole and pulled the hole in after him. A man can't marry a family like that at his age, and pull out of it. He *may*, but I doubt it. Well, as I remarked before, it 's none o' my funeral so long as *he* 's satisfied.»

But he said it with a painful lump in his throat, and he could not bring himself to feel that Albert's course was right, and felt himself to be somehow culpable in the case.

ALBERT and Maud still live in the homestead in Tyre. In the five years that have elapsed since that parting with Hartley he has been a hard worker as principal of the village school. His friends say he ought to be in a larger field of labor, and he has sweet dreams of doing something in the great, splendid world which he realizes at times is sweeping by him; but three little mouths have come into the world demanding bread, and three pairs of sweet, childish eyes hold him prisoner, though a willing one.

Hamlin Garland.

A WOOD-BIRD'S WHIM.

HOLLOW of a dead man's breast,
In a mighty wood—
Here 's a place to make a nest
And to warm a brood!

Bees through its caressing vines,
Honey-heavy, flit;
Every star of God that shines
Sees the way to it.

Buds which at their beauty blush
Weep their dews out here;
And the snake—I pray you, hush!
Something slides a-near.

Was he poet?—he to whom
All these things have paid
Reverent rites in sacred gloom,
Loving, not afraid?

He was poet. What dark whim
Set his heart to wings?—
Oh, the song that wasted him
Now the wild bird sings!

Sarah Piatt.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

TO the picturesque little town of Llangollen, by the Dee side, in the year 1779, came two charming Irish ladies who proposed to spend their days in the seclusion of the lovely vale.

Lady Eleanor Charlotte Butler, the older of the two, was about forty years of age, fresh, vigorous, and handsome, when she wearied of the world, and especially of matrimonial offers, and longed for a quiet residence apart from the conventionalities of the town. Just then she chanced to meet a beautiful girl who had recently been introduced to the fashionable society of Dublin, and the two soon became inseparable friends. The Hon. Sara Ponsonby listened with eager interest to her friend's romantic plan for a life of seclusion; and as one of Lady Eleanor's suitors was particularly urged upon her attention at this time, the ladies decided to take matters in their own hands. They ran away in undignified haste; but as they had neglected to take a sufficient supply of money, they readily yielded to the entreaties of pursuing relatives, and returned.

A few weeks later, so the story goes, a lady of fine presence, accompanied by a maid-servant and a tall, handsome footman in top-boots and livery, took the boat at Dublin for Holyhead; and when well on their way the footman was metamorphosed into a handsome girl, none other than the Hon. Sara Ponsonby. Mary Carryl, a faithful servant, herself a notable character, shared their flight. After some deliberation they selected a beautiful site in Llangollen, in North Wales, and built a cottage, which remains to-day as much an object of interest to readers and travelers as it has ever been since it was chosen and named «a place of sweet and blessed retirement» by the Ladies of the Vale.

Both ladies were highly connected, particularly Lady Eleanor, who was nearly related to that Duke of Ormonde who commanded the forces of Charles I in Ireland; and she was fond of recounting, in her quiet home, the stirring deeds of her illustrious kinsfolk. The attachment of the pair was ardent and strong, and their literary tastes were similar. They desired only to be allowed to live and read and study in each other's society; and after a family council of relatives had met and recognized the uselessness of further opposition, a comfortable annuity was settled upon them, and they were left to follow the dictates of their own fancy.

The ladies were of unusually fine appearance. Lady Eleanor, the stronger-minded of the two, is described as being small, brisk, plump, with a round, fair face and glowing health, when they first came to Llangollen; while her friend was tall and fair, with a graceful, elegant figure, a beautiful face, and sweet womanly features. They adopted a costume at once comfortable, serviceable, and at the time becoming, from which they never varied. Each wore a heavy dark-blue riding-habit with stiffly starched neckcloth, a gentleman's hat and boots, and a profusion of rings and brooches. On special occasions Lady Eleanor wore somewhat conspicuous ornaments—the cordon of the Order of St. Louis and a golden lily almost of natural size, presents from the Bourbon family.

The villa which they erected at Plas Newydd was unlike any known architectural construction, and the plan of it must have originated in the brains of the owners. The present-day visitor irreverently compares it to an enormous handsomely carved wardrobe. The low, two-storied front is inclosed by an oaken palisade, while doors and windows are richly ornamented with carvings of religious, historical, and mythological figures in picturesque confusion. Abraham, Venus, Julius Cæsar, and the apostles keep friendly company in the decorations of Plas Newydd. Rich carvings ornament also the interior of the house. There are only four rooms, small and comfortable: «the kitchen as elegant in its way,» writes a visitor, «as the lightsome little dining-room,» which contrasted well with the gloomy but superior grace of the library just beyond. This library, which was decorated in the Gothic style, had painted-glass windows, and was lighted by a curious sort of prismatic lantern of cut glass of various colors, in which were inclosed two lamps and their reflectors. This occupied the elliptical arch of the doorway, and, when lighted, resembled a small but brilliant volcano. A large Æolian harp was

placed in one window. Books by the best authors of all lands, portraits of friends, and rare and curious articles of bric-à-brac from all parts of the world, brought or sent to them by their many visitors, were the ornaments of the little library.

The grounds of Plas Newydd were delightfully laid out with rural walks and bridges, rose hedges, fountains, temples, grottos, and a tiny but complete glen with a brook running through it. The rarest and finest fruit-trees and choice flowers were a passion with the ladies, and no weeds were permitted to grow in their small domain. A commonplace cow lived somewhere, and there were a dove-cote, a house for robins, and a quaint circular dairy in which a curious churn produced a pat



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND THE HONORABLE SARA PONSONBY.

of butter every morning for the breakfast of the ladies. Lady Eleanor had charge of the estate, superintending, and often assisting in the affairs of the garden, while Miss Ponsonby looked after the house.

The daily life of the ladies was one of such originality, freedom from the ordinary cares of humanity, and indifference to fashion and conventionalities, that they soon became better known than if they had remained in society. They took long walks and drives in the country; and retained a lively interest in all the affairs of the great world, received many newspapers and letters, remembered all the births, deaths, and marriages in families of consequence, and ordered the best editions of French, English, and Italian books, which they had put into the finest of bindings, and treasured in their lattice-guarded bookcases. Lady Eleanor had been educated in a foreign convent, and shared with Miss Ponsonby a great fondness for French and Italian authors. Much time was given to drawing, painting, and embroidering.

Correspondence with distinguished people in various parts of Great Britain and the Continent formed a large portion of the daily interest of the ladies; and with commendable thrift they usually had on hand a package of envelops waiting to be franked by the first visitor who had the franking privilege at his disposal. The store-closets at Plas Newydd were filled with the familiar, agreeable letters which were a distinguishing feature of the literature of those days. The Marquis of Londonderry writes from Paris to express his admiration for the retreat in the vale; declares that should he be exiled from his country, he would certainly rebuild Dinas Bran's old castle and become their neighbor; and adds the startling intelligence that the king and queen have fled from Paris, no one knows whither. Edmund Burke writes of his delightful remembrance of the ladies' hospitality in the «elegant retirement of Llangollen.» Viscount Bolingbroke acknowledges hospitalities, and begs leave to present a few plants which he had not observed in the Plas Newydd grounds. The wife of Sir Humphry Davy tells of her friend Miss Edgeworth; of the approaching visit of Mme. de Staël, who will, she fears, find «our English opinions in trifles opposite to the full enjoyment of society»; and of Lord Byron, who talks of Greece «with the feelings of a poet, and the intentions of a wanderer,» and who is to be introduced to Miss Edgeworth at a quiet breakfast. The Hon. George Canning announces that his daughter is soon to visit Llangollen, and reminds the ladies of their kind offer to send him a specimen of Llangollen mutton, adding: «My address is Foreign Office for mutton as well as for letters.» The Earl of Darnley presents a sonnet in honor of the gentle recluses; and Southey, from Keswick, acknowledges recent hospitalities by the gift of a new poem. There are several familiar notes from the Duke of Wellington, who first visited Llangollen as a boy with his grandmother, Lady Dungannon, and who gained his knowledge of Spanish from a prayer-book in that language given him by the Llangollen ladies, which he studied during a tedious voyage. The duke's



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

IN THE LIBRARY.

mother was a frequent correspondent, and several of her letters appear directed to «Miss Butler, Llangollen, Salop Post, Oswestry Bag,» in which she describes at length her various attacks of toothache, and tells of Arthur's [1] wonderful good fortune in securing an appointment as aide-de-camp to Lord Buckingham, at ten shillings a day. She has to get the future hero of Waterloo ready for his departure, and says that he is really «a very charming young man,» and «wonderfully lucky.»

«Every person of consequence traveling in Wales takes letters to the Ladies of the Vale,» says a writer of the day. Among these was Miss Anne Seward, whose poetical works were edited by Sir Walter Scott, and from whose voluminous correspondence we glean some interesting facts about the daily life at Plas Newydd. It is of interest to recall that this same accomplished Miss Seward was the author of that «Monody on the Death of André» to which General Washington felt constrained to make an explanatory reply.

Another honored visitor at Plas Newydd was Mme. de Genlis, with Mlle. de Orléans and two companions. Mme. de Genlis had

[1] The Duke of Wellington.

been told by an Englishman that an example of pure and disinterested friendship was to be seen in a valley of North Wales, and the lively Frenchwoman procured letters of introduction and journeyed thither. She writes: «We were received with a grace, cordiality, and kindness of which it would be impossible for me to give an idea. . . . I could not turn my eyes away from these two ladies. . . . Both have the most engaging politeness and highly cultivated minds.» To her the place had an air of enchantment, and she went away, as did many another, envying the friends their happy, healthful life amid beautiful scenery, flowers, and trees, with intellectual pleasures, and the joys of a friendship in which the keenest critic could not detect a trace of weariness or interruption.

Courtesies were very properly withheld from curious visitors. Proper letters of introduction were the only defense against idle curiosity-seekers.

With the advance of years the ladies seem to have developed the eccentricities which would naturally follow their manner of living. They adopted dogs, cats, and parrots, and the little villa became a storehouse for all sorts of oddities.

In 1820, when Lady Eleanor was past eighty and her friend sixty-five, Charles Mathews, the celebrated actor, was playing at Oswestry, twelve miles from Llangollen, and the two ladies went to see him, having secured seats in one of the boxes. Their appearance so distracted the actor's attention that he continued his part with difficulty. «Though I had never seen them,» he says, «I instantaneously knew them. As they are seated, there is not one point to distinguish them from men—the dressing and powdering of the hair, their well-starched neckcloths, the upper part of their habits, which they always wear, even at a dinner party, and which are made precisely like men's coats. They looked exactly like two respectable superannuated old clergymen.» He accepted an invitation to visit the ladies at their cottage, and says that he longed to put Lady Eleanor in a glass case and take her away to show to his friends.

Five years later Sir Walter Scott and his son-in-law Lockhart paid a visit to Plas Newydd, and the latter gives a graphic description of the ladies as they then appeared.

In his «Briefe eines Verstorbenen,» Prince Pückler-Muskau writes of a charming visit which he paid to the two «noble, fashionable, and handsome ladies» who had decided to dwell as twin hermits; and gives a lively picture of the home and its mistresses.

Among their visitors the ladies also counted a certain Sir Alured, a handsome and interesting, but venerable man at this period. Here is a romance within a romance; for of this gallant gentleman it is said that one of the princesses fell desperately in love with him, and her father, poor old George III, sent the too fascinating young man away to India, where there was war at the time, and whence, therefore, there was some likelihood that he would not return. But at eighty he came back, still handsome and fascinating, and was received with distinguished favor by the new king, who made him a field-marshal. Of the princess and her affection nothing more is learned.

Sir Alured had long known Lady Eleanor, —indeed, for aught I know to the contrary, he may have been one of the five despairing swains mentioned in that lady's obituary,— and once a year, usually in October, he came down to Llangollen to pay his respects to the two ladies, to whom the visit was always an occasion of consequence.

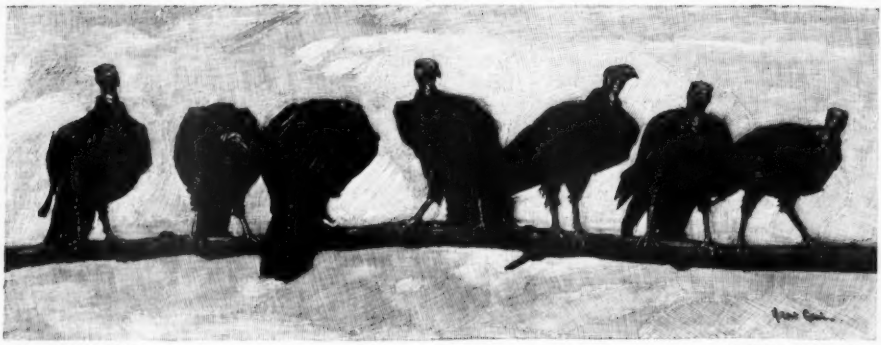
The death of Lady Eleanor was a grievous blow to the old man. He came the year following, however, but was less gay than usual; and it is even said that he neglected to bestow the usual parting kiss on his fair entertainer. The Hon. Sara promptly reminded him of the oversight, for which he at once made atonement.

Mary Carryl, the faithful servant, had died in 1809, making the first change that had occurred in the inmates of the household.

Each of the friends wished a picture of the other, but neither was willing to sit for her portrait. By some stratagem of a friend pictures of the two together was secured when the ladies were unaware.

In June, 1829, at the age of ninety, Lady Eleanor passed away; and although her friends surrounded Miss Ponsonby with every possible kindness, she refused to be comforted. She was seldom seen except by her domestics, and survived in her loneliness only eighteen months.

Helen Marshall North.



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

SUMMER AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

WITH PICTURES BY GILBERT GAUL.

THE first of next week will be Christmas day, and I am writing this in a temperature of eighty-two degrees, beside an open door which looks out on a mountain-side wooded with a thousand trees the name of not one of which, except the palms, am I familiar with; a soft cloud is breaking in aërial foam on the hilltop. I have just come in from the pasture, where I plucked and ate three or four wild oranges, the sweetest and juiciest in the world; I could have had, had I preferred them, a bunch of wild bananas. This morning I took a bath in a swimming-tank filled with cool water from a mountain spring. I am dressed in the thinnest possible woolen pajamas, and yet the exertion of writing produces a slight perspiration. The room is a partitioned-off corner of a veranda two of the walls of which are composed of green blinds, through which the afternoon breeze is faintly drawn. I hear the low murmur of the voices of negro women below, where yams are being peeled and fresh coffee (gathered in the plantation hard by) is being pounded. This has been a remarkably cool winter, and I have the certain knowledge that it never has been and never will be, at any time of year, colder than it is now, and am equally well assured that it never has or never will be more than three or four degrees warmer. There is a big jack-buzzard perched on the top of an enormous tree out yonder, and his mate is sailing high aloft on lazy but unwearable pinions, a veritable queen of effortless and inimitable flight. At the other end of the ornithological scale is a humming-bird, a slender, supple, long-tailed, needle-beaked, gleaming jewel of iridescent green feathers and whirring wings, plunging himself in and out of the blossoms of a scarlet-flowered tree, into the cups of which his slender body just fits. The sky is of a warmer and tenderer blue than I have ever seen in the North, and the mighty sunshine which irradiates it and all things below it seems twofold as luminous as ours. And all this, and the infinite other lovely things that I can see and feel but never portray or describe, are not a dream, but an immortal reality to which nothing written, spoken, photographed, or painted can do justice. You cannot believe it, you cannot comprehend it, until you behold it for yourself, live it, and



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

ALONG THE ROAD.

breathe it. You may read and listen and imagine from one year's end to another, but your first glimpse of the reality will show you that all was in vain. Fancy and hearsay can issue no passport to the enchanted gates of the Caribbean, nor bear the soul across the mystic line.

The English administration of Jamaica is a thing to be thankful for: there are law and order, excellent roads, comfortable houses, adequate police, lawn-tennis and cricket, plenty of manly, companionable English army and navy officers, and a governor who is strong, able, and genial. At the same time it would be folly to maintain that the island is producing a tenth part of the wealth that is latent in the soil and atmosphere, or that most of the wealth that is beginning to make its appearance is due to anything so much as to the American enterprise and capital which are opening up railways and cultivating fruits. Another serious fact, though not necessarily an unwelcome one, is that the island's four thousand square miles contain a population of six hundred thousand persons, twenty-five thousand of whom are white.

I have referred to the view toward the mountain on the north. Turning your head the other way, you may behold a prospect that is historic as well as beautiful. A great plain, six or seven miles in breadth, slopes gradually from the front garden to the shore of the sea; here a natural harbor, long and wide, is formed by a breakwater of sand planted with cocoa-palms and terminating on the right extremity in a broader space, on which is visible a little cluster of low buildings. Nothing could be more eloquent of peace and repose than this scene, which nevertheless has been the theater of some of the bloodiest, most dramatic, and most romantic passages of human history, as well as of one of the most terrific natural convulsions ever known. For that little group of houses on the sand-spit was once Port Royal; in that noble harbor once rendezvoused the fleets of the bucaneers; there were murders done, treasure was squandered and lost, crimes were perpetrated, vices rampant on a scale never surpassed in the annals of modern history. Here human passions in their most unrestrained and diabolic forms have reigned and raged unchecked; here wealth has achieved its apogee of splendor and wantonness; and here has fallen a retribution, as moralists will call it, sudden, awful, and sweeping beyond the power of thought to reproduce. During two centuries or more, in short, an amount of human energy and vicissitude characterized the history of little Jamaica, and especially of this little corner of it, which would amply have sufficed for an entire continent.



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY S. C. PUTNAM.

LANDING IN JAMAICA.

And of it all what traces now remain? The red-tiled roofs of Kingston are so shrouded in the verdure of palms and mangos and plantains as hardly to be visible from our elevation of seven hundred feet; the Port Royal of history is underground, or under water; green plantations and luxuriant shrubbery everywhere clothe the plain and the hills; Nature has turned the red blood of men into sap and leaf and blossom; she has long since forgotten the terrible story that still darkens the pages of the chronicle. We may regard this green oblivion either as a wise hint to us, or as an ironic smile, according to our creed and temperament. For my own part, the knowledge of what has been of horror and calamity only lends a deeper charm to the omnipresent beauty, and bestows that final fascination born of the marriage of what is loveliest and most bounteous in nature with what is most tragic and hideous in humanity.

The light and the heat are the two things that most impress one on first coming to this land. The light is the more impressive of the two: from sunrise to sunset it is omnipresent and constant; the very shadows are luminous, dark though they appear by contrast. I should say that latitude seventeen was about forty-five million miles nearer the sun than latitude forty. Yet it is a tender, soft, suffused light, not a fierce and hard one. The atmosphere is not so rarefied as that of our own West; one can read here by moonlight, but one cannot read fine print easily. The remote distances of the landscape are melted in an aërial haze instead of being defined with the relentless clearness of a steel-engraving. Nevertheless, the light of the tropics is superlative; it seems to belong to a planet more recently evolved from the parental luminary than ours. So intense and pervasive is it, one would almost say it irradiates the mind as well as the body; it appears to possess a spiritual quality. I had read of blazing tropic suns, of scorching, blistering tropic heats, but I find nothing of the sort. However great the ultimate effect may be, the manner is always gentle, sweet, subtle, soothing; Harbour street in Kingston never shows so savage a temperature as Broadway in New York. But for all that, it will not do to take undue liberties with this soft-spoken climate. After walking a few



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

ON THE VERANDA.



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY JOHN W. EVANS.

AT THE RACES, KINGSTON.

miles along the white, undulating roads, or panting up a steep hillside, nothing could be more delicious than the touch of the northern breeze fanning you as you sit under the shadow of a broad-spreading silk-cotton, nor could anything be more dangerous. You are being fanned by the wings of death. Evaporation is wonderfully rapid; you come in from exercise drenched with perspiration, and before you can make ready for a «rub-down» your skin is already dry. In the North a slight chill may be followed by a slight cold, and that be the end of it; here your chill may turn out the end of everything for you. Moreover, the soil when dampened by rains probably exhales a miasma productive of what we call malarial fever; in Jamaica it occasionally develops into an appallingly ugly and brief disease known as black vomit. On the other hand, if you are rationally cautious, and let liquor of every kind alone, you may walk, or climb, or play tennis, or ride horseback all through the hottest part of the cloudless day, and feel only the better for it at night; in fact, you must take plenty of outdoor exercise in order to be at your best. The way to get ill is to avoid exertion and perspiration, and sit at ease in the shade absorbing cooling drinks. Such people sometimes last two years. Those who pursue the alternative regimen are not surprised to find themselves alive and alert at ninety and upward. Of course it is more difficult to get ill on the higher levels than on the lower ones; but taking the island by long and large, it is one of the healthiest places on the globe.

It was high noon, and a flat calm, when we tied up to our first tropical steamboat pier, which was fashioned after the likeness of the one we had left behind us in the North River seven days before, but the surroundings and peopling of which were so immeasurably different that it seemed like one of those grotesque dreams in which impossibilities are commonplace. Almost everybody was black, and everybody was in a perspiration. Everything was novel; even our old familiar trunks looked unfamiliar circulating in this strange environment. Order came out of the confusion gradually and, as it were, by miracle; but never before in my experience have custom-house officers been so obliging. As to the porters, there were several to each trunk, and there appeared to be as many petticoats as trousers among them. They wanted to be paid; the

individual sum was infinitesimal, but began to loom larger in the aggregate. «What have *you* done?» finally inquired one gentleman of a very persistent applicant. «Oh, I ain't done nothin',» the latter hastened to reply, with an air of virtuous disclaimer. «I 's beggin'.»

One looks with all one's eyes at one's first tropical town. There were straight streets running parallel with the water-front, and straight streets crossing them at right angles, with a decided slope waterward, and with streams of water running down each. The houses were two-storied structures, brick, stucco, and wood, with a somewhat rusty aspect, as if lacking paint and varnish. It was Saturday; the sidewalks were thronged, and the roadways no less so; there were negro women in light-colored frocks of calico, with bandanas on their heads, smiling black faces, and round, shining eyes, which could give most significant glances, for there is a universal capacity for flirtation among these jolly damsels. The shop fronts were not imposing or brilliant, and their contents were not unprecedented; but they too, somehow, contrived to appear foreign. Fruit was for sale on every corner and on every woman's head. Hacks dawdled up and down the streets angling for fares, each hackman signaling to you as if he were the very old friend you had been looking for, ready to fulfil all the offices of friendship at the lowest market rates. There was a certain sort of bustle and animation in the scene, and yet there was nothing of the rush, drive, and preoccupation of America. These people were more of the butterfly temperament; they loved the sun and the warmth, they dressed in bright colors, they fluttered about a good deal; but they were not going anywhere or doing anything in particular. They looked to the right and left, and up and down, instead of only straight ahead as we do; they were all sauntering, or merely standing still and smiling and chatting, with gesticulations. The few white people in the throng looked very white,—not even tanned,—and rather out of place. They were clad unobtrusively in grays and whites, and one discerned them



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL. ENGRAVED BY JOHN W. EVANS.

A FRUIT-VENDER.

with some difficulty. It was market-day and steamer-day, and the following week was to be race week, and Christmas was only a little way off; so the gaiety of Kingston was at its height. But there was a lightness about the whole spectacle, an absence of the omnipresent American purpose and responsibleness and ironic seriousness,—if I may so call it,—which was vastly refreshing. And then, that sun, that warmth, that illumination, those fronds of palm and giant leaves of banana! The great brown buzzards flapped close overhead, or sat on the ridge-poles of the low houses. The sea glittered to the south like a sheet of milky turquoise, the mountains lifted themselves through the fleece of white and gray clouds to the northward, and it was midwinter all the time! I have not yet, indeed, got over the feeling that this is all some wonderful joke or dream, from which I am bound sooner or later to awaken and open my eyes on a drifting snow-storm. The enchantments of the old magicians were nothing compared with the marvelous spell worked by two dozen or so degrees of latitude.

Finally I found myself in a great, shadowy, roomy hotel, with hard-wood floors and furlongs of veranda, giving on a garden which had run somewhat to seed, but contained several palm-trees, and an assortment of lizards, green and brown, in agreeable confirmation of the propinquity of the equator. Round about this hotel and its environment we wandered till lunch was ready; there were oranges, bananas, and several other fruits which I do not specify only because I am still unable to recollect their names. As to their flavor, I can only say that I do not care much for it as yet; there was one that tasted like butter, and another that had the consistency of cream cheese and the taste of strawberry jam.

On the whole, the flavor of these Southern products strikes the Northern visitor as insipid and too sweet, and makes one understand why Englishmen always hanker after curries and the like sharp condiments in the tropics; but no doubt we are sophisticated and wrong, and ought to like what seems to us insipidity. Meanwhile, the oranges, bananas, and pineapples are all much better here than they ever are after enduring export.

As for the breadfruit and yams, of which we also had specimens, they are a mixture of the potato and the sweet potato, and are less captivating than either. They have almost no taste at all, and I should suppose that one finally would come to regard them in much the same light as bread, something usefully filling, but without character enough to inspire either loathing or devotion. With the aid of sauces and gravies, however, they go down very well.

The bill of fare included likewise fish which was good, and meat which was not very good: it has to be eaten too soon after killing to have lost its toughness. But one does not expect to eat much meat down here; vegetarians are in their element in the tropics, especially that superior order of them who favor that part of the vegetable kingdom which grows above ground. The countrywomen, who walk fifteen to twenty-five miles a day in the sun, with burdens on their heads which must sometimes weigh not less than fifty pounds, and who are never in the least tired—these ladies, it appears, live on fruit and yams only, and find them all-sufficient diet.

After dinner I went into a barber shop, and submitted myself to the ministrations of an artist there. The shop was at the rear of the little structure which bore the sign; the front part of it, if I remember right, was devoted in part to the sale of tobacco. On three sides of the room were windows protected by wooden gratings painted red and blue; through them I saw bits of intense blue sky and green fronds of palm. On a wall just outside the sash a lizard ran and hopped, and the eternal buzzard alighted on a corner of a roof within my range of vision. Close beside me a young darky with a countenance of illimitable amiability labored assiduously on an instrument in the nature of a hand-organ; but the works were in full view, and in the opinion of several bystanders seemed to vie in interest with the tunes. This music took the place of the traditional barber's conversation, though that also was abundantly available upon demand, and was, indeed, carried on with much vivacity between the various employees and some visitors who appeared to have come in for that purpose. It sounded like a mixture of Italian and French, and may have been Jamaican popular English, for aught I know. I could not understand it. I accepted all these details as being typically tropical; but, on the other hand, the chair in which I sat was made in Rochester, New York; on the wall were a large lithograph of Brooklyn Bridge and a portrait of President Cleveland. Electricity, too, has got to Kingston, and the wires run through the branches of the mangos and palms. The house in which I have taken up my abode is fitted throughout with electric bells, but I am happy to add

that none of them work. In one of the larger shops, I think, there is an elevator, the only one on the island.

I said just now that the white people look out of place. That fact, so far as I can judge, is the moral of the story here. The island belongs to the colored folk, and the others are gradually being crowded out. The proportion is already about thirty to one against the latter: and while the colored race goes on multiplying, the whites are packing their trunks and moving out. Is this movement to be arrested or not? I doubt whether it will be arrested by the English. Workmen imported from the States do not succeed here; that is, they all die in two years from rum. The coolies do admirably, but they cannot be the final solution of the problem. Perhaps the best thing we can do is to become colored people ourselves.

Commerce aside, the island is beyond the reach of all competition as a pleasure-resort in winter. The sun is always warm, the nights are always cool, the atmosphere is always healthy, and you can choose your mean temperature to suit yourself: on the higher levels of the mountains you can get that of an English summer, and on the plains it will average eighty or more. The scenery of sea and mountain is, on the whole, the most beautiful in the world; and the price of most things, to our American ideas, is exceedingly cheap.

Julian Hawthorne.

THE SOLITARY WOODSMAN.

WHEN the gray lake-water rushes
Past the dripping alder-bushes,
And the bodeful autumn wind
In the fir-tree weeps and hushes,—

When the air is sharply damp
Round the solitary camp,
And the moose-bush in the thicket
Glimmers like a scarlet lamp,—

When the cornel bunches mellow,
And the birches twinkle yellow,
And the owl across the twilight
Trumpets to his downy fellow,—

When the nut-fed chipmunks romp
Through the maples' crimson pomp,
And the slim viburnum flushes
In the darkness of the swamp,—

When the rowan clusters red,
When the blueberries are dead,
And the shy bear, summer sleekened,
In the bracken makes his bed,—

On a day there comes once more
To the latched and lonely door,
Down the wood-road striding silent,
One who has been here before.

Green spruce branches for his head,
Here he makes his simple bed,
Couching with the sun, and rising
When the dawn is frosty red.

All day long he wanders wide
With the gray moss for his guide,
And his lonely ax-stroke startles
The expectant forest side.

Toward the quiet close of day
Back to camp he takes his way,
And about his sober footsteps
Unafraid the squirrels play.

On his roof the red leaf falls,
At his door the blue-jay calls,
And he hears the wood-mice hurry
Up and down his rough log walls;

Hears the laughter of the loon
Thrill the dying afternoon;
Hears the calling of the moose
Echo to the early moon;

And he hears the partridge drumming,
The belated hornet humming,—
All the faint, prophetic sounds
That foretell the winter's coming.

And the wind about his eaves
Through the chilly night-wet grieves,
And the earth's dumb patience fills him,
Fellow to the falling leaves.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

NELSON IN THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.



BARON NELSON OF THE NILE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the brilliant victory of the British fleet off Cape St. Vincent, the Mediterranean remained, throughout the year 1797, in the control of the French and Spaniards, virtually undisturbed by any intrusion of their enemies. French divisions came and went at their will and leisure, and the nation soon learned to look upon the sea as a French lake. Aware, however, of naval inferiority, and attaching exaggerated importance to the holding of maritime territory and fortified harbors, independent of purely naval force, many schemes were broached for strengthening their grip upon the inland sea. The Ionian Islands, Corfu and its neighbors, had fallen to them as their share of the spoils of Venice, and after peace was made with Austria the determination was reached to seize Egypt and Malta. The importance of the former need scarcely be insisted upon to men of our generation, familiar with the Suez Canal and the jealousy with which France now regards the rule of England over the country. Malta was still in possession of the Knights, but intrigues with some of their number had been initiated, and it was well understood that little resistance need be feared from the Order, which had long outlived its usefulness and its discipline.

For the seizure of these two points, of the first importance to any system of general Mediterranean control, an expedition was organized in Toulon and adjacent ports in the first months of 1798. It was to consist of 35,000 troops, to be convoyed in between three and four hundred vessels, under the protection of a fleet of thirteen ships of the line, with numerous frigates and smaller ships of war. The whole command was in the hands of General Bonaparte.

Despite all attempts at concealment, some rumor of the preparations reached the British government, by whose directions Lord St. Vincent, early in May, sent Nelson into the Mediterranean, with three ships of the line, to gain intelligence as to what was in contemplation. This force was afterward raised to thirteen ships of the line, and one of fifty guns; but the reinforcement did not reach Nelson until June 7, he being then to the westward of the northern part of Corsica. The French had already left Toulon on May 19, and proceeded leisurely by the east of Corsica, picking up on the way divisions from that island and Genoa. On June 7, when Nelson's chase of them began, they had rounded the western point of Sicily, and were steering for Malta with a fair wind. Here then began the pursuit, which ended nearly two months later in the naval battle of the Nile—called by the French Aboukir.

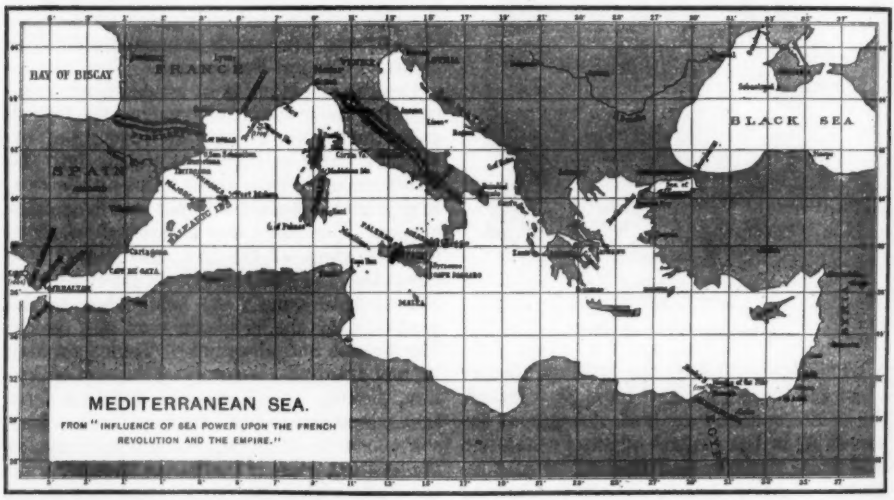
On the 9th of June the French armament appeared off Malta. The island was at once summoned, and after a faint show of resistance capitulated on the 12th. It is said that when General Caffarelli, the senior French engineer of the expedition, looked on the complicated pile of fortifications, the massive growth of centuries of warfare, he remarked that it was fortunate for the French that there had been some people inside to open the gates. The next day the three hundred French vessels entered Valetta harbor, and remained till July 19; then, having left a garrison of 4000 to hold the place, they again sailed for Alexandria.

Five days before they departed, Nelson, who had followed their supposed course east of Corsica, was off Cività Vecchia, and there learned on June 14 that the enemy had been seen ten days before near the west end of Sicily, steering east. On the 17th, off Naples, he heard that they had landed at Malta. Pushing

hastily forward, he passed through the Straits of Messina, where, on June 20, he was informed of the island's surrender. As Bonaparte had sailed thence only on the previous day, the two fleets, pursued and pursuers, were now less than two hundred miles apart, the latter pressing in fiery haste straight for the point where the quarry at the moment was; yet six weeks were to elapse before the two met.

Though bound for Alexandria, Bonaparte ordered that the great fleet should first be steered for the south side of Crete, instead of heading direct for its port. To this was due the fact that Nelson missed it; and it is probable that the French leader, who already knew of the British having entered the Mediterranean, laid this false course for the express purpose of throwing off his enemy. As news was his great want, Nelson kept close to Sicily; and on the 22d, off the southeast point of the island, a Genoese brig from Malta was spoken, which reported, truly, that the French had sailed from Malta, but on the 16th instead of the 19th, as was actually the case. The informant added that their supposed destination was Sicily.

The British admiral was in a dilemma. That neither Sicily nor Naples was the object of the French he now had fairly satisfactory proof from his general information; and as strong westerly winds prevail at that season throughout the western Mediterranean, he argued justly that they could have gone only to the eastward, as to Corfu or to Egypt. He had already gained an inkling of their designs upon the latter country. A week before he had written: «If they pass Sicily»—the case which had now apparently arisen—«I shall believe they are going on their scheme of possessing Alexandria and getting troops to India: a plan concerted with the Sultan of Mysore,»—the most formidable of the Indian sovereigns,—«and by no means so difficult as might at first view be imagined; for three weeks from Suez to Malabar is a common passage at this season of the year.» On the other hand, he had been particularly cautioned not to let the enemy's force get to the westward of him; and how then could he, with nothing definite to allege, in reliance simply on his own insight, go to the extreme east of the Mediterranean, deliberately yielding them, in case of mistake, the advantage against which he had been warned?



In this perplexity Nelson summoned on board the *Vanguard* four of the captains in whom he had special confidence, and asked their opinion, laying his reasons before them. They agreed with him on the propriety of going at once to Alexandria. To this conclusion the mistake in the date of Bonaparte's sailing from Malta contributed. If he had sailed on the 16th for Sicily, surely on the 20th at Messina, or on the 22d off Syracuse, they would have heard something about him. Had Nelson then known that his enemy had moved only three days before, instead of six, he might reasonably have waited for further tidings about Sicily. As it was, he decided to make the best of his way for Alexandria, «as the only means,» to use the words of the officer next in rank to

him,—Sir James Saumarez,—«of saving the British possessions in India, should the French armament be destined for that country.» Another of those consulted, a man of conspicuous sagacity,—Captain Alexander J. Ball,—writing when it appeared that the pursuit had been a mistake, deliberately reaffirmed this opinion as a support to the then seemingly discomfited admiral: «Egypt appeared to be the most likely place to which they were bound. You had a prospect of overtaking them and destroying their expedition, which probably was intended against our settlements in India. But they having five days' start of you, your only chance of accomplishing this was by an immediate pursuit: a delay of twelve or twenty-four hours to have endeavored to obtain more correct intelligence would have rendered your pursuit almost useless.» It is interesting to observe that men of the first order of naval ability did not then see in Bonaparte's undertaking the absurdity which has been attributed to it by after-sight.

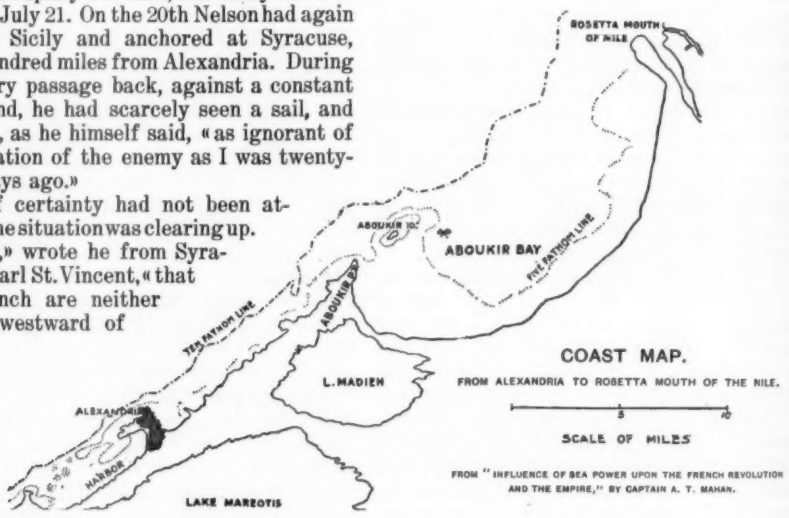
As the enemy, wherever bound, was believed to have six days' start, the need of haste was evident, so the British not only steered a straight course for their port, but carried all sail. Their passage, therefore, was for two reasons much more rapid than that of Bonaparte's force. A small body of well-drilled ships accustomed to work together, as Nelson's were, can under all circumstances make greater speed than three hundred such as those that composed the French armament, picked up wherever they could be had, without the habit of concerted action, and altogether too numerous to be controlled by the few ships of war, themselves not of the most efficient. Consequently, starting for Alexandria, from a point about as distant from it as Malta is, three days later than the French, but going direct and with all speed, Nelson arrived at his destination three days before they, by their roundabout route, appeared off the coast of Egypt. During this passage neither saw the other. Nelson's frigates, by an unfortunate error of their commander, had separated from him before the reinforcement joined. Having no scouts, the British could even during daylight command no wider a horizon than that over which the ships of the line could be spread without losing sight of one another; but at night they had to draw together, because the military necessity of keeping the force entire and in hand, when it would have so much work to do if the enemy were met, was even greater than that of learning the latter's whereabouts. Under these disadvantages, and with hazy weather, it happened by an extraordinary chance that, during the night after the day on which Nelson headed for Alexandria, his fleet and the French crossed the same spot without meeting or seeing, unaware of so critical a proximity, and by morning the diverging tracks and differing speeds put them again out of each other's view. Pursuing their respective courses, they continued to separate more and more, but for some days were at no time over a hundred miles apart.

On the 28th, Nelson came in sight of Alexandria. Two days before he had sent a brig, his one despatch vessel, ahead of the fleet to communicate with the British consul there. To his surprise and consternation, not only was the enemy not in Egyptian waters, but nothing was known of his movements. Overwrought with the anxiety of the past month, and feeling the full weight of the risk he had taken,—of which Saumarez, a man calm and steadfast, approving, too, what had been done, had said, «Did the chief responsibility rest with me, I fear it would be more than my too irritable nerves would bear,»—Nelson showed less than the clear judgment and sagacity that at other times so markedly characterized him. It will be remembered that this was his first independent command. Brilliant as his career had been, he had as yet no established record as a general officer upon which to fall back, or to extenuate the want of success, to which alone the public looks. Fairly arrived at the place whither his best reason had assured him the enemy was bound, he failed to allow duly for the time he might have outsailed their unwieldy numbers. «His active and anxious mind,» wrote the captain of the flag-ship, who was hourly witness of his motives and feelings, «would not permit him to rest a moment in the same place; he therefore shaped his course to the northward for the coast of Karamania» in Asia Minor. Still obtaining no information, he here, to use his own expression, «became distressed for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies,» and started back for it, keeping along the northern shores of the Mediterranean. Though his decision to quit the neighborhood of Alexandria was precipitate, the course he took in returning covered all other probable routes that the enemy's armament might have followed.

On June 29, the day after Nelson departed, the advance squadron of the French fleet sighted the sands of Egypt. Wily and calculating as usual, Bonaparte was again too shrewd to make at once for his port; and after passing Crete the course was shaped for the African coast seventy miles west of

Alexandria. Frigates had been sent ahead to ascertain if the enemy's fleet had appeared, and it is even said by a prominent French officer, one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, that the upper sails of Nelson's ships were still visible above the horizon as these look-outs approached the town. Be that as it may, the coming and the going of the British were now known. Skirting the coast, the expedition arrived off Alexandria on July 1, and the troops landed the same day. Pushing its conquest rapidly forward, the army entered Cairo on July 21. On the 20th Nelson had again reached Sicily and anchored at Syracuse, eight hundred miles from Alexandria. During the weary passage back, against a constant head wind, he had scarcely seen a sail, and was still, as he himself said, «as ignorant of the situation of the enemy as I was twenty-seven days ago.»

But if certainty had not been attained, the situation was clearing up. «I know,» wrote he from Syracuse to Earl St. Vincent, «that the French are neither to the westward of Sicily nor at Corfu.» This was at least something—nay, it was much; but even now in Syracuse he could «learn no more than a vague rumor that the French are gone to the eastward.» Satisfied that that general direction only could they have taken, he decided to return to the Levant, going first to the mouth of the archipelago, whence the wind would be fair to carry him to Cyprus, and finally to Egypt, a course which could not fail to bring tidings within his reach. Before pursuing, however, it was necessary to renew the water of the fleet. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies being then formally at peace with France, though secretly hostile to her, the governor of Syracuse raised many objections to supplying her enemies, as a breach of neutrality; but Nelson had orders from St. Vincent to treat a refusal as hostile, and to exact supplies by force, if necessary. This had probably been arranged to cover the liability of the kingdom to reprisals by France upon its Italian dominions. The broadsides of the British ships in a defenseless port were an unanswerable reply to the representations that the French minister did not fail to make. After a five days' stay the fleet, having been victualed and watered, sailed again on July 25. Though no time was lost, the imminent urgency that had appeared for the former chase did not now press, as the advantage it was then hoped to pluck by encountering the enemy before he landed could no longer be expected, and more thorough search could be made. More haste had once been, and might again prove, less speed. The fleet steered for the southern point of the Morea, and on the 28th the *Culloden* (seventy-four) was sent into the Gulf of Koron to seek intelligence. She returned with word that the French armament had been seen from Crete four weeks before, steering to the southeast. This could mean only Egypt, and getting at the same moment other corroborating information, Nelson again shaped a direct course for Alexandria, off which the British fleet arrived four days later, on August 1.



As the French received the attack where they then lay at anchor, it is necessary to describe their preparations, and briefly the events of the month of July which had decided their movements and position.

Bonaparte had wished that the whole fleet, and especially the ships of war, should be brought into the harbor of Alexandria, where it would be out of reach of an enemy. He considered that its preservation, the mere fact of its being «in being,» would be a powerful factor in the general international situ-

ation, of which the existing enterprise, like all wars, was simply one political incident among many others. How right he was in this forecast was shown by the convulsion which the whole political fabric underwent immediately after the fleet was destroyed. In consequence of his wish, which was in fact a command, Admiral Brueys remained at anchor off the port from July 1, the day the troops landed, until July 7, seeking a channel by which the heavy ships—those of the line—could enter. Failing to find one that satisfied him, he then sent in the transports, and took the rest of the fleet to Aboukir Bay, fifteen miles east of Alexandria. The search for a practicable channel into the port was continued by skilful officers, and on July 18 these reported to Brueys that they had found one; but in the fortnight of grace that still remained he neglected to take advantage of it, having persuaded himself that the British were gone for good. «My opinion,» he wrote, «is that they have not so many as fourteen sail of the line, and, not being superior in number, have not thought fit to try conclusions with us.» In this conviction he remained passive, exposed to attack in an open roadstead. Bonaparte, who, though he shared the admiral's belief and frequently took the most tremendous risks, never did so needlessly, was urgent for him to move; but preoccupied with the land operations, and not on the spot, he could not compel compliance with instructions that were perforce somewhat discretionary.

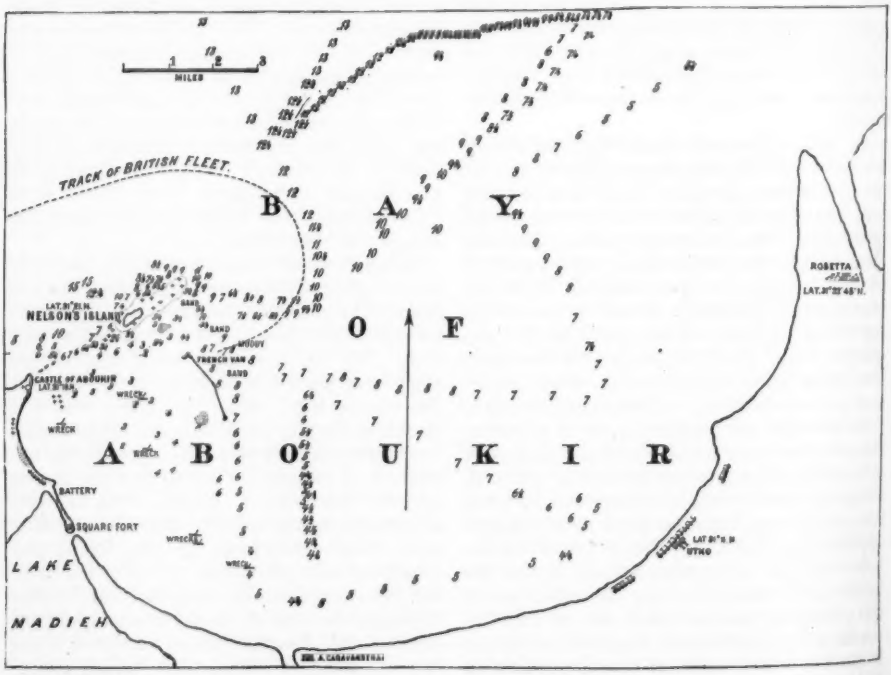
The Bay of Aboukir, in the western part of which the battle was fought, begins at the promontory of the same name and extends eighteen miles eastward to the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. The low ground of the Nile delta, the slow deposit of centuries, continues under the sea beyond the shore line, the depth increasing very gradually, so that water enough for the heavy ships of that day (thirty feet) was not found till three miles from the coast. Two miles from Aboukir Point to the northeast is Aboukir Island,—since called Nelson's,—linked with the point by a chain of rocks. Outside the island similar rocks, with shoals, prolong this foul ground farther to seaward, forming a reef which, being covered with water, constituted a serious peril to a stranger approaching the bay. For a vessel inside, however, this dangerous barrier broke the waves from the northwest, the direction of the prevailing summer wind, and so made of the bay a fairly convenient summer anchorage. It must be noted, as one of the dangers which Nelson faced, that he had no knowledge of the place except a rough sketch found upon a passing merchant ship. Beyond the difficulties that ignorance might impose, the situation of the French fleet offered no local protection against an enemy's approach.

It was therefore incumbent upon Brueys to strengthen—fortify—by every means in his power a position so exposed. This he cannot be said to have done, although he was apparently satisfied with his own preparations; but in such a case, where the conditions demand the utmost diligence, a man must be judged not by his personal convictions, but by the reasonable criticism of others. By his own statement to the French minister of marine, the head ship—head, that is, with reference to the northwest wind, to which all would head while lying at anchor—was placed as close as possible to the shoal connected with Aboukir Island, the other twelve being formed behind her in a column, the general direction of which was from northwest to southeast, but curving a little, as shown in the diagram. The distance between two ships was five hundred feet, more than twice a ship's length. «This position,» said Brueys, «is the strongest we can possibly take in an open road, where we cannot approach sufficiently near the land to be protected by batteries, and where the enemy has it in his power to choose his own distance. It cannot be turned by any means to the southwest.» Nelson himself speaks of the French as «moored in a strong line of battle»; but however unalterably bent to dare the hazard, he could not fail to retain the deep first impression produced by the sight of the enemy's formidable array as he was bearing down upon them, nor is it to be expected of the victor to undervalue the dangers he has overcome.

Brueys's dispositions were faulty, partly in design and partly in thoroughness. For the former the distance between the ships was too great: the line could be pierced at any point. The frigates also could and should have been placed in shoal water to support the van or head ship. The latter was not placed as near as possible to the shoal ahead, for several British ships, by a wonderful exhibition of mingled skill and daring, passed between her and it. Neither was the line in general established so near shoal water as to forbid the enemy getting inside and attacking on both sides, for this too they did. By a singular misconception, also, Brueys regarded the rear of his column as the more exposed end. For this reason he placed in the van his weakest ships, upon which consequently fell the first brunt of the enemy's

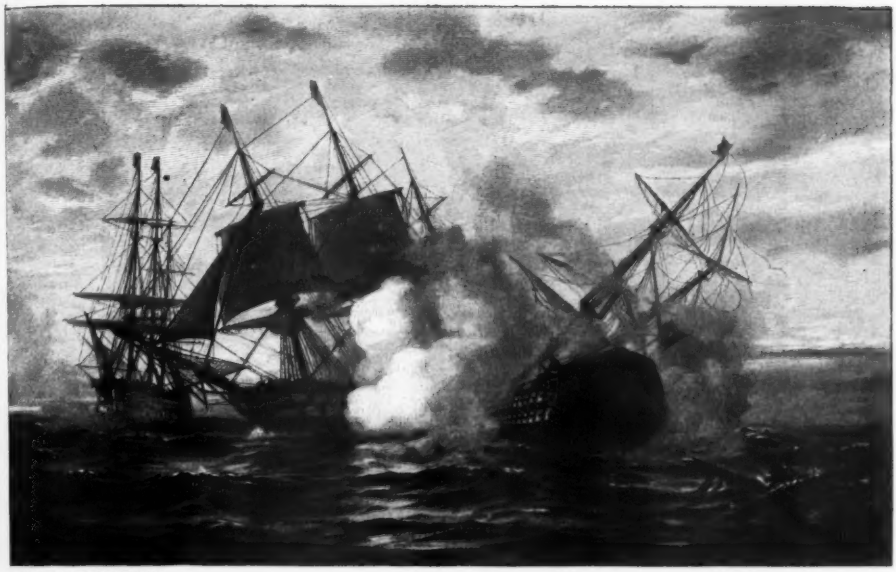
skilfully combined onset. At the center, the seventh vessel of the thirteen in the order of battle was the flag-ship, the tremendous *Orient*, of one hundred and twenty guns, flanked on each side by the *Franklin* and the *Tonnant*, of eighty guns each. Among the thirteen British ships of the line, properly so called, there was not one equal to either of these, nor could the *Leander* (fifty) be considered to redress in any degree the balance of aggregate force. Having thus very properly provided against his order being overwhelmed in the center, Brueys, moved by the belief already mentioned, stationed his next heaviest ships in the rear to leeward, expecting the enemy to attack there. The British admiral, on the contrary, knew, and at once saw, that with a line extending in the direction of the wind, as did the French in Aboukir Bay, it was in the power of the assailant to throw his whole force upon the ships to windward, and to destroy them before the others could work up against the wind to their aid; and this, in brief, was his plan of battle, which was virtually won, its result assured, as soon as it began. Nelson repeats a story that Brueys from the beginning of the fight declared that all was lost. Though scarcely a becoming remark in a commander-in-chief, the thought may well have flashed across him as soon as he realized the unfolding of his opponent's plan; and if he expressed it, his heroism redeemed whatever of weakness his anguish thus betrayed.

In the order for battle thus adopted, the morning of the fatal first of August, 1798, dawned upon the French ships in Aboukir Bay. None on board of them suspected the near approach of the British fleet, of whose whereabouts they were as ignorant as Nelson not long since had been of their own. As on other days of judgment, men rose and went about their daily round, personal or public, unknowing that for so many it was their last. The cares of the admiral were numerous and varied, for the fleet was ill equipped, short of provisions, and ill manned; but among his anxieties fear of the enemy's fleet was not prominent. Hundreds of the crews were on the beach three miles away, busied in getting water, of which the supply was running short; and with them were important boats urgently needed in case of a sudden call to battle; for among the preparations postponed to the last moment was the running of cables from ship to ship, which should close the intervals against



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

BATTLE OF THE NILE, ABOUKIR BAY.



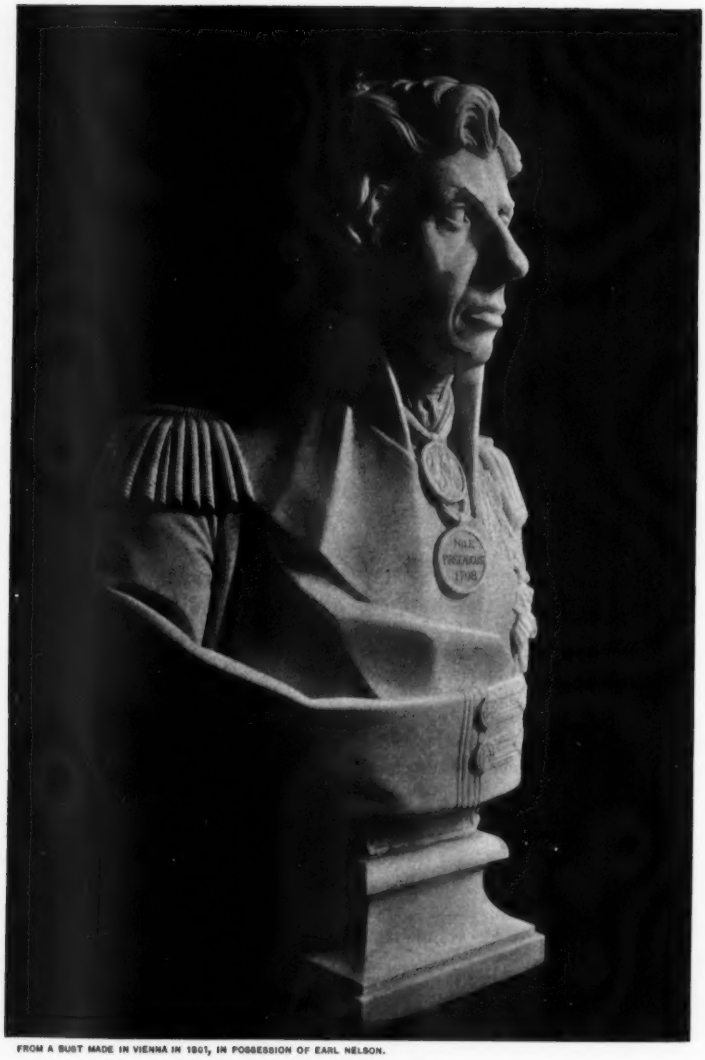
DRAWN BY WARREN SHEPPARD.

THE «THESEUS» ATTACKING THE «GUERRIER.»

an enemy's passing. The sun mounted to the meridian, but still no sign appeared to foreshow the destruction which was now near at hand, for at this moment the lighthouse at Alexandria was sighted from the British ships of the main body. The dinner-hour passed undisturbed, and again men turned to their appointed tasks, soon to be rudely interrupted.

When the lighthouse was reported to Nelson, the fleet was steering southeast by east for the town. Two ships, the *Alexander* and the *Swiftsure*, were ten miles ahead, having been sent forward the night before to reconnoiter. The course was at once changed to east, parallel to the shore, which brought these two to leeward of the others, and had the effect—fortunate, as it proved—of delaying their entrance into the battle. The *Culloden*, having to tow a prize brig laden with wine, which the fleet needed, was thereby seven miles astern, a fact which resulted in a bitter mortification to Trowbridge, her «nonpareil» captain, to use Nelson's word. The advanced ships saw the French flag flying on the ramparts, and the port full of vessels, but among them none of the line. Having signaled this, they were recalled; but the wind not allowing them to head high enough, they fell behind, as before said. Their news, succeeding all the buffets of adverse fortune during the last two months, caused a general feeling of depression in the fleet. «Never,» wrote Saumarez to his wife, «do I recollect to have felt so utterly hopeless or out of spirits as when we sat down to dinner» (about two o'clock); but at a quarter before three the *Zealous*, one of the leading ships of the main body, made signal that a fleet of ships of war was at anchor in the direction east by south—nearly ahead. «Just as the cloth was being removed,» continues Saumarez, «the officer of the watch came hastily in, saying, ‹Sir, a signal is just now made that the enemy is in Aboukir Bay, and moored in a line of battle.› All sprang from their seats, and, only staying to drink a bumper to our success, we were in a moment on deck,» where Nelson's appearance was greeted with a round of cheering that doubtless resounded from ship to ship. Suspense was ended.

Suspense, but for the admiral not anxiety. The waters were unknown, no officer of the fleet had ever visited them, the day was far gone, and the foe, though in view, was still distant. Three hours at least would be needed to reach him, postponing the encounter till close to night, even if its fall could be anticipated. On the other hand, off these low alluvial shores soundings are commonly regular, and give timely warning of the approach of danger. Reefs, doubtless, might exist (Aboukir Island itself showed an outcropping from the bottom); but something must be left to chance, and much might be hoped from the unexpected appearance of the British, and from depriving the enemy of the time to repair defects in his dispositions. In such a



FROM A BUST MADE IN VIENNA IN 1801, IN POSSESSION OF EARL NELSON.

HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON.

balance of arguments temperament commonly turns the scale, and, besides, Nelson's mind was prepared. All plain sail that could be borne was put upon the ships, which had been under short cruising canvas, and they bounded forward to a fine breeze from north-northwest. Signal was made to prepare for battle, and for the *Culloden* to join the main body, dropping the prize. An hour and a half later, as the enemy's position developed to view, the admiral signaled again that he intended to attack their van and center, and to prepare to anchor by the stern. The reason for the latter order was that ships when anchored lie head to the wind, if the cable, as is usual, runs out from the bow; and therefore they either must be turned round head to wind before anchoring or will swing round after it. In either case, at Aboukir, this would have exposed them to a raking or enfilading fire for some critical moments. Anchoring by the stern avoided this.

At a quarter before six Nelson ordered the line of battle to be formed, there being then with him ten ships of seventy-four guns and one fifty, the *Culloden*, the *Alexander*, and the

Swiftsure still distant. A few minutes later, as the head of the line was drawing by the island and its reef, he hailed Captain Hood of the *Zealous*, and asked if he thought they were far enough to the eastward to clear the shoal, if they turned inshore. Hood replied that he had no chart, but was then in eleven fathoms, and would, if authorized, feel his way in with the lead, and be careful not to bring the fleet into danger. This was done, the *Zealous* keeping ahead and somewhat inshore of the flagship, the *Vanguard*, which gradually dropped to sixth in the order. Ahead of the *Zealous* was the *Goliath*, Captain Foley, who from the first secured and kept the distinguished honor of leading the fleet.

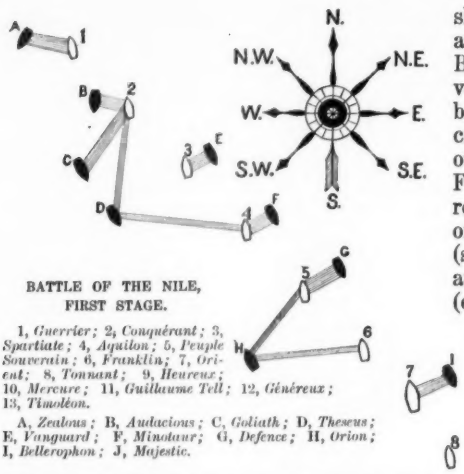
The steadiness and caution of the approach, in which daring and prudence met on equal terms, led the column to make a long sweep round the shoal in water of safe depth, passing, in so doing, well beyond the head of the enemy's column, so that finally the ships had turned far enough to bring the wind on the other side. In fact, as a French spectator says, they wore in succession, and then stood down obliquely toward the van of the hostile fleet. The latter awaited the attack in the order before described. Brueys had for a moment thought of getting under way, but soon dismissed the idea. At 2 P. M., while preparing to entertain at dinner guests from Alexandria, he had received his first intimation of the British being at hand. Signals to recall the absentees and to prepare for battle were duly made, but received imperfect execution: it is even said that the guns of the broadsides toward the shore were not in all cases got ready for action. In short, though lying in a position which demanded unremitting vigilance, the French were found unready. A brig was sent to reconnoiter, and to attempt, by moving over the shoal where there was water enough for her light draft, to lure the enemy upon it; but the stale ruse had no effect. «The English admiral,» said Blanquet Du Chayla, the second in command, «doubtless had experienced pilots on board; he hauled well round all dangers.» Brueys for a time hoped that Nelson would not attack that night; but when the shoal was passed and the British continued to stand down, nothing was left but to abide the issue, the full peril of which he could not even yet perceive. According to French reports, he had said as the British approached, «They will not dare to attack us.»

It was now past six o'clock, and sunset but half an hour distant. The British column advanced with solemn stillness, broken only by the short orders of the officers, the cry of the leadsmen in the chains, the rattling of blocks and cordage when sails were handled. While still out of gunshot, canvas was reduced to topsails, the three principal sails of a ship, sufficient in such a breeze to insure managing her, without embarrassing overmuch the critical moment of coming to anchor; for upon the accuracy of the positions taken would greatly depend the fortune of the day. About half-past six the French opened fire, and broadsides were exchanged as the two vans neared. Nelson then made the signal to engage the enemy close.

The *Goliath*, closely followed by the *Zealous*, both feeling their way with the lead in the anxiously shallow water where the French line lay, passed round the bows of its leading ship, the *Guerrier*, which Brueys had thought could not be done. «Being in five fathom,» wrote Captain Hood afterward, «I expected the *Goliath* and *Zealous* to stick fast on the shoal every moment.» Foley's decision to dare this risk, which Nelson did not order, was necessarily reached at the moment of action, for not till then could he have been sure of the conditions; but it appears to have rested upon a purpose, previously entertained and maturely considered, to do so if the soundings justified him. He reasoned that the enemy, trusting to his position, would be less ready to fight on the other side, and the apparent quickness of his judgment is but the more meritorious for the alertness of mind which made it possible. As the *Goliath* passed she raked the *Guerrier*. It was Foley's intention to anchor abreast her, but the anchor hung, and he brought up on the inner quarter of the second French vessel, the *Conquérant*. Hood, in the *Zealous*, took the place on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, whose foremast fell under his first raking broadside. The *Orion* followed, and, making a wide sweep round her two predecessors, reached the inner quarter of the fifth Frenchman, the *Peuple Souverain*, toward whom she directed most of her fire; but her after guns, bearing more efficiently upon the *Franklin* (the sixth), were used against that vessel. The *Audacious* passed between the first and the second of the French ships, and took position on the inner bow of the *Conquérant*, already attacked by the *Goliath*.

The fifth ship was the *Theseus*, Captain Ralph Willett Miller. This gentleman, whom after his premature death[1] Nelson styled

[1] Captain Miller was killed within a year of the battle of the Nile by the accidental explosion of some shells on the deck of the *Theseus*.



BATTLE OF THE NILE, FIRST STAGE.

1, *Guerrier*; 2, *Conquérant*; 3, *Spartiate*; 4, *Aquilon*; 5, *Peuple Souverain*; 6, *Franklin*; 7, *Orient*; 8, *Tonnant*; 9, *Heureux*; 10, *Mercure*; 11, *Guillaume Tell*; 12, *Généreux*; 13, *Timoléon*.

A, *Zealous*; B, *Audacious*; C, *Goliath*; D, *Theseus*; E, *Vanguard*; F, *Minotaur*; G, *Defence*; H, *Orion*; I, *Bellerophon*; J, *Majestic*.

«the only truly virtuous man I ever knew,» was by birth a New-Yorker, whose family had been loyalists during the American Revolution. A letter from him to his wife gives an account of the fight which is at once among the most vivid, and, from the professional standpoint, the most satisfactory, of those which have been transmitted to us. Of the *Theseus's* entrance into the battle he says: «In running along the enemy's line in the wake of the *Zealous* and *Goliath*, I observed their shot sweep just over us; and, knowing well that at such a moment Frenchmen would not have coolness enough to change their elevation, I closed them suddenly, and, running under the arch of their shot, reserved my fire, every gun being loaded with two and some with three round-shot, until I had the *Guerrier's* masts in a line and her jibboom about six feet clear of our rigging; we then opened with such effect that a second breath could not be drawn before her main and mizzen-masts were also gone. This was precisely at sunset, or forty-four minutes past six; then, passing between her and the *Zealous*, and as close as possible round the off side of the *Goliath*, we anchored by the stern exactly in a line with her, and abreast the *Spartiate*. We had not been many minutes in action with the *Spartiate* when we observed one of our ships (and soon after knew her to be the *Vanguard*) place herself so directly opposite to us on the outside of her that I desisted firing on her, that I might not do mischief to our friends, and directed every gun before the mainmast on the *Aquilon* (fourth French), and all abaft it on the *Conquérant*, giving up my proper bird to the admiral.»

Nelson, by taking this position with his own ship (the sixth), imparted by example a new and proper direction to the British movement. By the repeated raking broadsides of five vessels, the two leading French were already beaten ships; the flank of their line was crushed. Nelson himself doubled upon the outer side of the third, the inner side of the French line as far as the sixth ship being already occupied by British vessels. The rest of his column followed him. The *Minotaur* (seventh), passing just outside the *Vanguard*, anchored abreast number four; the *Defence* (eighth), covered by the fire of her two predecessors until she reached her berth, fixed herself abreast number five, already for some minutes in action with the *Orion*. The smoke and gathering darkness impaired the accuracy with which the *Bellerophon* and the *Majestic* took their stations. The former missed the sixth Frenchman, and brought up squarely abreast the *Orient*, whose force was to hers at the least as five to three, while the *Majestic* ran into the ninth ship, hanging for some minutes at great disadvantage (her captain was there killed); then, swinging clear, she anchored on the bow of the tenth French, the *Mercure*, from which position she reduced her nearly to a wreck.

While ten British seventy-fours were thus getting into battle, the *Culloden*, under a press of sail, was hastening forward to bear her needed share; for, whatever the advantage skilfully secured by the plan of attack, there were, after all, thirteen hostile ships to be handled. Coming up too late to see clearly the route followed by the others, and eager to get into position while he might yet have light to do so, her ardent captain, always prone to undervalue danger, steered too straight for the scene of action. The lead, however, was kept duly going, and a depth of ten fathoms had shortly before been reported, when the *Culloden*, fifteen minutes after sunset, brought up on the reef which the main column had so warily rounded, and there she stuck till the battle was over. The fifty-gun ship *Leander*, not yet engaged, went to her assistance, but in vain. The incident shows vividly the risks which Nelson had to confront.

The two detached ships, the *Alexander* and

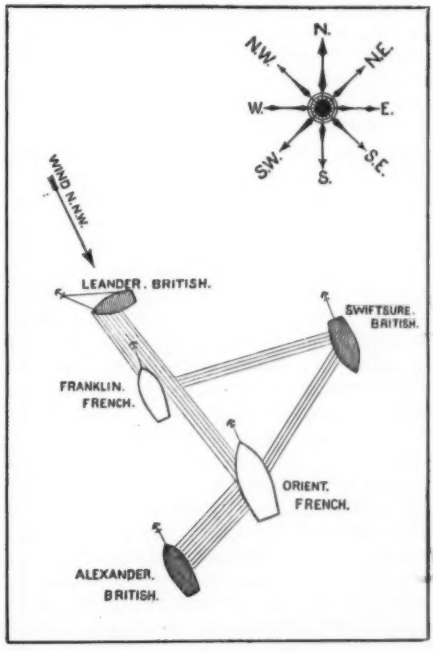
the *Swiftsure*, being so far to leeward at the start, had close work to weather the reef, and the *Alexander* even had to make a tack to seaward. Thus delayed, it was already night when they turned the dangerous point. The *Culloden*, serving as a beacon, kept them clear; then the two seventy-fours, with the fifty, bore down together into the midst of the darkness, smoke, and uproar, heading toward the eastern fringe, where the British fire seemed least sustained. It was past eight o'clock when they reached the scene of battle.

By this time the *Bellerophon* had been fairly crushed by the gigantic *Orient:* all her masts were swept out of her, and two hundred of her people killed or wounded. Her cable was cut and she was dropping out of action when this welcome reinforcement came up. The *Orient* was yet unconquered, and her powerful next ahead, the *Franklin*, of eighty guns, sixth in the French order, had had no immediate antagonist, although, as the fifth ship, the *Peuple Souverain*, had been not only silenced, but, through the shooting away of her cables by shot, driven clean out of the line by the *Orion* and *Defence*, she had received some injury from each of these.

Five ships, the left wing of the French, were now subdued. On the right was going on a detached single combat between the *Majestic* and the *Mercure*, which for the moment could only be left to itself. The sixth, seventh, and eighth ships, the French center, were distinctly indicated as the point upon which the approaching reserve should direct their attack, linked thus in close support to their predecessors, whose efforts and whose injuries had left them for the moment unfit for further vigorous action. Accordingly, even in the obscurity, the *Alexander* anchored on the inner quarter of the *Orient*, and the *Swiftsure* on her outer bow, part of the latter's guns playing also on the *Franklin;* while the *Leander*, gliding into the gap left by the *Peuple Souverain*, placed herself so judiciously across the bows of the two French ships as to rake them both.

The *Orient*, which had suffered severely in her contest with the *Bellerophon*, was soon nearly silenced by the combined fire of three fresh ships. Admiral Brueys had already been twice wounded, when, at half-past eight, a cannon-ball carried away his left leg at the thigh. Recognizing that the wound was mortal, he refused to be taken below. «A French admiral,» he said, «should die at his post of command»; and he expired where he fell. Thirty minutes later it was seen throughout the field of battle that the *Orient* was in flames. Her two immediate antagonists redoubled their fire, directing it chiefly upon the scene of conflagration, frustrating the attempts to extinguish it, and insuring her destruction. All eyes were inevitably drawn to this imposing, and at the same time menacing, climax to the night's excitement. Over half an hour before Nelson had been struck on the head by a flying splinter of wood or iron, causing a wound which he for the moment thought mortal, while the flowing blood, and the cut skin falling over his only remaining eye, blinded him. He had been taken below, but when the flag-captain reported the impending catastrophe he desired to be led on deck, where he watched the outcome, and gave orders for saving the *Orient's* people with such boats as could still float.

The fire spread rapidly downward and upward, illumining the waters of the bay, and visible twenty miles away to French watchers in Rosetta, who from their distant post of observation saw the flashes of the guns, and noted by the sounds the alternate swelling and falling of the tide of battle, though unable to detect to which side were inclining the fortunes of the night. The ships near by awaited anxiously the results to themselves of the coming explosion. It was suggested



BATTLE OF THE NILE, SECOND STAGE; CONCENTRATION OF THE BRITISH RESERVE ON THE FRENCH CENTER.

to Captain Hallowell of the *Swiftsure* that she should be moved farther off; but she was already to windward, and he replied that the riven fragments would be more likely to fall far than near—an opinion that was justified by the issue. The *Franklin*, Du Chayla's flag-ship, was only five hundred feet ahead of the blazing vessel, where she likewise held on; but the three French ships astern of her slipped their cables and drifted to the rear, where two of them went ashore. The *Alexander*, after the destruction of the *Orient* was assured, also dropped astern, not so soon, however, but that she underwent the worst of the explosion, much of the burning wreckage falling on board. Her sails had been thoroughly wetted and closely furled, and all preparations against fire made, so that no serious damage was done. About a quarter before ten the *Orient* blew up with her freight of noble dead, and, it is to be feared, with many a helplessly wounded man. The hour when this occurred is closely determined by the rising of the moon, which is by one eyewitness reported to have been shortly before the catastrophe, and by another shortly after it. «Immediately after the explosion,» wrote Du Chayla, «the action ceased everywhere, and was succeeded by the most profound silence. The sky was obscured by thick clouds of black smoke which seemed to threaten destruction to the two fleets. It was a quarter of an hour before the ships' crews recovered from the kind of stupor into which they were thrown.» Some seventy of the survivors were rescued by British boats, a few made their way to the shore in French ones. The lower hull of the *Orient* sank, and to this day rests beneath the deserted waters of Aboukir Bay.

The battle now was not only won, but its aggregate results were virtually determined. Most of the ships that had been seriously engaged on both sides were too much injured for further decisive action. After the silence that followed the explosion, firing was resumed in the center and rear, and toward midnight some British ships from the van ran down by Nelson's direction to support their consorts there engaged. But all these movements, though proper and necessary, were desultory in character, and carried on by men nearly worn out by twelve hours of constant excitement, exertion, and fighting. «My people were so extremely jaded,» says Captain Miller, who bore a prominent share in thus garnering the spoils of victory, «that as soon as they had hove our sheet-anchor up they dropped under the capstan-bars, and were asleep in a moment in every kind of posture, having been then working at their fullest exertion, or fighting, for near twelve hours without being able to benefit by the respite that occurred, because while *l'Orient* was on fire I had the ship completely sluiced, as one of our precautionary measures against fire.»

At daybreak of August 2, six French ships of the line still had their colors flying. Of these, three were so badly injured that they could by no means escape, two being on shore. The three rear ships had received little injury, and they attempted with their boats to set fire to those that were aground before themselves putting to sea. The boats were driven off by the fire of British ships which had dropped down within range, and toward noon of the 2d the three got under way; but in doing so one of them, the *Timoléon*, «cast,»—that is, turned the wrong way,—and ran on shore, where she was burned by her own crew. The other two, the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreux*, got away, there being no adequate force of British ships in condition to pursue. The former was flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Villeneuve, who was in the future to command the allied fleets at the memorable disaster of Trafalgar. It has been held by French critics that he could have brought up the uninjured ships before the battle was decided, and was culpable in failing to do so. It is only fair to say that this is doubtful, though probably true. Villeneuve's personal courage was indisputable, but not his professional energy. Two frigates accompanied the flight of this scanty remnant of a great armada.

Of thirteen French ships of the line all but two were thus taken or destroyed. The fleet was annihilated. «Victory,» said Nelson justly, «is certainly not a name strong enough for such a scene as I have passed.» In completeness of immediate results upon the field, no fleet action has ever equaled the battle of the Nile. Upon the fortunes of the particular enterprise which elicited it,—Bonaparte's Oriental expedition,—the effect was absolutely decisive. It became impossible, and was by experience demonstrated to be impossible, to afford to the expeditionary force the renewal of men and supplies upon which depended not only the prosecution of the undertaking, but even the maintenance of the position already achieved.

The influence of the battle of the Nile was more far-reaching still: the continent of Europe became convulsed from end to end as soon as the news was received. Elated by Bonaparte's career of victory in Italy, and by the submission of Austria to terms of peace, the French government had entered upon a course of arrogant aggression toward other countries—of which the unprovoked Egyptian expedition was only one example—that had

aroused the wrath of all nations. Even the United States was forced from its attitude of benevolent neutrality, which had depended upon the tradition of the War of Independence and the adoption by France of republican institutions. The general resentment in Europe was, however, curbed by experience of the might of the French revolutionary movement, and of the French armies when wielded by a man like Bonaparte, and there was wanting the demonstration of some power capable of imposing an absolute check upon their future progress. The battle of the Nile gave such a demonstration. As Nelson said, it was more than a victory: it was a catastrophe. The French fleet was annihilated, the Mediterranean passed into the absolute control of Great Britain, the flower of the French army and the invincible Bonaparte were cut off hopelessly from France. Turkey, previously overawed by the fleet, declared war in a month. Austria, Russia, and Naples had already drawn together in coalition. They were emboldened, as the permanence of the conditions due to the battle became evident, to pursue their military enterprises upon a scale which brought the republic to the brink of ruin, from which it was saved only by the unexpected and fortuitous return of Bonaparte, and his accession to supreme power, a year later. Before the year 1798 expired a combined Russian and Turkish fleet entered the Mediterranean from the Black Sea, and undertook to wrest the Ionian Islands from France. In India the movements against the British domination which had been fomented by French negotiations, and which Bonaparte expected to foster, fell still-born when the disaster became known there. Nelson, aware of the importance of the news to British interests, had at once despatched a special messenger overland to Bombay.

The general satisfaction, not to say exultation, was shown by the honors and rewards showered from all sides upon the victor. The Sultan and the Czar, the kings of Sardinia and of the Two Sicilies, sent messages of congratulation and rich presents, the Czar accompanying his with an autograph letter. On the part of his own country, the two houses of Parliament voted their thanks and a pension of £2000 a year. The East India Company by a gift of £10,000 acknowledged the security gained for the Indian possessions. Other individual corporations took appropriate notice of the great event; instances so far apart as the cities of London and Palermo and the island of Zante showing how wide-spread was the sense of relief.

In titular rank Nelson was raised to the lowest grade of the peerage, as Baron Nelson of the Nile. Indignant comment was made in some quarters upon the inadequacy of this advancement to the brilliancy and importance of the service done. The ministry justified its action upon the technical ground that, though no superior was within two thousand miles of Aboukir, Nelson was nevertheless a subordinate flag-officer, not a commander-in-chief.

Not least gratifying to him, with his sensitive appreciation of friendship and susceptibility to flattery, must have been the numerous letters of congratulation he received from friends in and out of the service, and especially from men whose eminence and professional standing made their praise a sound criterion for the calm after-judgment of mankind. Besides many other officers of character and reputation, the three great admirals, Lords Howe, Hood, and St. Vincent, the leaders of the navy in rank and distinguished service, wrote to him in the strongest terms of admiration. The latter two did not hesitate to style the battle the greatest achievement that history could produce, while Howe's language, if more measured, was so only because, like himself, it was more precise in characterizing the special merits of the action, and was therefore acknowledged by Nelson with particular expressions of pleasure.

«The consequences of this battle,» says a distinguished French naval officer only recently dead, «were incalculable. Our navy never recovered from this terrible blow to its consideration and power. This was the combat which for two years delivered the Mediterranean to the English, and called thither the squadrons of Russia; which shut up our army [in Egypt] in the midst of a rebellious population, and decided the Porte to declare against us; which put India out of the reach of our enterprise, and brought France within a hair's-breadth of her ruin: for it rekindled the scarcely extinct war with Austria, and brought Suwarrow and the Austro-Russian forces to our very frontiers.»

That these effects upon the course of contemporary history were not quickly productive of permanent results was due to causes in which neither Nelson nor the sea had any part; but though its immediate fruits were somewhat marred by the blunders of others, nothing can deprive this battle of its significance as announcing the existence of a force destined to limit the flight of French conquest, and ultimately to involve it in a ruin no less utter than that wrought in Aboukir Bay.

A. T. Mahan.



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EDWARD ALEXANDER MACDOWELL.

AN AMERICAN COMPOSER: EDWARD A. MACDOWELL.

BOSTON used to be the musical center of America, and has not yet lost all claim to that distinction, for it still enjoys more first-class orchestral concerts than New York, and has for a long time been the home of a larger number of native composers than the metropolis. This latter preëminence was, however, seriously impaired a few months ago by the departure of Mr. MacDowell to New York, where he has accepted the new professorship of music in Columbia University, founded with the gift of $150,000 made in April by Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Ludlow.[1] The fact that this honor has been bestowed on a young man of thirty-five, taken in connection with his recent triumphs as composer and pianist, and the honors conferred on him last October by Princeton University, seems to indicate that the world has at last taken to heart Schopenhauer's bitter sneer, that mankind never appreciates works of genius fresh, like grapes, but always dead and dried, like raisins. It also marks an exception to the rule that a prophet is without honor in his own country, for Mr. MacDowell has been thus honored in the city of New York, where he was born on December 18, 1861.

What distinguishes this young composer at once from most of his colleagues is the originality and imaginativeness of his work. Considering that he obtained his musical education chiefly in France and Germany, his compositions are, as a rule, remarkably free from definite foreign influences, except such traits as belong to music the world over; and some of them will doubtless mark the beginning of a real American school of music, which, like American literature, will combine the best foreign traits with features indigenous to our soil. Cosmopolitanism is the essence of American life, and cosmopolitanism was the key-note of Mr. MacDowell's musical training. One of his first teachers was the gifted and fascinating Venezuelan pianist Madame Teresa Carreño, who is not only one of the best woman pianists of our time, but who has the unique distinction, for a woman, of having written the national hymn of her native country, and who is perhaps the only woman that ever managed and conducted an Italian opera company.

In 1876 Mrs. MacDowell took her son to Paris, where, in the following year, he entered the Conservatoire, at the age of fifteen. There was one important moment during his stay in Paris when his life-work came near being diverted into an entirely different channel. One day a well-known painter called on his mother, and offered to take the boy for three years, assuming all responsibility, if he were willing to put his music away, and take painting in its place. At that time he really seemed to have more talent for that art than for music, and, boy-like, he was willing, and even eager, to make the change; but his mother, guided by a correct instinct, opposed his wishes, and made him go on with his music-lessons. He was not entirely satisfied with the atmosphere of the Conservatoire, in which there was too much of that striving for immediate effect which he had also noticed in the other arts. The professors—Marmontel, Mathias, Ambroise Thomas, and others—never hesitated to mutilate a musical work, even inserting measures of their own to make it «effective.» If they played a sonata by Schumann or Weber, and did not like certain parts, they simply left them out. If, in editing one of the classics, Marmontel came across a chord that seemed to him hard or aggressively Teutonic, he placidly altered it to suit his Gallic taste. All these things jarred on the young American's reverence for genius. His increasing dissatisfaction with his situation was brought to a climax by his personal experiences at the July *concours*. He had plenty of applause for his playing of a Weber sonata, but his reading at sight of a manuscript composition by a member of the jury was disastrous for him. He had already played more than half of this piece when the increasing hilarity of the audience (there had

[1] The musical chair to which Mr. MacDowell has been called is established upon the Robert Center Fund for Instruction in Music, based on the property of the late Robert Center, given to the trustees by his mother, Mrs. E. Mary Ludlow, with the proviso that the net income shall be «applied either to the payment of the salary of a professor of music or of other instructors in music, or to fellowships or scholarships in music, or be used in any one or more of these or such other ways as shall, in the judgment of the trustees, tend most effectually to elevate the standard of musical instruction in the United States, and to afford the most favorable opportunity for acquiring instruction of the highest order.»

been several victims before him) made him suddenly aware that he was playing the thing in minor instead of in major. Without transition, he jumped at once into major, «with an effect,» as he remarked to the present writer, «of the sun suddenly shining from a coal-hole. It was like the coping-stone of a joke, and the audience's enthusiasm knew no bounds.» He did not get a prize, for, though he had produced an «effect,» it was evidently not the kind the jury were looking for.

It may be remarked in this place that Mr. MacDowell never was, in any sense of the word, a young prodigy. His genius, like that of Paderewski and several of the old masters, was slow in developing. In his early years he used to be discouraged on finding how much harder he had to work to gain what other boys seemed to get with ease. To this day he is a hard and slow worker. He takes time to write few and short pieces. Voltaire has truly said that a writer who wishes to make the long journey to posterity should pack as little as possible into his trunk, carefully examining each article to see if it could not be spared.

The training in harmony received at the Conservatoire had proved beneficial to young MacDowell, but Paris had become distasteful to him, musically and otherwise, and his mother was at a loss what next to do with him. Some pieces he had heard played at the Exposition suggested Germany to him, and he begged hard to be sent to that country, where he hoped to find a larger horizon. Stuttgart was selected, for no particular reason except, perhaps, because it has a famous old Conservatory. But he soon found that he had got from the frying-pan into the fire. That pedantic institution may be a good training-school for pedagogues, but it is no place for a young genius who needs elbow-room and personal freedom. It took him less than a month to find out that the Lebert method (which seemed to him «to show up one's weakness through repose») was not what he had been looking for. Doubtless his instinct told him, also, that he played really better than his teachers. At this juncture the violinist Sauret, whom Mrs. MacDowell had befriended in America, wrote, advising her son to go to Wiesbaden, where he would find the pianist Carl Heymann, who was just beginning to make his name, and the eminent critic and teacher Louis Ehlert, with whom he might continue his lessons in composition. He found that Heymann was not to begin teaching till the autumn at the Frankfort Conservatory, so he remained with Ehlert at Wiesbaden during the summer.

Ehlert was an eccentric man, tall, with bent shoulders. His gray eyes looked unnaturally large on account of the magnifying-glasses he wore, but they had a shy, almost girlish expression, which was not belied by his conduct toward the young American. He was kind to him, but flatly refused to teach him, adding, however, «I shall be glad to study with you.» So they studied together, and at the same time MacDowell heard a good deal of new music at the Cursaal. His intention was to go to Frankfort in the autumn, but Ehlert thought that Heymann was not the right man for him, and wrote to Hans von Bülow, asking if he would take him as a pupil. The irascible Bülow, without having seen the boy, wrote an insulting letter to Ehlert, asking how he dared to propose such a silly thing to him; he was not a music-teacher, and «could not waste his time on an American boy, anyway.» So, after all, MacDowell went to Frankfort and entered the Conservatory.

Raff was at that time the director of that institution, and among its piano-teachers were Clara Schumann (widow of the great composer) and Heymann. Raff was very conscientious, spending part of every forenoon and afternoon in the class-rooms, besides attending the Sunday rehearsals of chamber-music. In this respect he was a strong contrast to Clara Schumann, who never entered the Conservatory. All her pupils, and those whom she turned over to her daughters, took their lessons at her house. Her pupils followed her example, and looked down on the rest of the world from a lofty height. «Some instances of their patronizing affability to Raff make my blood boil yet when I think of them,» writes MacDowell. «As for poor Heymann, he hardly existed for them. His needing the soft pedal in playing was noted once in a while with a supercilious smile. Heymann was a strange little man—very slightly built, with a large head and rather protruding forehead. His flat nose, dark, almost beady eyes, and high cheek-bones, gave him a Mongolian cast of features. His people were very strict Jews, and, in deference to his father's wishes, he would never eat at a Christian's expense or in a Christian house. I told him I was a Quaker, which seemed to satisfy him completely, and we dined together often at an old restaurant in what I would now call a back slum. Heymann is the only pianist I have ever heard who, get as near the piano as you could, remained a mystery as to how he did the things we heard. The simplest passage turned into a spray of flash-

ing jewels in his hands. A melody seemed to have words when he played it; tone-colors that, like Alpine sun-effects, were inexhaustible, yet each one, fleeting as it was, more beautiful than the last; a technic which, while always of the ‹convulsive› order in quick passages, seemed mysteriously capable of anything. He was a marvel: he had a poor wrist, and yet sometimes he would sit down to show me a wrist passage; a kind of quiver would run over him—then, behold, the thing would be trilled off in the same supernatural way as all the rest.»

When Heymann left the Conservatory, in 1881, he proposed MacDowell as his successor, and Raff also desired his appointment; but it was opposed by Cossmann and Faelten on account of the American's «youth.» Heymann had not been popular with the professors, partly because, as MacDowell says, he «dared play the classics as if they had actually been written by men with blood in their veins.» While they were always talking about form, he adds, «when Heymann played one forgot the form in the music. A sonata was a poem under his fingers, if it was in the bounds of human possibility to make it so. If it was not possible, and the ‹bones showed through the flesh,› everywhere the struggle between poetry and prose was evident in his playing.»

More interesting still were MacDowell's relations with Raff—a true genius (think of the «Forest Symphony»!) who was compelled by lifelong poverty to squander many of his ideas on pot-boilers, and whose excessive shyness and modesty prevented him from claiming what was his due. MacDowell's first interview with him was not promising. Heymann had introduced him as having been brought up in the «French school,» which caused Raff to flare up and explain that there was no such thing as «schools» to-day, that all national musical traits were common property, and that every one made use of them according to his attainments and taste. «Raff at first sight seemed rather formidable,» MacDowell continues. «The clear-cut features, closely cropped white mustache, short, military chin-beard; above all, the slightly frowning, penetrating, keen expression in his blue eyes, made one feel as if he might be a bit tigerish. His head, which was entirely bald, save two flat tufts of hair over the ears and a very narrow fringe at the back, in some positions reminded one remarkably of Shakspere. We always spoke French together. To me, coming from Paris with, I fear, a certain amount of slang, Raff's French seemed peculiarly antiquated. He retained all the eighteenth-century terminations, and often used *y*'s instead of *i*'s in writing.»

Having failed to secure Heymann's place at the Frankfort Conservatory, MacDowell took the position as head piano-teacher at the Darmstadt Conservatory. He found it a dreary town, where music was studied with true German placidity. The pupils got all their music from the circulating libraries, which included nothing modern, the name of Saint-Saëns, for instance, being quite unknown. He did not waste much time at this place. His health was undermined by the strain of teaching about forty hours a week, and spending ten or twelve more in railway-trains going to an old feudal castle, where he had some sleepy medieval pupils of noble blood. During these trips he found time to compose nearly the whole of his second piano suite, but he soon came to the conclusion that it would be wiser to return to Frankfort. He did so, continuing with his private pupils, and beginning to devote himself more seriously to composition. He had before this played successfully at concerts in Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Hamburg, Darmstadt; but, as is well known, German orchestral societies never pay young artists a fee. If any one wishes to realize how difficult it is for a pianist to get a start, he should read the two volumes of Hans von Bülow's letters, recently published. After several unsuccessful attempts to earn his living by playing, MacDowell followed Raff's advice, and went to Weimar to see Liszt. The great pianist received him most cordially, and had D'Albert play the second piano to the first MacDowell concerto. He praised it highly, and I have heard a story to the effect that he tapped D'Albert on the shoulder, and told him he must bestir himself if he would keep pace with «the American.» Liszt, who never failed to recognize genius at first sight, was also highly pleased with «the American's» playing—so much so that he invited him to perform his first piano suite at the convention of the Allgemeine Musik-Verein, which was held that year at Zurich. This was very successful, and opened a way to the publication of his works by the leading German house, Breitkopf & Härtel.

«At this Zurich concert,» MacDowell writes to me, «I played my suite with my notes before me, as, until then, I had never waked up to the idea that my compositions could be worth actual study or memorizing. I would not have changed a note in one of them for untold gold, and *inside* I had the greatest love for

them; but the idea that any one else might take them seriously never occurred to me. I had acquired the idea from early boyhood that it was expected of me to become a pianist, and every moment spent in scribbling seemed to be stolen from the more legitimate work of piano practice.»

Raff's sudden death, in 1882, was a terrible shock to his favorite pupil. «I had been with him the afternoon before, and had walked part of the way home with him from the Conservatory. As I shook hands with him it seemed to me his hand was very hot and dry, and his eyes were unusually bright. The next morning, when I went to the café down-stairs for my coffee, I was told that he had been found dead in his bed by the barber who went every morning to shave him. It seemed impossible. Hurrying up to his house, I found others before me, and the poor widow and daughter crying their eyes out.» I am indebted to Mr. MacDowell's first pupil for the sequel of this sad story: «He came to me at the hour for my lesson, looking so white and ill that I was frightened. His voice broke as he said only the words, ‹Raff is dead.› There was a sweet hero-worship of a shy boy for an almost equally shy man, and for months after Raff's death he was in a morbid condition. He gave me eighteen marks,—all he had at the time,—and said, as I knew more about flowers than he did, would I get some for him to send? So I bought a mass of roses, and, what was unusual for Germany, had them sent not even bound together; and these were put about Raff, nearer than the grand, beautiful floral things sent by the dozen. Raff had been very generous with the Conservatory, and when, in compliment to his having managed even to gain a surplus over expenses for that last year, the trustees voted it to him as a gift (it was about $275!), he added something to it from his own pocket, and built a stage in the Conservatory hall, fitted for the opera examinations. His salary was about fifteen hundred dollars a year. When he died, they engaged Bernhard Scholz of Breslau for just double! Kistner paid thirty dollars for his ‹Forest Symphony›; Templeton Strong bought the manuscript of it for nearly two hundred and fifty dollars—more than Raff got for the copyright. Raff's modesty and shyness were much to his disadvantage.»

The «first pupil,» to whom I owe this interesting communication, is now Mrs. Edward A. MacDowell. She had gone to Frankfort in 1881, attracted by the famous musicians there. First she applied to Mme. Schumann, who coolly turned her over to Raff, who, in turn, since she spoke but little German, advised her to see a young American who had just finished at the Conservatory—a young man of great talent, who, he said, was bound to make his mark in the world. In reply to her letter, the young American wrote that he was not anxious for the American pupil, who probably did not mean to do serious work, but that he would give her a trial. She was quite indignant at this «condescension,» since she had fancied *she* was «coming down» in going to so inexperienced a teacher. However, he accepted her, and gave her the most tremendously difficult things to play, all the time making her believe that they were quite simple and ordinary, which caused her to practise with truly Teutonic diligence. She is now an excellent pianist and judge of music herself, and is of great assistance to her husband—they were married in 1884—as a sympathetic friend, critic, counselor, and consoler. MacDowell is often very despondent about his work, and needs encouragement. He is sorry his first orchestral works were ever printed, but that does not signify much: Beethoven was ashamed that he had ever written the «Septet» and «Adelaide!»

After Raff's death Frankfort lost its attraction for MacDowell; so he took up his residence at Wiesbaden, where he remained with his wife several years, taking the daring risk of dropping everything but composition. They lived in a tiny suburban cottage overlooking the city on one side, with the Rhine and the Main in the distance, and a forest on the other. A frequent and welcome visitor during those days was Mr. Templeton Strong, for whose compositions MacDowell always finds room on his programs. It was an idyllic, semi-rural life, very pleasant, but ill adapted for the purpose of making material progress in life. It lasted till October, 1889, when they said farewell to Germany,[1] and came home to live in Boston, that city being chosen in preference to New York because it seemed less vast and metropolitan, and therefore a less violent contrast to their German life. Apart from social considerations, a city is to Mr. MacDowell merely a place to earn the

[1] Possibly America is indebted to Liszt for not having lost MacDowell altogether. A London friend had proposed him as examiner in Edinburgh for the Royal Academy of Music. The decision rested really in the hands of Lady Macfarren. Matters seemed to progress favorably until she asked suddenly, «I hope you have no leaning toward the school of that wild man Liszt?» He had to admit his guilt in that direction, and next morning he received a notice saying the place was not suited for him!

money that will enable him to spend the summer in the country. He is a passionate lover of Nature, and seems to need her for inspiration, for he does almost all his composing in summer. He seldom takes notes, and, as a matter of course, never uses the piano as an aid in composing. He is fond of fishing, hunting, riding, walking, which he calls «living like a human being»; and here we have the key to his music, which is as healthy and as free from any morbid taint as is his robust physique. On seeing him in his habitual golf suit, no one would fancy that his favorite companions are fairies, witches, nymphs, dryads, and other idyllic creatures of the romantic world.

Composers who are at the same time pianists labor under the disadvantage that their creative work is apt to be ignored by those who are most eager to applaud their playing. Paderewski and MacDowell are more lucky in this respect than Liszt and Rubinstein were at their age; the world has evidently learned wisdom, having found out that a pianist is never quite so entrancing as when he plays his own pieces. Mr. MacDowell's first triumph in New York was won in the double capacity of composer and pianist. He had been invited to play his second concerto with the Philharmonic Society on December 17, 1894. The result was a double success such as no American musician had ever achieved before an American audience. The Philharmonic audience, the most critical in the country, can be painfully cold; but the young composer-pianist received an ovation such as is usually accorded only to Paderewski or to a popular prima donna at the opera. The three most noticeable things about the concerto itself were that in its style and treatment of the piano it was as thoroughly *idiomatic* as if it had been written by Chopin, Liszt, or Paderewski; that its orchestration rivaled in richness and brilliancy that of the greatest living foreign masters in that field—Dvořák and Johann Strauss; and, most important of all, that it is brimful of *ideas* such as can come only from a brain born to create new ideas. I have already referred to the rarity of «reminiscences» in his compositions. MacDowell is not an erudite musician; he purposely avoids studying the scores of the great masters. He prefers to spend his time in thinking, and that is one reason why he is not a mere imitator of Chopin, Schumann, Wagner, or Liszt, like most young composers of the present day. Mr. MacDowell's concertos and orchestral pieces (among which are the symphonic poems «Hamlet and Ophelia,» dedicated to Sir Henry Irving; «Lancelot and Elaine,» «Lamia,» «The Saracens and Lovely Alda,» «In October,» and two suites) have, indeed, been played frequently in most of the foreign musical centers, and acknowledged as the best music that has come from across the ocean, while the committee that offered him the professorship at Columbia University justly stated that they considered him the greatest musical genius America has produced. Anton Seidl has declared him a greater composer than Brahms, and I myself am convinced that, with the exception of Paderewski, none of the young composers now in Europe holds out such brilliant promises of the future as MacDowell, who seems destined to place America musically on a level with Europe.

On January 23, 1896, the Boston Symphony Orchestra paid him the probably unprecedented honor (in the case of an American composer) of placing two of his longest works on the same program. They were the first of his concertos, written when he was only nineteen, and his Indian suite, completed at thirty-four, the latest of his works. The difference between these pieces was not as great as might have been expected. Indeed, this juvenile concerto seemed to me so finished in style, and so ripe in harmonic treatment and modulation, that I suspected it must have been retouched. I found, however, that, with the exception of a few lines near the beginning of the first movement, the score was exactly as it had been printed originally. After all, did not Mendelssohn write his «Midsummer Night's Dream» at nineteen, and Schubert his «Erlkönig» at eighteen? Musical genius is, like Kant's «Ding an Sich,» independent of time and space. Already in this early work do we find the conciseness, the brightness, the avoidance of commonplace and padding, which place its author's works in refreshing contrast to those of most of his contemporaries; he writes «literature,» while they seem to be content with musical «journalism.» The second movement is especially noticeable for its broad melody and dreamy harmonic coloring. The student of his works, be they for orchestra, piano, or voice, will find everywhere amid all the rich harmonic and polyphonic elaboration a broad vein of melody always distinctly marked. He will find, too, that his slow movements are usually the best, which is the surest test of musical genius.

The Indian suite played at this concert was interesting from many points of view, which I can touch on only very briefly. It is based

on genuine American Indian melodies. The introduction has almost a Wagner touch thematically, but it is note for note Indian, and there is also a curious Northern ring in some of the themes. Saint-Saëns once said neatly that Liszt's rhapsodies are «civilized Gipsy music,» adapting which expression, we might say that the MacDowell suite is civilized Indian music. It must be admitted that the themes are less interesting than their elaboration, and that there is much more of the civilizer than of the Indian. However, like Dvořák's «New World» symphony, in which the spirit of negro melodies is introduced, this suite (which was sketched before Dvořák wrote his work) is an interesting contribution to the question, «Is there such a thing as an aboriginal American music?» I believe, however, that the genuine American school of music will be, like the perfect American woman, a mixture of all that is best in European types, transformed by our climate into something resembling the spirit of American literature. The atmosphere of the MacDowell suite is more Slavic than German, and in this fact we may perhaps find a hint as to the future of music in America, which has heretofore shown too exclusively the influence of Germany.

As a pianist, I would rather hear MacDowell than any professional now in Europe, excepting Paderewski. Though he is a virtuoso of the highest rank, he always plays like a composer, putting music and emotion above effect and mere brilliancy of execution. He has the rare gift of bringing tears to the listener's eyes with a single modulation, or a few notes of melody—a gift that is associated, in the minds of educated hearers, with genius only. He has his moods, and is very sensitive to the quality of his audience, playing better in proportion to the sympathy manifested by the hearers. Were he to devote himself to the piano exclusively, Paderewski might have to look to his laurels, but his extreme nervousness makes him prefer composing and teaching.

As a composer for the piano, he has twice yielded to the clamor of those who are not happy unless their music is served up in three or four courses, by writing his two sonatas, «Tragica» and «Eroica.» The first of these was played by Dr. William Mason one summer at the Isles of Shoals once a day for two months. The second even more deserves such a compliment. In these works Mr. MacDowell has shown himself a thorough master of the cyclical form of composition, which at present seems somewhat out of date. But I prefer him in the shorter, romantic forms which he loves so dearly. The essence of romanticism is that, instead of molding music, like gingerbread, into set geometrical forms, it allows the pieces to crystallize into forms of their own, thus insuring endless variety and the absence of formalism and padding for the sake of filling up a mold.

Another romantic trait of his pieces is to be found in the suggestive poetic titles he gives them. For instance, the five pieces entitled «Marionettes» have for separate titles «The Lover,» «Knave,» «Sweet Heart,» «Clown,» «Witch,» while the twelve virtuoso *études* are named «Novelette,» «Moto Perpetuo,» «Wild Chase,» «Improvisation,» «Elfin Dance,» «Valse Triste,» «Burlesque,» «Bluette,» «Träumerei,» «March Wind,» «Impromptu,» «Polonaise.» Most of his piano pieces (there are nearly eighty of them, counting separate movements) have such poetic titles, the advantages of which are fourfold: they stimulate the hearer's imagination like operatic scenery; they excite the composer's imagination; they combine the power of poetry with the charm of music; they make it easier to remember a piece and to talk about it.

I have left myself no space to speak of what perhaps I like best of all his works—the songs. It was the eight songs, Opus 47, that first convinced me that Mr. MacDowell is one of the most original composers of our time; and it was my happy privilege to be the first to call Paderewski's delighted attention to these songs, which Schubert, Franz, or Grieg could not have improved upon. Jewels of the first water are «The Sea» and «Idyl,» the finest songs ever composed in America. There are chords in some of the songs that suggest Grieg; but here we must go cautiously, for, as Mr. Huneker has remarked, «MacDowell's ancestry tells heavily in his music. His coloring reminds me at times of Grieg, but when I tracked the resemblance to its lair, I found only Scotch, as Grieg's grandfolk were Greggs, and from Scotland.» The charm of some of the songs is enhanced for us in some cases by the fact that they are set to verses by American poets, while the thrilling dramatic power of not a few of them suggests that some day, if he can get a worthy libretto, Mr. Edward A. MacDowell will write the first genuine American opera.

Henry T. Finck.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY.[1]

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,
Author of «Mr. Isaacs,» «Saracinesca,» «Casa Braccio,» etc.

VI.

HELEN had not seen the paragraph about Harmon. She rarely read newspapers, and generally trusted to other people to learn what they contained. She was more or less indifferent to things that neither directly concerned her nor appealed to her tastes and sympathies.

Her letters were brought to her before she had left the sitting-room after the colonel had gone away, and she looked at the addresses on them carelessly, passing them from one hand to the other as one passes cards. One arrested her attention among the half-dozen or so she had received. It was the regular report from the asylum posted on the first of the month. But it was thicker than usual; and when she tore open the envelop, rather nervously and with a sudden anticipation of trouble, a second sealed letter dropped from the single folded sheet contained in the first. But even that one sheet was full, instead of bearing only the few lines she always received to tell her that there was no change in her husband's condition.

There had been a change, and a great one. Since last writing, said the doctor, Harmon had suddenly begun to improve. At first he had merely seemed more quiet and patient than formerly; then, in the course of a few days, he had begun to ask intelligent questions, and had clearly understood that he had been insane for some time, and was still in an asylum. He had rapidly learned the names of the people about him, and had not afterward confused them, but remembered them with remarkable accuracy. Day by day he had improved, and was still improving. He had inquired about the state of his affairs, and had wished to see one or two of his old friends. More than once he had asked after his wife, and had evidently been glad to hear that she was well; then he had written a letter to her, which the doctor immediately forwarded. So far as it was possible to form a judgment in the case, the improvement seemed to promise permanent recovery; though no one could tell, of course, whether a return to the world might not mean also a return to the unfortunate habit which had originally unbalanced Harmon's mind, but from which he was safe as long as he remained where he was.

It was not easy for Helen to read to the end of such a letter. It shook in her hands as she went on from one sentence to the next, and the sealed envelop slipped from her knees to the floor while she was reading. When she had got to the end, she stared a moment at the signature, and then folded the sheet almost unconsciously, and drew her nail sharply along the folds, as though she would make the paper feel what she felt, and suffer as she suffered, in every nerve of her body and in every secret fiber of her soul.

She had not believed a recovery possible. Now that it was a fact, she knew how utterly beyond probability she had thought it, and immediately the great problem rose before her, confusing, vast, terrifying. But before she faced it she must read Harmon's letter.

It had fallen to the floor, and she had to look for it and find it and pick it up. The handwriting was large, somewhat ornamental, yet heavy in parts and not always regular. As she glanced at the address, she remembered how she had disliked the writing when she had first seen it, at a time when she had seen much to admire in Harmon himself. Now she did not like to touch the envelop on which he had written her name, and she unreasoningly feared the contact of the sheet it held, as of something that might defile her and must surely hurt her cruelly. The hand that had traced the characters on the paper was the hand that had struck her and left its mark for all her life. And she remembered the rest, and an enormous loathing of the man who was still her husband took possession of her, so that she could not open the letter for a few moments.

It was at once a loathing of bodily disgust like a sickness, and a mental horror of a creature who was so far from her natural nobility that it frightened her to know how she hated him; and she began to fear the letter itself, lest it should make some great

[1] Copyright, 1896, by F. MARION CRAWFORD.

change in her for which she should at last hate herself also. The spasm ran all through her, as the sight of some very disgusting evil thing violently disturbs body and mind at the same time.

The temptation to destroy the letter unread came upon her with all possible force, and the vision of a return to peace was before her eyes, as though the writing were already burned unread, and beyond her power to recover. But that would be cowardly, and she was brave. With drawn lips, pale cheeks, and knitted brows she opened it, took out the folded contents, and began to read. As though to remind her of the place where he was, and of all the circumstances from first to last, the name of the asylum was printed at the head of each sheet in small, businesslike letters.

She began to read:

MY DEAR HELEN: You will be surprised to hear directly from me, I suppose, and I can hardly expect that you will be pleased, though you are too good not to be glad that I am better after my long illness. I have a great many things to write to you, and no particular right to hope that you will read them. Will you? I hope so, for I do not mean to write again until I get an answer to this letter. But if you do read this one, please believe that I am quite in my right senses again, and that I mean all I say. Besides, the doctor has written to you. He considers me almost «safe» now; I mean, safe to remain as I am.

It is not easy for me to write to you. You must hate me, of course. God knows, I have given you reason enough to wish that I might stay here for the rest of my life. You are a very good woman, and perhaps you will forgive me for all I have done to hurt you. That is the main thing I wanted to say. I want to ask your pardon and forgiveness for everything, from beginning to end.

«Everything» is a big word, I know. There has been a great deal during these many years, a great deal more than I like to think of; for the more I think of it the less I see how you can forgive even the half, much less forget it.

I was not myself, Helen. You have a right to say that it was my fault if I was not myself. I drank hard. That is not an excuse, I know; but it was the cause of most of the things I did. No woman can ever understand how a man feels who drinks and has got so far that he cannot give it up. How should she? But you know that most men cannot give it up, and that it is a sort of disease, and can be treated scientifically. But I do not mean to make excuses. I only ask your forgiveness, and in order to forgive me you will find better excuses for me than I could invent for myself. I throw myself upon your kindness, for that is the only thing I can do.

They say that it would not be quite safe for me to leave the asylum for another month or two, and I am quite resigned to that; for the life is quiet here, and I feel quiet myself and hate the idea of excitement; I suppose I have had too much of it.

But by and by they will insist upon my leaving, when I am considered quite cured; and then I want to go back to you, and try to make you happy, and do my best to make up to you for all the harm I have done you. Perhaps you think it is impossible, but I am very much changed since you saw me.

I know what I am asking, dear Helen. Do not think I ask it as though it were a mere trifle. But I know what you are and what you have done. You could have got a divorce over and over again, and I believe you could now if you liked. It is pretty easy in some States, and I suppose I could not find much to say in defense. Yet you have not done it; I do not know whether you have ever thought of it.

If you think of it now that I want to come back to you, and try to do better, and make you happy, for God's sake, give me another chance before you take any step. Give me one more chance, Helen, for the sake of old times. You used to like me once, and we were very happy at first. Then—well, it was all my fault, it was every bit of it my fault, and I would give my soul to undo it. If you will forgive me, we can try together and begin over again, and it shall all be different, for I will be different.

Can we not try? Will you try? It will be easy if you will only let us begin. It is not as if we should have other troubles to deal with, for we have plenty of friends and plenty of money, and I will do the rest. I solemnly promise that I will, if you will forgive me and begin over again. I know it must seem almost impossible. It would be quite impossible for any other woman, though you can do it if you will.

I shall wait for your answer before I write again, though it will seem a very long time, and I am very anxious about it. If it is what I hope it will be, perhaps you will cable a few words, even one word. «Forgiven» is only one word. Will you not say it? Will you not give me one chance more? Oh, Helen dear, for God's sake, do!

H.

Helen read the letter to the end, through every phrase and every repetition. Then the fight began, and it was long and bitter—a battle to death, of which she could not see the issue.

The man wrote in earnest, and sincerely meant what he said. No one could read the words and doubt that. Helen believed all he had written, so far as his intention was concerned, but she could not cut his life in two, and leave out of the question the man he had been, in order to receive without fear or disgust the man he professed himself to be. That was too much to ask of any woman who had suffered what she had of neglect, of violence, of shame.

«No one could tell,» the doctor wrote,

«whether a return to the world might not mean also a return to the unfortunate habit» —no one could tell that. And Harmon himself wrote that most men could not give it up, that it was a disease, and that no woman could understand it. What possible surety could he give that it should never get hold of him again? None. But that was only a small matter in the whole question.

If she had ever loved him, perhaps if she could have felt that he had ever loved her truly, it would have been different; but she could not. Why had he married her? For her beauty. The shame of it rose in her eyes as she sat alone, and she could not help turning her face from the light.

For love's sake, even for an old love outraged long ago and scarred past recognizing, she could have forgiven much. Old memories, suddenly touched, are always more tender than we have thought they were, till the tears rise for them, and the roots of the old life stir in the heart.

Helen had nothing of that. She had made the great mistake of marrying a man whom she had not loved, but whom she had admired, and perhaps believed in, more than she understood. She had married him because he seemed to love her very much, and the thought of being so loved was pleasant. She had soon found out what such love meant, and by and by she had seen how traces of it survived in Henry Harmon when all thought of honoring her, or even of respecting her, was utterly gone.

A bitter laugh rang through the quiet room, and she started, for it was her own voice. She was to forgive! Did he know what he was asking, and for what things he was praying forgiveness? Yet when he had been sober he had generally remembered what he had done when he had been drunk. That is to say, he had seemed to have the faculty of remembering what he chose to recall, and of forgetting everything else. She was to forgive what he chose to remember!

«Oh, Helen dear, for God's sake, do!» She could see the last written words of his letter before her eyes, though the sheet was folded and bent double in her tightly closed hand. He meant it, and it was an appeal for mercy. She hated herself for having laughed so cruelly a moment earlier. There was a cry in the words quite different from all he had written before them. It did not touch her, it hardly appealed to her at all; but somehow it gave him the right to be heard, for it was human.

Then she went over all he said, though it hurt her. She was not a woman of quick impulses, and she knew that what was left of her life was in the balance. Even he seemed to acknowledge that, for he spoke of a possibility of freedom for her by divorce. To speak so easily of it he must have thought of it often, and that meant that it was really an easy matter, as Colonel Wimpole had said. It was in her power, and she had free will. He knew that she had a choice, and that she could either take him back, now that he was cured, or make it utterly out of the question for him to approach her. He said as much when he implored her to give him one more chance «before taking any step.» She went over and over it all for hours.

In the cool of the afternoon she opened the blinds, collected her letters, and then sat down again, no nearer to a decision than she had been at first. A servant came and told her that Colonel Wimpole was down-stairs. He had written a word on his card asking to see her again.

Her first impulse was the natural one; she would let him come in, and she would lay the whole matter before him, as before the best friend she had in the world, and ask him how she should act. There was not in all the world a man more honorable and just. She would let him come to her.

The words were on her lips while the servant stood in the open door waiting for her answer. She checked herself with an effort. She wrote a line, and gave it to the man.

She would not see Wimpole just then, for it would not be fair to him, nor perhaps quite just to Harmon. Wimpole loved her, though he was quite unaware that she knew it. She believed firmly that when he had advised her that very afternoon to divorce her husband he had been thinking only of her happiness; but he had advised it, all the same, just because he believed that Harmon might recover. He could not change his mind now that what he feared for her was taking place. How could he? He would use every argument in his power, and he would find many good ones, against her returning to her husband. He could influence her against her free will, and far more than he could guess, because she loved him secretly as much as he loved her. It was bitter not to see him, and tell him, and ask his help—it was desperately hard; but as soon as she saw that it was right she wrote the words that must send him away before she could have time to hesitate. Deep in her heart, too, there was a thought for him. Loving her as he did, it would not be easy for him either to go into

the whole matter; his honor and his love would have to fight it out; so she sent him away.

Then Archie came into the room, vague and childish at first, but with an odd look in his eyes; and he began to talk to her about Sylvia Strahan in a way that frightened her, little by little, as he went on.

«Marry me to her, mother,» he said at last, as though asking for the simplest thing. «I want to be married, and I want Sylvia. I never saw any other girl whom I wanted.»

VII.

THERE are times when trouble accumulates as an avalanche, or like water in one of those natural intermittent springs that break out plentifully and dry up altogether in a sort of alternation. But the spring has its regular period, and trouble has not, and in a landslide of disasters it is impossible to say at any moment whether the big boulders have all passed in the sliding drift of smaller stuff, or whether the biggest of all may not be yet to come.

There are days in a lifetime which decide all the rest, and sometimes explain all that has gone before—happy days, or days of tears, as the case may be. On such days all sorts of things happen that never occurred before, and perhaps never occur again, and every one who has had one or two such short and eventful periods of confusion can remember how a host of unforeseen trifles thrust themselves forward to disturb him. It was as though nothing could turn out right; as if nobody could take a message without a mistake; as if the post and the telegraph had conspired together to send letters and telegrams to wrong addresses; and altogether, all things, including the most sober and reliable institutions, seem to work backward, against results instead of for them. Those are bad times. When they last long people come to grief. When they are soon over people laugh at them. When they decide a whole life, as they sometimes do, people can afterward trace the causes of happiness or disaster to some very small lucky coincidence or unfortunate mistake over which they themselves had no control.

When Colonel Wimpole was refused admittance, Helen's word merely said that she was not able to see any one just then, and he had naturally supposed that she was dressing or lying down. He was intimate enough with her to return half a dozen times a day if he pleased.

When he had gone away so abruptly, he had looked upon his leaving her as a mere interruption of his visit, necessary because he could not be sure of controlling himself just then, but not meant to last any length of time. He would have waited till the evening before going back if his sister had not been so absurdly nervous about the price of the hat, insisting that he should go at once and return the money. He had gone to his own room in rather a disturbed state of mind, and had stayed there an hour, after which Miss Wimpole, judging that he must be sufficiently rested, had knocked at his door and urged him to go at once to see Mrs. Harmon. As he had no very good reason to give for refusing to do so, he had made the attempt, and had been refused admittance. Not dreaming that anything of importance had happened to Helen, he went for a walk along the lake, and came back again after an hour, and wrote on his card a special request:

«May I see you now? It is about a rather awkward little matter.»

It was growing late. Helen reflected that he could not stay long before his own dinner-time and hers, that he evidently had something special to say, and that she was certainly strong enough to keep her own counsel for a quarter of an hour if she made up her mind to do so. Besides, it must seem strange to him to be refused a second time; he would infer that something was wrong, and would ask questions when they next met. She decided to see him.

His face was grave, and he was quite calm again. As he took her hand and spoke there was a sort of quiet tenderness in his manner and tone, a little beyond what he usually showed, perceptible to her who longed for it, though it could hardly have been noticed by any one else.

«It is rather an awkward little matter,» he said, repeating the words he had written.

Then he saw her face in the twilight, and he guessed that she had seen the newspaper.

«Are you in any trouble?» he asked quickly.

She hesitated, and turned from him, for she had forgotten that her face must betray her distress.

«Yes,» she answered, but she said no more than that.

«Can I help you?» he asked after a short pause.

«Please do not ask me.»

She sat down, and Wimpole sighed audibly as he took his seat at a little distance from

her. He was sure that she must have seen the paragraph about Harmon's recovery.

«Then I will explain my errand,» he said. «May I?»

It seemed rather a relief to have so small a matter ready to hand.

«Yes; it will not take long, will it?» she asked rather nervously, for she felt how his presence tempted her to confidence. «It—it will soon be dinner-time, you know.»

«I shall not stay long,» said the colonel, quietly. «It is rather an awkward little matter. You know, Archie was with you this morning when I saw you in the shop and got that miniature.»

Helen looked at him suddenly, with a change of expression, expecting some new trouble.

«Yes, Archie was with us; what is it?» Her voice was full of a new anxiety.

«It is nothing of any great importance,» answered Wimpole, quickly, for he saw that she was nervous. «Only, he went out by himself afterward, and came across my sister and Sylvia in a milliner's shop—»

«What was he doing in a milliner's shop?» interrupted Helen, in surprise.

«I don't know,» said the colonel. «I fancy he saw them through the window, and went in to speak to them. Sylvia was trying on a hat, you know, and she liked it, and Archie, without saying anything, out of pure goodness of heart, I suppose—»

He hesitated. On any other day he could have smiled, but just now he was as deeply disturbed as Helen herself, and the absurd incident of the hat assumed a tremendous importance.

«Well, what did he do?» Helen's nerves were on edge, and she spoke almost sharply.

«He paid for the hat,» answered Wimpole, with an air of profound sorrow, and even penitence, as if it had been all his fault; «and then he went off before they knew it.»

Helen bit her lip, for it suddenly trembled. He had not told the story very clearly or connectedly, but she understood. Archie had just been talking to her very strangely about Sylvia, and she had seen that he had fallen in love with his old playmate, and she was afraid. And now she was horribly ashamed for him. It was so stupid, so pitifully stupid.

The colonel, guessing what greater torment was tearing at her heart, sat still in a rather dejected attitude, waiting for her to speak, but not watching her.

The matter which had brought him was certainly not very terrible in itself, but it stirred and quickened all the ever-growing pain for her son which was a part of her daily life. It knitted its strength to that of all the rest to hurt her cruelly, and the torture was more than she could bear.

She turned suddenly in her seat, and half buried her face against the back of the chair, so that Wimpole could not see it; and she bit the coarse velvet savagely, trying to be silent and tearless till he should go away. But he knew what she was doing. If he had not spoken she could still have kept back the scalding tears awhile. But he did speak, and very gently.

«Helen—dear Helen—what is it?»

«My heart is breaking,» she said, almost quietly.

But then the tears came, and she shook once or twice, like an animal that has a bad wound but cannot die. The tears came slowly, and burned her like drops of fire; she kept her face turned away.

Wimpole was beside her, and held her passive hand. It twitched painfully as it lay in his, and every agonized movement of it shot through him, but he could not say anything at first; besides, she knew he was there and would help her if he could. At last he spoke his thought.

«I will keep him from you,» he said. «He shall not come near you.»

Her hand tightened upon his suddenly, and she sat up in her chair, turning her face to him, quite white in the dusk by the open window.

«Then you know?» she asked.

«Yes; it is in the Paris paper to-day. But it is only a report; I do not believe it is true.»

She rose, mastering herself strongly, as she withdrew her hand and steadied herself a moment against the chair beside him.

«It is true,» she said. «He has recovered. He has written to me.»

Wimpole felt as if he had been condemned to death without warning.

«When?» he managed to ask.

«I got the letter this afternoon.»

Their voices answered each other, dull and colorless in the gloom, and for some moments neither spoke. Helen went to the window and leaned upon the broad marble sill, breathing the evening air from the lake, and Wimpole followed her. The electric lamps were lighted in the street, glaring coldly out of the gray dusk, and many people were moving slowly along the pavement below in little parties, some gay, some silent.

«That is why I did not let you come up,» said Helen, after a long time. «But now—since you know—» She stopped, still hesi-

tating, and he tried to see her expression, but there was not enough light.

«Yes?» he said, with a question, not pressing her, but waiting.

«Since you know,» she answered at last, «you can guess the rest.»

A spasm of pain half choked her, and Wimpole put out his hand to lay it gently upon her arm, but drew it back again. He had never done even that much in all those years, and he would not do it now.

«I will keep him from you,» he said again.

«No; you must not do that.» Her voice was steady again. «He will not come to me against my will.»

Wimpole turned sharply as he leaned on the window-sill beside her, for he did not understand.

«You cannot possibly be thinking of writing to him, of letting him come back?»

«Yes,» she said; «that is what I am thinking of doing.»

She hardly dared to suspect that she still could hesitate, now that Wimpole was beside her. If he had not come it might have been different; but he was close to her now, and she knew how long and well he had loved her. Alone she could have found reasons for refusing ever to see Harmon again, but they lost their look of honor now that this man, who was everything to her, was standing at her elbow. Exaggerating her danger, she feared lest Wimpole should influence her, even unintentionally, if she left the question open. And he, for her own happiness, and setting all thoughts of himself honorably aside, believed that he ought to use whatever influence he had to the utmost.

«You must not do it,» he said. «I implore you not to think of it. You will wreck your life.»

She did not move, for she had known what he would say.

«If you are my friend,» she answered after a pause, «you should wish me to do what is right.»

It was a trite commonplace, but she never tried to be original at any time, and just then the words exactly expressed her thought; but he resented it.

«You have done more than enough of that sort of right already. It is time you thought a little of yourself. I do not mean only of your happiness, but of your safety. You are not safe with that man; he will drink again, and he may kill you.»

She turned her white face deliberately toward him in the gloom.

«And do you think I am afraid of that?» she asked slowly.

There was a sort of reproach in the tone, and a great good pride with it. Wimpole did not know what to say, and merely bent his head gravely.

«Besides,» she added, «he is in earnest. He is sorry. He was mad then, and he asks me to forgive him now. How can I refuse? He was really mad, really insane. No one can deny it. Shall I?»

«You can forgive him without going back to him. Why should you risk your life?»

«It is the only way of showing him that I forgive him, and my life will not be in danger.»

«Do you think that you can ever be happy again if you go back to him?» asked Wimpole.

«My happiness is not the question; the only thing that matters is to do right.»

«It seems to me that right is more or less dependent on its results—»

«Never!» cried Helen, almost fiercely, and drawing back a little against the side of the window. «If one syllable of that were true, then we could never know whether we were doing right or not till we could judge the result. And the end would justify the means always, and there would be no more right and wrong at all in the world.»

«But when you know the results,» objected Wimpole, «it seems to me that it may be different.»

«Then it is fear! Then one is afraid to do right because one knows that one risks being hurt! What sort of morality would that be? It would be contemptible.»

«But suppose that it is not only yourself who may be hurt, but some one else? One should think of others first; that is right too.» He could not help saying that much.

Helen hesitated a moment.

«Yes,» she answered presently; «but no one else is concerned in this case.»

«I will leave your friends out of the question,» said Wimpole. «Do you think it will do Archie any good to live under the same roof with his father?»

Helen started perceptibly.

«Oh, why did you say that?» she exclaimed in a low voice, and as she leaned over the window-sill she clasped her hands together in a sort of despairing way. «Why did you say that?» she repeated.

Wimpole was silent, for he had not at first realized that he had found a very strong argument. As yet, being human, she had thought only of herself in the first hours of her trouble. He had recalled all her past terrors for her unfortunate son, and the

memory of all she had done to keep him out of his father's way in old days. He had been a mere boy then, and it had been just possible, because his half-developed mind was not suspicious. Now that he was grown up, it would be another matter. The prospect was hideous enough if Harmon should take a fancy to the young man, and make him his companion, and then fall back into his old ways.

«Why did you say it? Why did you make me think of that?» Helen asked the questions almost piteously. «I should have to send Archie away—somewhere where he would be safe.»

«How could he be safe without you?» The argument was pitilessly just.

But, after all, her life and happiness were at stake. Wimpole saw right in everything that could withhold her from the step to which she had evidently made up her mind.

«And if I refuse to go back to my husband, what will become of him?» she asked, still clasping her hands hard together.

«He could be properly taken care of,» suggested Wimpole.

«And would that be forgiveness?» Helen turned to him again energetically.

«It would be wisdom, at all events.»

«Ah, now you come back to your argument!» Her voice changed. «You are pressing me to do what is wise, not what is right. Don't do that! Please don't do that!»

«Do you forgive him?» asked the colonel, very gravely.

Again she paused before answering him.

«Why should you doubt it?» she asked in her turn. «Don't you see that I wish to go back to him?»

«You know what I mean. It is not the same thing. You are a very good woman, and by sheer force of goodness you could make an enormous sacrifice for the sake of what you thought right.»

«And would not that be forgiveness?»

«No; if you freely forgave him it would be no sacrifice, for you would believe in him again. You would have just the same faith in Harmon which you had on the day you married him. If forgiveness means anything, it means that one takes back the man who has hurt one on the same real, inward terms with one's self on which one formerly lived with him. You cannot do that, for it would not be sane.»

«No, I cannot quite do that,» Helen answered, after a moment's thought. «It would not be true to say that I had even thought I could. But then, if you put it in that way, it would be hard to forgive any one, and it would generally be foolish. There is something wrong about your way of looking at it.»

«I am not a woman,» said Wimpole, simply. «That is what is the matter. At the same time, I do not see how you, as a woman, are ever going to reconcile what you believe to be your duty to Harmon with what is certainly your duty to your son.»

«I must,» said Helen. «I must.»

«Then you must do it before you write to Harmon, for afterward it will be impossible. You must decide first what you will do with Archie to keep him out of danger. When you have made up your mind about that, if you choose to sacrifice yourself nobody can prevent you. At least, you will not be ruining him too.»

He saw no reason for not putting the case plainly, since what he said was true. Yet, as he felt his advantage, he knew that by pressing it he was increasing her perplexity. In all his life he had never been in so difficult a position. She stood close beside him, her arm almost touching his, and he had loved her all his life as few men love, with an honesty and purity that were more than quixotic. What there was left he could have borne for her sake, even to seeing her united again with Henry Harmon; but the thought of the risk she was running was more than he could bear. He would use argument, stratagem, force, anything, to keep her out of such a life; and when he had succeeded in saving her he would be capable of denying himself even the sight of her, lest his conscience should accuse him of having acted for himself rather than for her alone.

He remembered Harmon's face as he had last seen it, coarse, cunning, seamed with dissipation, and he looked sideways at Helen, white, weary, bruised, a fast fading rose of yesterday, as she had called herself. The thought of Harmon's touch was more than he could bear.

«You shall not do it!» he exclaimed after a long silence. «I will make it impossible.»

Almost before he spoke the last words he had repented them. Helen drew herself up and faced him, one hand on the window-sill.

«Colonel Wimpole,» she said, «I know that you have always been my best friend; but you must not talk in that way. I cannot allow even you to come between me and what I think is right.»

He bent his head a little.

«I beg your pardon,» he answered in a low voice; «I should have done it, not said it.»

«I hope you will never think of it again,» said Helen.

She left the window, and felt in the dark for matches on the table to light a small candle she used for sealing letters. It cast faint rays up to her sad face. Wimpole had stayed by the window, and watched her now while she looked toward him over the little flame.

«Please go now,» she said gravely; «I cannot bear to talk about this any longer.»

VIII.

AFTER the door had closed Helen stood a moment by the table motionless. Then she sat down by the feeble light of the taper, and wrote upon a sheet of paper her husband's address and one word: «Forgiven.» She looked at the writing fixedly for a minute or two, and then rang the bell.

«Have this telegram sent at once, please; and bring me a lamp and dinner,» she said to the servant.

With the lamp came Archie, following it by a sort of instinct, as children do.

«You must have been in the dark ever so long, mother,» he said; and just then he saw her white face. «You are not looking all right,» he observed.

Helen smiled, from force of habit, rather wearily. The servant began to set the table, moving stealthily, as though he were meditating some sudden surprise which never came. He was a fairly intelligent Swiss, with an immense pink face and very small blue eyes.

Helen watched him for a moment, and sighed. The man was intellectually her son's superior, and she knew it. Any one else might have smiled at the thought as grotesque; but it had for her the horrible vividness of a misfortune that had saddened all of her life which her husband had not embittered. She envied for her son the poor waiter's little powers of mental arithmetic and memory.

«What 's the matter, mother?» asked Archie, who sat looking at her.

«Nothing, dear,» answered Mrs. Harmon, rousing herself, and smiling wearily again. «I am a little tired, perhaps; it has been a hot day.»

«Has it? I did n't notice. I never do—at least, not much. I say, mother, let 's go home! I 'm tired of Europe, and I know you are. Let 's all go home together—we and the Wimpoles.»

«We shall be going home soon,» said Helen.

«I thought you meant to go to Carlsbad first. Was n't it to Carlsbad we were going?»

«Yes, dear; but—here comes dinner—we will talk about it by and by.»

They sat down to table. In hotels abroad Helen always dined in her rooms, for she was never quite sure of Archie. He seemed strangely unconscious of his own defect of mind, and was always ready to enter boldly into conversation with his neighbors at a foreign hotel dinner-table. His childish ignorance had once or twice caused her such humiliation as she did not feel called upon to bear again.

«I don't know why we should n't talk about it now,» began Archie, when he had eaten his soup in silence, and the servant was changing his plate.

«We shall be alone after dinner,» answered his mother.

«Oh, the waiter does n't care! He 'll never see us again, you know; so why should n't we say anything we like before him?»

Mrs. Harmon looked at her son and shook her head gravely, which was an admonition he always understood.

«Did you see anything you liked to-day?» she asked incautiously, by way of changing the conversation.

«Rather!» exclaimed Archie, promptly. «I met Sylvia Strahan—jukes!»

Helen shuddered as she saw the look in his face and the animal glitter in his eyes.

«I wish you could remember not to say ‹jukes› every other minute, Archie,» she said for the thousandth time.

«Do you think Sylvia minds when I say ‹jukes›?» asked the young man, suddenly.

«I am sure she thinks it a very ugly and senseless word.»

«Does she? Really?» He was silent for a few moments, pondering the question. «Well,» he resumed at last, in a regretful tone, «I 've always said it, and I like it, and I don't see any harm in it. But, of course, if Sylvia does n't like it I 've got to give it up, that 's all. I 'm always going to do what Sylvia likes now as long as I live. And what you like, too, mother,» he added as an apologetic and dutiful after-thought. «But then, you 're pretty sure to like the same things, after all.»

«You really must not go on in this way about Sylvia, my dear,» said Helen. «It is too absurd.»

Archie's heavy brows met right across his forehead as he looked up with something like a glare in his eyes, and his voice was suddenly thick and indistinct when he answered:

«Don't call it absurd, mother. I don't understand what it is, but it 's stronger than I am. I don't want anything but Sylvia. Things don't amuse me any more. It was only today—»

He stopped, for he was going to tell her how he had found no pleasure in his toys; neither in the blocks, nor in the tin soldiers, nor in the little papier-mâché lady and gentleman in the painted cart. But he thought she did not know about them, and he checked himself in a sudden shame which he had never felt before. A deep red blush spread over his dark face, and he looked down at his plate.

«I 'm a man now,» he said through his teeth, in a rough voice.

After that he was silent for a time, but Helen watched him nervously. She, too, saw that he was a man, with almost less than a boy's mind, and her secret terror grew quickly. She could not eat that evening, but he did not notice her. They dined quickly, and then they sat down together, as they usually did, quite near to each other and side by side. She could sometimes teach him little things which he remembered, when everything was quiet. He generally began to talk of something he had seen, and she always tried to make him understand it and think about it; but this evening he said nothing for a long time, and she was glad of his silence. When she thought of the telegram she had sent, she had a sharp pain at her heart, and once or twice she started a little in her chair; but Archie did not notice her.

«I say, mother,» he began, looking up; «what becomes of all the things one forgets? Do they—do they go to sleep in one's head?»

Mrs. Harmon looked at him in surprise, for it was by far the most thoughtful question he had ever asked. She could not answer it at once, and he went on:

«Because you always tell me to try and remember, and you think I could remember if I tried hard enough. Then you must believe the things are there. You would n't expect me to give you what I had n't got, would you? That would n't be fair.»

«No, certainly not,» answered his mother, considerably puzzled.

«Then you really think that I don't forget. You must think I don't remember to remember; something like that. I can't explain what I mean, but you understand.»

«I suppose so, my dear. Something like that. Yes, perhaps it is just as you say, and things go to sleep in one's head, and one has to wake them up. But I know that I can often remember things I have forgotten if I try very hard.»

«I can't. I say, mother, I suppose I 'm stupid, though you never tell me so. I know I 'm different from other people, somehow. I wish you would tell me just what it is; I don't want to be different from other people. Of course I know I could never be as clever as you, nor the colonel. But then, you 're awfully clever, both of you. Father used to call me an idiot, but I 'm not. I saw an idiot once, and his eyes turned in, and he could n't shut his mouth, and he could n't talk properly.»

«Are you sure that your father ever called you an idiot, Archie?»

Helen's lips were oddly pale, and her voice was low. Archie laughed in a wooden way.

«Oh, yes! I 'm quite sure,» he said. «I remember, because he hit me on the back of the head with the knob of his stick when he said so. That was the first time. Then he got into the way of saying it. I was n't very big then.»

Helen leaned back and closed her eyes, and in her mind she saw the word «Forgiven» as she had written it after the name: «Henry Harmon, New York. Forgiven.» It had a strange look. She had not known that he had ever struck the boy cruelly.

«Why did you never tell me?» she asked slowly.

«Oh, I don't know. It would have been like a cry-a-baby to go running to you. I just waited.»

Helen did not guess what was coming.

«Did he strike you again with the knob of his stick?» she asked.

«Lots of times, with all sorts of things. Once, when you were off somewhere for two or three days on a visit, he came at me with a poker. That was the last time. I suppose he had been drinking more than usual.»

«What happened?» asked Helen.

«Oh, well, I 'd grown big then, and I got sick of it all at once, you know. He never tried to touch me again after that.»

Helen recalled distinctly that very unusual occasion when she had been absent for a whole week, at the time of a sister's death. Harmon had seemed ill when she had returned, and she remembered noticing a great change in his manner toward the boy only a few months before he had become insane.

«What did you do?» she asked.

«I hit him. I hit him badly a good many times. Then I put him to bed. I knew he would n't tell.»

Archie smiled slowly at the recollection of

beating his father, and looked down at his fist. Helen felt as though she were going mad herself. It was all horribly unnatural—the father's cruel brutality to his afflicted son, the son's ferocious vengeance upon his father when he had got his strength.

«You see,» continued Archie, «I knew exactly how many times he had hit me altogether, and I gave all the hits back at once. That was fair, anyhow.»

Helen could not remember that he had ever professed to be sure of an exact number from memory.

«How could you know just how many times—?» She spoke faintly, and stopped, half sick.

«Blocks,» answered Archie. «I dropped a little blot of ink on one of my blocks every time he hit me. I used to count the ones that had blots on them every morning. When they all had one blot each, I began on the other side, till I got round again. Some had blots on several sides at last. I don't know how many there were now; but it was all right, for I used to count them every morning, and remember all day. There must have been forty or fifty, I suppose. But I know it was all right. I did n't want to be unfair, and I hit him slowly, and counted. Oh,»—his eyes brightened suddenly,—«I 've got the blocks here. I 'll go and get them, and we can count them together; then you 'll know exactly.»

Helen could not say anything, and Archie was gone. She only half understood what the blocks were, and did not care to know. There was an unnatural horror in it all, and Archie spoke of it quite simply and without any particular resentment. She was still half dazed when he came back with the mysterious box in which he kept his toys.

He set it down on the floor at her feet, and knelt beside it, feeling for the key in his pocket.

«I don't care if you see all the things now,» he said; «they don't amuse me any more.»

Nevertheless, she saw the blush of shame rising to his forehead as he bent down and put the key into the lock.

«I don't care, after all,» he said before he lifted the lid. «It 's only you, mother; and you won't think I was a baby just because they amused me. I don't care for them any more, mother—indeed I don't; so I may as well make a clean breast of it and tell you. Besides, you must see the blocks. All the blots are there still, quite plain, and we can count them, and then you 'll always remember, though I sha'n't. Here they are. I 've carried them about a long time, you know, and they 're getting pretty old, especially the soldiers. There is n't much paint left on them, and the captain's head 's gone.»

Helen leaned forward, her elbow on her knees, her chin resting on her hand, her eyes dim, and her heart beating oddly. It seemed as though nothing were spared her on that day.

Archie unpacked the toys in silence, and arranged the blocks all on one side in a neat pile, while on the other he laid the soldiers and the little cart, with the few remaining toys. Helen's eyes became riveted on the bits of wood. There were about twenty of them, and she could plainly distinguish on them the little round blots which Archie had made, one for each blow he had received. He began to count, and Helen followed him mechanically. He was very methodical, for he knew that he was easily confused. When he had counted the blots on each block, he put it behind him on the floor before he took another from the pile. He finished at last.

«Sixty-three—ju—!» He checked himself. «I forgot. I won't say ‹jukes› any more—I won't. There were sixty-three in all, mother. Besides, I remember now. Yes; there were sixty-three. I remember that it took a long time, because I was afraid of not being fair.»

Again he smiled at the recollection, with some satisfaction, perhaps, at his conscientious rectitude. With those hands of his, it was a wonder that he had not killed his father. Helen sat like a stone figure, and watched him unconsciously, while her thoughts ground upon each other in her heart like millstones, and her breath half choked her.

He swept all the blocks back in front of him, and by force of habit he began to build a little house before he put them away. She watched his strong hands, that could do such childish things, and the bend of his athletic neck. His head was not ill-shaped nor defective under the thick, short hair.

«Did he always strike you on the head, Archie?» she asked suddenly.

He knocked the little house over with a sweep of his hand, and looked up.

«Generally,» he said quietly. «But it does n't matter, you know. He generally went for the back of my head because it did n't make any mark, as I have such thick hair; so I hit him in the same place. It 's all right; it was quite fair. I say, mother, I 'm going to throw these things away, now that you know all about them. What 's the good

of keeping them, anyway? I 'm sure I don't know why I ever liked them.»

«Give them to me,» answered Helen. «Perhaps some poor child might like them.»

But she knew that she meant to keep them.

«Well, there is n't much paint on those tin soldiers, you know. I don't believe any child would care for them much; at least, not so much as I did, because I was used to them. Of course that made a difference. But you may have them if you like. I don't want them any more; they 're only in the way.»

«Give them to me for the present.»

«All right, mother.» And he began to pack the toys into the box.

He did it very carefully and neatly, for the habit was strong, though the memory was weak. Still Helen watched him without changing her attitude. He sighed as he put in the last of the tin soldiers.

«I suppose I shall really never care for them again,» he said.

He looked at them with a sort of affection, and touched some of the things lightly, arranging them a little better. Then he shut the lid down, turned the key, and held it out to his mother.

«There you are,» he said. «Anyhow, the blocks helped me to remember. Sixty-three, was n't it, mother?»

«Sixty-three,» repeated Helen, mechanically.

Then, for the second time on that evening, she turned her face to the cushion of her chair, and shook from head to foot, and sobbed aloud. She had realized what the number meant: sixty-three times, in the course of years, had Henry Harmon struck his son upon the head. It was strange that Archie should have any wits at all, and it was no wonder that they were not like those of other men. And it had all been a secret, kept by the child first, then by the growing boy, then by the full-grown man, till his thews and sinews had toughened upon him, and he had turned and paid back blow for blow all at once. And last of all, the father had struck her, with a thought of revenge, perhaps, as well as in passion, because he dared not raise his hand against his strong son.

Again she saw the words of her telegram, «Henry Harmon, New York. Forgiven,» and they were in letters of fire that her tears could not quench. She had not known how much she was forgiving. Archie knelt beside her in wonder, for he had never seen her cry in his life. He touched her arm lovingly, trying to see her face, and his own softened strangely, growing more human as it grew more childlike.

«Don't, mother! Please don't cry like that! If I had thought you would cry about it, I 'd never have told you. Besides, it could n't have hurt him so very much—»

«Him!»

Helen's voice rang out, and she turned with a fierce light in her angry eyes. In a quick movement her arms ran round Archie's neck and drew him passionately to her breast, and she kissed his head again and again, always his head, upon the short, thick hair, till he wondered and laughed.

When they were quiet again, sitting side by side, her battle began once more, and she knew that it must all be fought over on different ground. She had forgiven Henry Harmon as well as she could for her own wrongs; but there were others now, and they seemed worse to her than anything she had suffered. It was just to think so, too, for she knew that at any time she could have left Harmon without blame or stain. It had been in her power, but she had chosen not to do it.

But the boy had been powerless and silent through long years; she had never even guessed that his father had ever struck him cruelly. At the merest suspicion of such a thing she would have turned upon her husband as only mothers do turn, tigresses or women. But Archie had kept his secret, while his strength quietly grew upon him, and then he had paid the long score with his own hands. Out of shame Harmon had kept the secret too.

Yet she had said in one word that she forgave him, and the word determined the rest of her life. A suffering, a short, sad respite, and then suffering again: that was to sum the history of her years. She must suffer to the end more and more.

And all at once it seemed to her that she could not bear it. For herself she might have forgiven anything; she had pardoned all for herself, from the first neglect to the scar on her forehead; but it was another matter to forgive for Archie. Why should she? What justice could there be in that? What right had she to absolve Harmon for his cruelty to her child?

She must ask Archie if he forgave his father. She could no longer decide the question alone, and Archie had the best of rights to be consulted. Wimpole's words came back to her, asking whether it could do Archie any good to be under the same roof with his father; and all at once she saw that her

whole married life had been centered in her son much more than in herself.

Besides, he must be told that his father had recovered, for every one must know it soon, and people would speak of it before him, and think it very strange if he were ignorant of it. She hid from herself the underthought that Archie must surely refuse to live with his father after all that had passed, and the wild hope of escape from what she had undertaken to do which the suggestion raised.

She sat silent and thoughtful, her tears drying on her cheeks, while her son still knelt beside her. But without looking at him she laid her hand on his arm, and her grasp tightened while she was thinking.

«What is it, mother? What is it?» he asked again and again.

At last she let her eyes go to his, and she answered him:

«Your father is well again. By this time he must have left the asylum. Shall we go back to him?»

«I suppose we must if he 's all right,» answered Archie, promptly.

Helen's face fell suddenly, for she had expected a strong refusal.

«Can you forgive him for all he did to you?» she asked slowly.

«I don't see that there 's much to forgive. He hit me, and I hit him just as often, so we 're square. He won't hit me now because he 's afraid of me. I hate him, of course, and he hates me; it 's quite fair. He thinks I 'm stupid, and I think he 's mean; but I don't see that there 's anything to forgive him. I suppose he 's made so. If he 's all right again, I don't see but what we shall have to go and live with him again. I don't see what you 're going to do about it, mother.»

Helen buried her face in her hands, not sobbing again, but thinking. She did not see «what she was going to do about it,» as Archie expressed the situation. If she had not already sent the telegram it would have been different. The young man's rough phrases showed that he had not the slightest fear of his father, and he was ignorant of what she herself had suffered. Much she had hidden from him altogether, and his dullness had seen nothing of the rest. He supposed, if he thought anything about it, that his mother had been unhappy because Harmon drank hard, and stayed away from home unaccountably, and often spoke roughly and rudely when he had been drinking. To his unsensitive nature and half-developed mind these things had seemed regrettable, but not so very terrible after all. Helen had been too loyal to hold up Harmon as an example of evil to his son, and the boy had grown up accustomed to what disgusted and revolted her, as well as ignorant of what hurt her, while his own unfinished character was satisfied with a half-barbarous conception of what was fair so far as he himself was concerned. He had given blow for blow and bruise for bruise, and on a similar understanding he was prepared to return to similar conditions. Helen saw it all in a flash, but she could not forgive Harmon.

«I can't! I can't!» she repeated aloud, and she pressed Archie's arm again.

«Can't—what, mother?» he asked. «Can't go back?»

«How can I after this? How can I ever bear to see him, to touch his hand—his hand that hurt you, Archie—that hurt you so much more than you ever dream of?»

There were tears in her voice again, and again she pressed him close to her; but he did not understand.

«Oh, that 's all right, mother,» he answered; «don't cry about me! I made it all right with him long ago. And I don't suppose he hurt me more than I dreamed of, either. That 's only a way of talking, you know. It used to make me feel rather stupid; but then, I 'm stupid anyway, so even that did n't matter much.» And Archie smiled indifferently.

«More than you think, more than you know!» She kissed his hair. «It was that—it may have been that—it must have been—I know it was—»

She was on the point of breaking down again.

«What?» he asked with curiosity. «What do you mean? I don't understand.»

Helen's voice sank low, and she hardly seemed to be speaking to her son.

«Your father made you what you are,» she said, and her face grew cold and hard.

«What? Stupid?» asked Archie, cheerfully. Then his face changed too. «I say, mother,» he went on in another voice; «do you think I 'm so dull because he hit me on the head?»

Helen repented her words, scarcely knowing why, but sure that it would have been better not to speak them. She did not answer the question.

«That 's what you think,» said Archie. «And it 's because I 'm not like other people that you say it 's absurd of me to want to marry Sylvia Strahan, is n't it? And that 's my father's doing? Is that what you think?»

He waited for an answer, but none came at once. Helen was startled by the clear sequence of ideas, far more logical than most of his reasonings. It seemed as if his sudden passion for Sylvia had roused his sluggish intelligence from its long torpor. She could not deny the truth of what he said, and he saw that she could not.

«That 's it,» he continued; «that 's what you think. I knew it.»

His brows knitted themselves straight across his forehead, and his eyes were fixed upon his mother's face as he knelt beside her. She had not been looking at him, but she turned to him slowly now.

«And that 's why you ask whether I can forgive him,» he concluded.

«Can you?»

«No.»

He rose to his feet from his knees easily by one movement, and she watched him. Then there was a long silence, and he began to walk up and down.

Helen felt as if she had done something disloyal, and that he had given the answer for which she had been longing intensely, as an escape from her decision, and as a means of freedom from bondage to come. She could ask herself now what right she had to expect that Archie should forgive his father; but instead she asked what right she could have had to give Archie so good a reason for hating him, when the boy had not suspected that which, after all, might not be the truth. She had made an enormous sacrifice in sending the message of forgiveness for her own wrongs, but it seemed to her all at once that in rousing Archie's resentment for his own injuries she had marred the purity of her own intention.

Indeed, she was in no state to judge herself, for what Archie had told her was a goad in her wound, with a terror of new pain.

«You cannot forgive him,» she said mechanically, and almost to herself.

«Why should I?» asked Archie. «It means Sylvia to me. How can I forgive him that?»

And suddenly, without waiting for any answer, he went out and left her alone.

After a long time she wrote this letter to her husband:

DEAR HENRY: I am very glad to hear of your recovery, and I have received your letter to-day, together with the doctor's. I have telegraphed the one word for which you ask, and you have probably got the message already. But I must answer your letter as well as I can, and say a great many things which I shall never say again. If we are to meet and try to live together, it is better that I should speak plainly before I see you.

You asked a great deal of me, and for myself I have done what you asked. I do not say this to make it seem as though I were making a great sacrifice, and wished you to admit it. We were not happy together; you say that it was your fault, and you ask me to forgive you. If I believed that you had been in full possession of your senses till you were taken ill, I do not think that forgiveness could be possible. You see, I am frank. I know that you often did not know what you said and did, and that when you did know you could not always weigh the consequences of your words and actions; so I shall try to forget them. That is what you mean by being forgiven, and it is the only meaning either you or I can put upon the word. I shall try to forget, and I will bear no malice for anything in the past, so far as I am concerned. Never speak of it when we meet, and I never will. If you really wish to try the experiment of living together again, I am willing to attempt it as an experiment.

But there is Archie to be considered, and Archie will not forgive you. By a mere chance to-day, after I had sent my telegram, he told me that you used to strike him cruelly and often because his dullness irritated you. You struck him on the head, and you injured his brain, so that his mind has never developed fully, and never can.

I do not think that if I were a man, as he is, I could forgive that. Could you? Do you expect that I should, being his mother? You cannot. You and he can never live under the same roof again. It would perhaps be harder for you, feeling as you must, than for him; but in any case it is not possible, and there is only one arrangement to be made. We must put Archie somewhere where he shall be safe and healthy and happy, and I will spend a part of the year with you and a part with him. I will not give him up for you, and I am not willing to give you up for him. Neither would be right. You are my husband, whatever there may have been in the past; but Archie is my child. It will be harder for me than for him, too.

You say that I might have got a divorce from you, and you do me the justice to add that you believe I have never thought of it. That is true, but it is not a proof of affection. I have none for you. I told you that I should speak plainly, and it is much better. It would be an ignoble piece of comedy on my part to pretend to be fond of you. I was once. I admired you, I suppose, and I liked you well enough to marry you, being rather ignorant of the world and of what people could feel. If you had really loved me and been kind to me I might have loved you in the end. But, as it turned out, I could not go on admiring you long, and I simply ceased to like you. That is our story, and it is a sad one. We made the great mistake, for we married without much love on either side, and we were very young.

But it was a marriage just the same, and a bond which I never meant to break, and will not break now. A promise is a promise, whatever happens,

and a vow made before God is ten times a promise. So I always mean to keep mine to you, as I have kept it. I will do my best to make you happy, and you must do your part to make it possible.

After all, that is the way most people live. True love, lasting lifetimes and not changing, exists in the world, and it is the hope of it that makes youth lovely and marriage noble. Few people find it, and the many who do not must live as well as they can without it. That is what we must do. Perhaps, though the hope of love is gone, we may find peace together. Let us try.

But not with Archie. There are things which no woman can forgive nor forget. I could not forgive you this if I loved you with all my heart, and you must not expect it of me, for it is not in my power. The harm was not done to me, but to him, and he is more to me than you ever were, and far more to me than myself. I will only say that. There can be no need of ever speaking about it, but I want you to understand; and not only this, but everything. That is why I write such a long letter.

It must all be perfectly clear, and I hope I have made it so. It was I who suffered for the great mistake we made in marrying; but you are sorry for that, and I say, let us try the experiment, and see whether we can live together in peace for the rest of our lives. You are changed since your illness, I have no doubt, and you will make it as easy as you can. At least, you will do your best, and so shall I.

Have I repeated myself in this letter? At least I have tried to be clear and direct. Besides, you know me, and you know what I mean by writing in this way: I am in earnest.

God bless you, Henry; I hope this may turn out well.

HELEN.

It was ten o'clock when she had finished. She laid her hand upon the bell, meaning to send her letter to the post-office by a servant; but just then the sound of laughing voices came up to her through the open window, and she did not ring. Looking out, she saw that there were still many people in the street, for it was a warm evening. It was only a step from her hotel to the post-office, and if she went herself she should have the satisfaction of knowing positively that the letter was safe. She put on a hat with a thick veil, and went out.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

THE ABSURDITY OF WAR.

WAR is the last remnant of man's mode of deciding disputes in the animal or savage state. As soon as he started on the road to civilization he set up judges or courts to settle controversies. Before that, when two men differed about anything, they tore or mutilated each other's bodies, and it was tacitly agreed that the man who was most mutilated, if not killed, should give way. But he abode by the decisions of courts very reluctantly. The hardest battle of the reformers of the race was to get him to submit to the judges. He always preferred in his heart some kind of mutilation of his adversary's body, and in order to give a certain dignity to this mode of settling quarrels he got up the theory that God presided over it, and always gave the victory to the man who was in the right. In England this notion lasted in the «trial by battle,» or «wager of battle,» almost down to our own time. It was held that the Deity was on the side of the man who gave most cuts and stabs.

When the wager of battle as a settlement of disputes of any kind became too absurd, the turbulent classes were driven into starting the duel. They felt that there must be some mode reserved of getting at an adversary's body with some weapon. So they established the rule that all offences against what they called their «honor»—that is, their sense of personal dignity—must be avenged by cutting, stabbing, or shooting, and that each man must decide when his «honor» was injured, and when cutting, stabbing, or shooting was necessary. This was a very cunning arrangement; for if it were left to other people to say when your «honor» was injured, you might never, or very rarely, get a chance to cut or stab or shoot at all, because they might say your honor was not injured. But there was even a better device than this; for it was arranged that the man who you said had injured your honor could not deny it or apologize without disgrace. He was held bound, no matter how trifling the injury, to give you a chance to cut him or stab him, and to do his best to cut or stab you. In what manner this mended your honor was never explained. To all outward appearance, after the theory of the interest of the Deity in the matter had died out, your

honor remained after the fight exactly what it was before the fight. The cutting and stabbing had neither proved nor disproved anything; it had simply gratified an animal instinct of the primeval time. Dueling, however, has disappeared here and in England. It flourishes still, in the old barbarous, absurd form, on the Continent.

Disputes between nations, for obvious reasons, have not come as rapidly under human methods of decision as disputes between individuals. Nations have never agreed to have judges and arguments as individuals have. The result is that their mode of deciding differences of opinion has always remained the old animal one of doing as much material injury as possible to the other side; and there still lingers the belief that God is on the side of the one which does most injury; that he counts up the number of killed and wounded, and decides that the one which has most killed and wounded is in the wrong. During war he is prayed to see that the number of killed and wounded on the other side may be the larger, and after what is called a «victory»—that is, the killing and wounding of a larger number of your enemies than they have managed to kill and wound on your side—people hurry to church and sing hymns of thanks. This belief is very strong still in our day, and the enemy's dead are counted joyfully. The human plan of deciding differences of opinion by judges, proofs, and argumentative persuasion, as distinguished from the animal or feline plan of deciding by the tearing and rending of bodies, has, in fact, not made much progress, though it has begun to receive attention.

But the process of settling quarrels by mutilation and destruction of property in disputes between nations has some features of atrocity unknown in dueling, or single combat, or wager of battle. In all these cases the actual enemies, who know whatever is to be known about the cause of the dispute, meet face to face and do the cutting and stabbing on each other. They do not attack any one else, and when they have injured each other to the extent of their ability, they stop, if living. But in the case of nations vast bodies of men are employed to kill and maim one another in quarrels of the merits of which they know nothing, and which they have no power of their own to end; and they may go on fighting for years, as in the great wars of Napoleon, killing and being killed, without the power to come to terms. When this takes place it is called «war,» and really is no more human or rational than fights between animals. In fact, it is the one great trait of barbarism of the primeval world retained by modern nations. As far back as we can go we find men trying to kill each other about something, or to gratify mere hatred, on as large a scale as the tribe can afford. The Iroquois led two or three hundred men to the field because they hated the Mohicans, or because the Mohicans had something they wanted. The modern Germans led a million of men to the field because they hated the French, or because the French had something they wanted. The French do the same thing to the Germans. Nothing, or very little, is changed except the scale on which the thing is done, and the treatment of the wounded prisoners. Civilization has made its way so far that we treat them with tolerable kindness; the Iroquois used to kill and torture them.

But civilization has done another very curious thing. It has raised the business of killing enemies and destroying their property into a very honorable profession. Indeed, it has raised it in honor far above the other professions. The soldier who settles quarrels by stabbing, cutting, and rending stands higher in popular estimation than the judge and advocate who sit to decide quarrels peaceably, by reason, on the human method. The animal method has the ascendancy. With the general public this is due largely to leaving what the soldier *does* out of sight, and considering simply to what he exposes himself. He is not looked on at all as a man who kills and wounds enemies and destroys property; who makes widows and orphans by the thousand; who tramples down crops, and burns villages, and brings ruin into thousands of lives: but as a man who exposes his life for others. In the popular imagination he does not kill for his country: he is killed for his country. The active part of his business is seldom present to the mind; the passive or suffering part is what is mainly present. It is chiefly through this impression, also, that war is elevated into an improver of character, or moral elevator of the whole community. This view could hardly be maintained if war were constantly thought of as a collection of men cutting, stabbing, mutilating, and burning houses. Its success is due to the habit of fixing the imagination on soldiers as in some sense martyrs, as men who for the sake of the community sacrifice their own lives. The theory has no foundation on observed facts. Wars have raged since the dawn of civilization, but there is no record of their having improved any na-

tion's character, of having made men more sober, or religious, or humane, or law-abiding. All that we know of the effect of war represents it as demoralizing to the many, though probably in a few cases having chastened or purified a few surviving relatives.

But the most serious charge which can be made against war is that either it does not decide things, or that it is waged over things which might be decided without it, although it is enormously costly. Take as examples the wars of this century between civilized nations. I will admit that those between civilized and barbarous nations have been just and necessary. The wars of Napoleon lasted twenty years; cost, it is estimated, the lives of three millions of men; suspended the march of civilization all over Europe; and caused enormous destruction of property. Very few of those engaged in them had any idea what they were about. They ended in leaving France exactly as they found her—much impoverished in money and population, and with the same, or nearly the same, frontiers as when they began. The next war was the attempt of France to keep a certain family on the throne of Spain. It failed: the family lost the throne. The next was the Belgian revolution. It settled what ought to have been settled without it. The next was the Crimean war. Within twenty years everything it accomplished had disappeared, and the general opinion of Europe was that it should never have been undertaken. It cost two hundred thousand lives and about one billion dollars. The next was the war for the liberation of Italy. It succeeded, but ought not to have been necessary. The next was the war of the rebellion, costing about five billion dollars, and two hundred thousand lives, and enormous destruction of property. It was of no use to those who began it. The next were the Prusso-Austrian and the Franco-German war. Both accomplished their purpose, and were enormously destructive.

Now, what is noticeable in all these is that they were about matters capable of the submission of proofs, and arguments by counsel, and judicial decisions; and that in every case, excepting the seizure of Alsace and Lorraine, wise and impartial judges would have decided the matter exactly either as the war decided it, or as the war was meant to decide it, but did not. Nearly everything in the dispute was plain, except which of the disputants had most power of destruction; in other words, the war was totally unnecessary. On human plans of expediency and persuasion, France would never have been invaded after the Revolution; Napoleon would never have fought; Holland would have let Belgium go; France would never have invaded Spain; England would never have fought Russia; Austria would have surrendered Italy, and would have concluded an arrangement with Prussia; the South would have yielded to the North for compensated emancipation; and the French would never have called the German king to account about the throne of Spain. What I mean is, that in every one of these cases an impartial tribunal would have decided the matter either in the way the war decided it, or in the way hindsight decided it. About five million men who were killed or maimed would have continued to labor and enrich their countries, and the nations of Europe would have been saved a debt which I do not put into figures because they would be so large that they would convey nothing to the reader's mind. In every case the difficulty was one which could have been settled by the human art of persuasion; by people simply saying before the war what they said after it; or, in other words, by acting like men, not like animals. If cats fought in armies, the only question they would settle which could not be settled in any other way would be, which set could do most biting and scratching. Any other question between them—such as, which was entitled to most food, which made most noise at night, which was the best climber of backyard fences, which had the best fur—could be settled judicially by testimony and argument.

The enormous growth of armies in Europe, and the recent unhealthy outburst of jingoism among us, may seem to contradict what I say as to the growth of a more peaceful spirit among the nations—that is, as to the growth of civilization. But it must be observed that in no case is the tremendous enlargement of the standing armies ascribed to love of war or aggression. On the contrary, every nation says it is arming in the interest of peace, and that it loathes war; that it is some other nation's evil designs which render the increase in armament necessary. This is of itself a distinct advance. In the last century the increase in the army would have been boldly ascribed to a desire to conquer or humiliate somebody.

E. L. Godkin.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

A Call for Home Patriotism.

THE new year ought to be a memorable one in the work of municipal reform throughout the United States. The passing of the Presidential election, with its momentous issue, leaves the field clear everywhere for the undistracted consideration of questions which are rather local than national, and into which partizan politics should not be permitted to enter. New York City will have to decide in November whether it will go ahead with its experiment in non-partizan administration, or will slide back into the slough of Tammany misrule. Its conduct will be watched eagerly by other cities, and if the verdict shall be in favor of progress, a fresh impulse toward good government will be felt in every municipality of the land.

New York can now be looked to with profit by other cities for guidance in the work of good city government. The two years of her reform administration have accomplished one remarkable result, and many others that are valuable. The one success which overshadows all others is that of Colonel Waring in the Street-cleaning Department. For the first time in the history of the country we have a great American city whose streets are as well cleaned as those of any other city in the world. One of the most common and most humiliating charges against municipal government in this country is thus wiped out so far as our chief city is concerned. In securing this advance for us, Colonel Waring has done something even more important than to clean and keep clean the pavements of New York streets. He has shown the whole country that the most efficient kind of public service is that which has no «politics» in it. Every great city in the country had for years a street-cleaning force under the control of politics, but in no city were the streets cleaned. Colonel Waring constructed his force on new principles; he defied politics and politicians; was obliged to face bitter opposition and persistent misrepresentation because of his defiance: but he won in the end, and succeeded in doing what no «practical politician» had ever done. Herein was a victory for the «theoretical reformer» which no man can gainsay. Furthermore, while doing this he organized a force which has become a cause of public pride. Before his advent no public servant was more despicable than a street-sweeper. Now he is a self-respecting member of a uniformed force which marches in annual parade through Fifth Avenue, and is displayed with the Fire Department to distinguished foreign visitors as one of the institutions in which the city takes pride. The men feel that they are their own masters, that they hold their positions because they are fit for them, and that so long as they do their work well no political boss can harm them. In other words, freedom from political interference has made men of them, and they do their work like men, and not like slaves.

The lesson to be drawn from this is twofold. In the first place, the best municipal service is that which is thoroughly dissevered from politics; in the second place, the best results can be achieved only by a single responsible head in a municipal department. All observers agree, for example, that if Theodore Roosevelt had been the sole head of the Police Department instead of one of four commissioners, and had had as full administrative powers as Colonel Waring possesses, he would have given New York a model police force to accompany its street-cleaning force. He and his reforming associates have accomplished a great deal as it is, but they have been hampered seriously by the defective system under which they have had to work.

Back of all stands the lesson which cannot be too often enforced, that the only way in which to get model city government is to take the government of all our cities permanently out of politics—not for two years or three years, but for all time. New York has accomplished what she has by one step in this direction. If she does not follow it with a second step in November, much of the gain will disappear in a twelvemonth. Her short and fleeting taste of really civilized rule will be largely replaced by the old barbaric reign of incompetence, corruption, and political «pulls.» What must be had is not the service of a man like Colonel Waring for three years, but for life. In other words, we must have here what they have in the best-governed cities of Europe: permanent tenure for all the more important heads of municipal departments, and promotions on merit and fitness alone. In that way we shall always have in training for municipal service men who are competent to fill vacancies at the top, and to carry forward the work of government without a break. In that way, also, we shall shut and bar forever the door against the entrance of partizan politics.

In this struggle to put the government of our cities upon a thoroughgoing business basis, great progress ought to be made during the present year and the others that are to follow it, while we have a lull in national politics. Chicago, under her reform administration, has made great progress already, and is certain to make more, for a genuine public spirit has been aroused there by the Civic Federation, which has secured the thorough application of civil-service reform principles, and is exerting itself constantly to cultivate a militant civic pride throughout the city. Similar organizations ought to be formed, and indeed have been formed, in other cities, and good results are certain to follow their exertions. Let us have all over the country a genuine revival, a national awakening of home patriotism, directed at the abolition of ignorant and dishonest rule from all our cities, and in this way make the year 1897 a memorable one in our annals.

As Others See Us.

WHY is it that foreign newspapers almost habitually accept as accurate the most unfavorable views which reach them of Americans and American affairs and doings? American readers of foreign newspapers know

this to be the case, and are a good deal puzzled by it. Especially is it true of London journals. Many of these seem to be eager for news which represents this country as the land of extraordinary people and extraordinary occurrences. They revel in accounts of cyclones, of earthquakes, and of appalling railway disasters. Nothing strikes them as too unusual to be credited. The editor of a London daily who received the following cable message from his New York correspondent in August last published it in serene confidence that it was a truthful statement of facts:

> Still the heat continues, and the odor of the charnel-house reigns over the city. From hundreds of decomposing human bodies and from the rotting carcases of horses there exhales a stench that is positively sickening. Added to this horror is an epidemic of rabies. Mad dogs are running about the streets, and already more than a score of children have been bitten. The mortality due to the heat yesterday totals up 85 persons.

This was almost pure invention. If a New York editor had received from London a message ascribing such a condition of affairs to that city, he would not have accepted it as truthful. Why should a London editor be less skeptical about the probability of such things existing in New York? We are known to be a civilized community, and it is reasonable to suppose that a civilized city of a million and a half of inhabitants would have a government capable of removing dead bodies and checking the running of mad dogs through its streets. Why should not a London editor consider this when confronted with «news» like the above?

Similar credulity is shown by English journals in American political matters. The tendency almost invariably is to believe that the worst side has the best chance of winning. There must be reasons for this state of mind in regard to us as a people. Nations, like individuals, make their own reputations, and we must have a hand in making ours. Undoubtedly the long-standing view of us as an enormous country with an enormous mixed population is responsible for much of the foreign misunderstanding of us, but it does not account for all of it. For many years all the books which visitors to this country wrote about us were given up mainly to more or less exaggerated, and often largely imaginary, accounts of our peculiarities; but this is no longer the case. Most of the information which reaches the Old World in this manner nowadays is intelligent, and is calculated to depict us in our true character.

Can we be said to serve ourselves as fairly as others serve us? The two chief sources to which foreign observers look for manifestations of our civilization and progress are our press and our public men. This must be the case with every nation. Are these two reflections of our national life such always as to command high respect for our general culture, our self-restraint, our high-minded sense of justice, our broad conception of international obligations? It has been said that every nation has the kind of press that it deserves, that its newspapers reflect the tastes and mirror the intellectual standards of its people. We cannot expect to be made an exception in the general judgment of the world; and if many of our great journals place trivialities, scandal, and crime in most conspicuous position in their columns, thus assuming that American readers like that kind of news best of all, how can we complain when foreign observers accept the assumption as accurate? If some of our statesmen and politicians assume habitually a bullying tone of contempt for foreign opinion, if they habitually make light of expert knowledge, express contempt for trained intelligence, treat such grave matters as the public credit and national honor with indifference, how can we complain if foreign observers say that as a people we care little for all those things?

It is worth while to consider these matters seriously. The English editor who published the telegram about the condition of affairs in New York City had been in the habit of seeing American newspapers arrive in every mail with their columns filled with accounts of crime of one kind and another, and with groups of criminal events headed «Carnivals of Crime.» Such prominence and profusion of this kind of news in an English or other European newspaper would have meant a virtually lawless condition of society in the city in which the crime was placed. What more natural than for an editor who had been accustomed to this kind of news about New York to accept the rumors about mad dogs and dead bodies as not a bit improbable?

There is one trait of our national character which foreigners can never comprehend, and that is our unshakable faith in our ability to «come out all right in the end.» We stand idly and more or less indifferently by, and allow the country to be pushed to the verge of a financial or political precipice under the impulse of some kind of popular craze or another, entirely confident that just before it slips over we can take hold of it and pull it back. We have done this again and again, and nothing seems to shake our faith in our ability to repeat the operation whenever occasion arises. It costs us enormously, not only in reputation, but also in money, and retards our growth and progress in a thousand ways; but nothing seems likely to cure us of the habit, unless it be a great national calamity due to our failing in some crisis to take alarm quickly enough.

We must not say this much without adding that English periodicals are beginning to see the necessity of better reports both of current events in America and of the great movements of reform of various kinds that are continually being carried to successful conclusions in this country. The grotesque and sensational will doubtless not fail to have an undue share of attention on the part of the foreign, as it has with the native, press; but the deeper life of the people, the quiet, home-making, conservative, self-respecting, uplifting forces in American civilization, will not be forgotten or underrated.

A «Law-Regarding Race.»

WE have heard it said of a great English poet that he was always disappointing his admirers. It may be remarked of the great American republic that it is always disappointing its enemies. A campaign such as that through which we have recently passed, marked by such intense mental excitement and harshness of language, ought in all reason to have been accompanied by physical violence. There were, it is true, rumors of eggs thrown—that seemed to hit no one; occasionally speakers were interrupted. There was some horse-play, doubtless; but where were the shootings and riots that ought to have been reported from all parts of a country

of nearly seventy millions of little and big agitated campaigners?

No; in the general good order—punctuated by not very important exceptions—the nation again disappointed those who are unfriendly to republican institutions. Riots came, indeed, neither during nor after the election. The quiet and good-natured way in which the defeated took the victory of their opponents constitutes another disappointment to our unfriendly critics.

All of which illustrates and enforces the truth of Professor Woodrow Wilson's contention that Americans have always been a law-regarding race. He holds that this regard for law was apparent in the war of the Revolution; and that, later, «neither side could have fought the battles of the war of 1861–65 until they had satisfied themselves that they had a legal right to do so»; adding with a smile: «That they both thought themselves in the right proves what subtle litigants they were.» It is this respect for law that gives the great decisions of the suffrage their acceptance and effect.

OPEN LETTERS

Helen Keller at Cambridge.[1]

HELEN KELLER'S teacher, Miss Sullivan, called upon me in June last at the Cambridge School, and asked me if I would admit Miss Keller to the classes with hearing and seeing girls, and fit her for the Harvard examinations. This proposition startled me, and I replied that I thought it impracticable. However, Miss Sullivan was, as usual, deeply in earnest, and urged me not to decide at once. She afterward gave me the opportunity to discover Miss Keller's mental power, and also to learn somewhat of her educational progress. I decided that it was possible to fit Helen for the examinations, and determined to make the trial.

During the summer Miss Keller was kept free from mental effort. She was already in good health, but she gained more strength by her summer pleasures; and she appeared at her new Cambridge home in season to present herself with the other pupils at the school on the morning of the first day. She has lost no time since.

In the school we are dealing with Miss Keller as we do with normal girls of sixteen. She has the new experience of leaving her home in the morning, and of spending the usual hours in the school building, where she has her class exercises with the other members of the school. She returns to her home at the same time that the other pupils do, and mainly occupies her afternoons and evenings as they do, though naturally she takes a longer time to prepare her lessons than they do, who see.

It is our endeavor to keep her from the distractions which would arise if she were to accept social invitations; but she receives her friends, as do the other ladies of the household in which she lives, on Friday afternoons and evenings. She associates freely with her schoolmates at all times, sharing their walks and social pleasures, much to their delight. Many of them have learned to talk rapidly with her, using the manual alphabet.

I could do little for Miss Keller were it not that Miss Sullivan continues her loving superintendence, and follows her with the ministrations that she has so willingly rendered all these years. Thus, while the direction of Helen's intellectual work has been committed to me, I find it necessary to depend upon Miss Sullivan for certain assistance which no acquaintance less thorough and familiar with the past would be sufficient to suggest. I am day by day impressed by the magnitude of the work that we are called upon to perform for this marvelous girl, and I can only trust that I may be in some degree equal to the demand.

Miss Sullivan and I have always before us a sense of the novelty of the work, and we feel that we cannot lay it out far in advance. We are obliged to be constantly on the alert, watching developments, and prepared to do whatever is best at the time. While, therefore, we have the Harvard examinations before us as a goal, we are not willing to say to-day that Helen will take those examinations at any given time in the future, or that we shall not at another stage find that her nature demands a cultivation different from that which is planned for the average woman. We simply desire to feel free to take one step at a time.

In accordance with these plans, the first step was taken in October, when Miss Keller came to school with the other «new» pupils, and a rough classification of them all was made. It was at that time thought best for Helen to take up the subjects of arithmetic, English, English history, Latin, and advanced German. This work is progressing well. It was desirable, however, to get a more exact estimate of Helen's progress, and for this purpose I gave her at once four Harvard examination-papers that had been used at the college in June last by the candidates for admission. The subjects were those in which I supposed that Miss Keller was most advanced; but as she had never tried such an examination, and had had no preparation for an examination of any kind, the test would have been esteemed severe by a boy or girl in possession of all the faculties. Usually these papers are not tried until the candidate has been under special training of a technical character for a series of years. The conditions that I established were made the same as in the college, though the questions were of necessity read to Miss Keller, and the strain upon memory was greater.

The result was informally submitted to the members

[1] See also reference to Helen Keller in the article in this number on «Speech-Reading.»

of the Harvard faculty who had read the admission examination-books, and in every case I was assured that the grade was sufficient—in some respects more than sufficient—to pass the candidate. In reading these papers myself, I was struck by the literary style, which was original, and by the leisurely way in which the thoughts were brought out. Miss Keller seemed to me more willing to put a living interest into her papers than the average candidate is; and while she showed the most accurate acquaintance with the particular matter under discussion, she also showed a general cultivation which was as grateful to me as it was unusual. It was evident that the mind that was displaying itself had not been cramped by the technical training which is too often put in the place of a broader and more important instruction.

By these papers Miss Keller has shown that it would be an easy matter for her to pass the Harvard examinations in five or more hours in June next; but the question must be settled later in the year.

THESE words are written on the fifth of November. Helen has just finished her first examination in the work that her class in Latin has done since school opened. She had studied Latin only about one half of a year, and that separated from this date by two years. Her paper was marked «A,» which signifies almost perfect. It was written under my immediate personal supervision, the questions being read to her. She was allotted an hour, and she finished the paper in fifty minutes.

It is impossible at this stage of the work for us to convey to Helen all the explanations of the teachers; but in spite of this, it is within limits for me to say that she keeps up with speaking and hearing girls. I have to-day unexpectedly asked for a report from each teacher on her work. One very rapid speaker among them says that at first she was aware of a change in her way of presenting the lesson, arising from an effort to give her information slowly; but that now she does not notice Helen's presence, and treats the class as though she were not there. In replying to «snap» questions, Helen is no more ready than other girls, but when she has time she does better work than the others. This teacher, as well as the others, thinks Helen's mental processes do not differ from those of other girls.

In German it is said that «Helen has always a clear, beautiful, accurate picture of the thing that she is reading of or describing. Very often other girls give a great many words and say nothing; Helen, never.» In Latin it is reported that Helen is quicker and more accurate than the average girl, and the teacher makes no change in her methods of instruction. Helen's English teacher thinks that there is little need of further instruction in that department, at least before admission to college.

After Helen had been three weeks in school her teacher in history asked her to prepare a theme on «The Qualities Which Make a Noble Man and a Great King,» and she produced the following:

WHAT QUALITIES MAKE A NOBLE MAN AND A GREAT KING?

«A noble man!» What do I mean by «a noble man?» I certainly do not necessarily mean a man of high rank, power or wealth, as the Romans did; but, to my mind, a noble man is he who strives to attain that which is beautiful and imperishable—love. Love is the foundation on which all nobility must rest. If a man has love in his heart it will find its expression in many beautiful qualities, such as patience, courage, and charity. He is patriotic, honest and firm; he labors, not for promotion, but for the sake of the good which his work will bring to those around him. He is a true friend, whom all can trust, and all that is beautiful and good calls forth his warm enthusiasm. In a word, he is always «valiant and true.» A truly great king possesses all these qualities, and many others, which are necessary in the dischargement of his many arduous duties. He will be self-controlled, clear-headed and quick to perceive the right thing to be done, and the best way of doing it. He will be strong, honorable and just; he will respect all the sacred things of life, such as liberty, property and education; and he will encourage the pursuits of peace—science, art, literature, agriculture and so forth. When he fights, it will be to defend his country against its foes, not for the sake of conquest or vengeance. In short, he will be «like unto the King of kings.»

Such a man, and such a king was King Alfred of England. He did not seek his own glory or fame; he had but one ambition, and that was to leave his people better and happier than he found them. After having driven out the Danes, who had for many years been ravaging and plundering the country, he first gathered the wisest, best men from all parts of his dominion around him, and then he set to work patiently to establish law, justice and order in the land. He rebuilt the old monasteries, and founded new ones, so that the people might learn to read and write, and gain useful knowledge; he himself translated some of the best books he could find from Latin into English. Consequently history tells us that he was the best and most beloved king England ever had.

Perhaps this is not a remarkable theme; but when we remember that it was written with a type-writer by one only sixteen years of age, who could not see what she was doing, who could not look back to recall the construction of a former sentence or phrase, who had never heard her teacher's voice, or when one thinks of one's self trying to do such a feat blindfolded, it takes on a different appearance. The punctuation alone is far better than that of most adults who have their eyes and ears, and who have enjoyed many years of instruction. So far as I can observe, there is but one slip. In the second paragraph, between the words «first» and «gathered,» the period key seems to have been struck instead of the space key near by it; but this many a seeing typewriter might do.

The day before the theme about King Alfred was written, Helen's teacher of English asked her to write a paper on «The Character of Rosalind,» and the following was the result:

CHARACTER OF ROSALIND.

What first strikes us in Rosalind's character is its buoyance. As soon as she begins to speak, we know that she is young, fair and lovable. When we first meet her, she is grieving over the banishment of her father; but, on being chided by her cousin, Celia, for her sadness, we see how quickly she locks up her sorrow in her heart, and tries to be happy because Celia is happy. So when we hear her merry laugh, and listen to her bright conversation, we do not imagine for a moment that she has forgotten her sorrow; we know she is unselfishly trying to do her duty by her cousin. And when we see the smile fade from her sweet face, and the light from her eyes, because a fellow-creature is in trouble, we are not surprised. We feel that we have known all along that her nature was tender and sympathetic.

Rosalind's impulses, her petulance, her tenderness and her courageous defence of her father seem perfectly natural, and true to life; but it is very hard to put in words my idea of her character. It seems almost as if it would lose some of its beauty and womanliness, if I tried to analyse it, just as we lose a beautiful flower when we pull it to pieces to see how many stamens it has. Many beautiful traits are wonderfully blended in her character, and we cannot help loving the vivacious, affectionate and charming Rosalind.

In this school-girl's theme the teacher found but one word to mark. That was «buoyance» instead of «buoyancy»; and this shows a trait of Helen's style, for she is apt sometimes to use a word in an unusual form or sense which she has met in her reading.

Arthur Gilman.

Helen Keller.

SHE lives in light, not shadow,
Not silence, but the sound
Which thrills the stars of heaven
And trembles from the ground.

She breathes a finer ether,
Beholds a keener sun;
In her supernal being
Music and light are one.

Unknown the subtile senses
That lead her through the day;
Love, light, and song, and color
Come by another way.

Sight brings she to the seeing,
New song to those that hear;
Her braver spirit sounding
Where mortals fail and fear.

She at the heart of being
Lonely and glad doth dwell—
Spirit with scarce a veil of flesh,
A soul made visible.

* * *

«Ian Maclaren» as a Theologian.

THEOLOGY and literature have not always been on good terms, and a great deal is said and done to widen the breach. It is not long since a book was published the object of which was to define the religion of a man of letters, as though it were something unlike that of other men. Not having read the book, I am unaware if it claimed that the conscience and the affections and the will of a literary man are so unlike those of other men that he requires a distinct religion, though it is difficult to imagine any other basis for one. If the claim can be substantiated, I see no reason why it should not be elaborated, and if it contemplates future existence, why it should not proceed to define the heaven held in reserve for the religious man of letters, and the particular form of hades reserved for the irreligious.

Happily, the general tide of thought does not set in this direction, and not only is the man of letters not relegated to his single category, but he is more and more counted as belonging to the ordinary run of humanity, with no need of a special religion, nor even as devoted to one vocation. It is a fortunate thing when a true man of letters turns his attention to theology, provided he rises to the height and dignity of the subject. There are enough who are ready to load it with sneers and to assail it with criticism, but an honest and earnest treatment of it is always to be welcomed; for, instead of the man of letters needing a religion of his own, it is other people who need his religion. The above-mentioned book inverted the whole business. Religion has been too much in the hands of theologians; it needs the light which can be thrown upon it by those close observers and interpreters of human life who dwell in the world of letters. The great writer is simply one who sees human life as it is, and sets it down in proper literary form.

Theology now goes half-way toward putting itself into the hands of literature by confessing that its field is largely the same—namely, life and nature. This is not a new departure, nor is it strictly an outcome of progress, but is rather a return to the beginning. The standpoint of Jesus was not in dogma, nor in ecclesiasticism, but in human life and its simple and evident relations to God and man. He found himself in life, and he made that the field of his action. Its natural and evident relations indicated his duties. The sources of the revelation of God which he made were in his own nature and in the world of human life about him. The fulfilment of his nature as the Son of the Father, and the life he lived in the world, constitute the gospel. The return to this conception is the chief characteristic of present-day theology. Hence the theologian of the new era need not be a metaphysician, nor of necessity a scholar; but he will be one who can interpret life at first hand, and follow it in all its ways; he will also have the discerning eye with which to see nature and penetrate to its meaning. We already have this order of theologians in the chief poets of the century: Browning with his direct vision of God; Tennyson interpreting the mystery of human life under the law of evolution; Whittier, the prophet of its hopes; Longfellow and Lowell, its teachers in every-day ethics. The writers of fiction have not done so well, having been insnared by a theory of realism which holds them down to one-sided and external views of life, while the poets, by the necessity of their calling, treat humanity in an ideal way, which is the only real way. But even the novelists have often rendered good service to theology by giving the final blow to some outworn dogma, or by standing sponsor for some new truth.

It is a fine service that the author of «The Bonnie Brier Bush» has rendered to theology in translating that charming cluster of stories or sketches into the form of religious teaching. «The Mind of the Master» is a straight, clear, penetrating look at Jesus, with no side-lights from other sources. Neither dogma nor church influences his touch or gives shape to a sentence. He looks upon that sacred life with the same close, sympathetic, and comprehensive glance with which he took in the Scotch parish. And here is where its value lies. The sketches move us because they are genuine interpretations of life; «The Mind of the Master» satisfies because it interprets his life.

It is needless to say of an author who is so true to himself,—a feature of Scottish writers,—that one finds in this book the same sincerity, the same soulfulness, the same keen discernment of motive and temper, which pervade his other works; «Ian Maclaren» and Dr. Watson are interchangeable names. He comes to this country as a writer of moving pictures of Scotch life; those who read «The Mind of the Master» will confess that he is also a theologian, and the two conceptions will not only not contradict, but will support each other.

T. T. Munger.

«Ian Maclaren» and the Brotherhood of Christian Unity.

A SPECIAL impulse has just come to the Brotherhood of Christian Unity from a new source. Dr. John Watson («Ian Maclaren»), in his volume of sermons entitled «The Mind of the Master," has suggested an ethical creed which so crystallizes the spirit and essence of Christianity that the Brotherhood has adopted it as a foundation for its work. It reads as follows:

I believe in the Fatherhood of God. I believe in the words of Jesus. I believe in the clean heart. I believe in the service of love. I believe in the unworldly life. I believe in the Beatitudes. I promise to trust God and follow Christ, to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God.

It will be observed that this is in no sense a declaration of religious faith. It expresses only the ethical side of Christianity. The high Calvinist, the low Arminian, the broad Unitarian, the reverent Churchman, the Catholic, Anglican or Roman, the non-church member—all who wish to follow Christ can stand together on this platform without compromising any of their personal views concerning church or creed. To quote the words of Dr. Watson himself in suggesting the «creed»:

Could any form of words be more elevated, more persuasive, more alluring? Do they not thrill the heart and strengthen the conscience? Liberty of thought is allowed; liberty of sinning is alone denied. Who would refuse to sign this creed? They would come from the east and the west and the north and the south to its call, and even they who would hesitate to bind themselves to a crusade so arduous would admire it, and long to be worthy. Does any one say this is too ideal, too unpractical, too quixotic? That no church could stand and work on such a basis? For three too short years the Church of Christ had none else, and it was by holy living and not by any metaphysical subtleties the Primitive Church lived, and suffered, and conquered.

The Brotherhood proposes to bring Dr. Watson's sentences to the attention of the entire Christian public of America.

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY. *Theodore F. Seward,*
Secretary.

The Kingdom of Rosenthal.

HANS RICHTER, not long ago, presented Mr. Moriz Rosenthal to his orchestra in London as the «prince of pianists,» and since Herr Richter has chosen to pose as a Warwick in the kingdom of music, it is high time to define the boundaries of the new potentate's territory.

The first claim to royalty put forth by Mr. Rosenthal was his phenomenal virtuosity, coupled with his bravura. The development of virtuosity has proceeded in this manner: A fellow-artist once exclaimed to Dreyschock,—of whom Heine said that he was not one pianist, but *drei schock* (thrice threescore),—famous for his octaves, sixths, and thirds, but especially for his left-hand playing: «To what pitch will technic ultimately be brought! Some one will soon play Chopin's Revolutionary Étude in octaves.» Dreyschock departed meditatively, and six weeks later returned and performed the feat. Liszt, hearing the story, sat down, opened the notes, and did the same thing offhand, remarking, «Very simple!» Liszt played *études* in rapid tempo to his pupils one morning. «Can you do this?» he asked Rosenthal, after he had amused himself by exciting their astonished admiration. Rosenthal sat down and doubled his master's tempo. Such is virtuosity.

It occurred to Tausig, the unapproachable virtuoso of the next generation (he was Liszt's pupil), that Chopin's waltz in D flat major could be played in sixths and double thirds as an almost impossible feat of technic, and this he did. Mr. Rosenthal has repeated the feat plus the contrapuntal addition of the second theme simultaneously with the first. True to the instinct of virtuosity, neither artist has reproached himself for thus obviously painting the lily. Certain technical exhibitions constitute virtuosity's characteristic expression. The simultaneous delivery of the theme from «Fledermaus» by one hand and the air of a Strauss waltz by the other, in Mr. Rosenthal's «Vienna Carnival,» is the direct descendant of the waltz and galop which Moscheles used to play at once in sportive moments. But music has become such a serious business since it has assumed a religious, moral, ethical, and dramatic mission that artists no longer toss off such bagatelles with a grin, thoroughly inartistic as they are—inartistic because, though performed in counterpoint, the forced marriage of two melodies each springing from a wholly independent artistic impulse, and delivered as independently as possible, violates the first canon of art, viz., that every detail shall expand from the original poetic germ. Even at this valuation, Mr. Rosenthal's feats are considerably better than a double somersault backward on a tight rope; but he is not the «prince of pianists» on that account, although he has multiplied in geometrical proportion the difficulties that originally composed the stock of the virtuoso. He is the prince not of virtuosity merely, but of bravura (root *brav*, fine, gallant, courageous, good, kind, fierce, hardy, tempestuous). Bravura is virtuosity so applied to performance as to overcome the hearer with astonishment and admiration, and fairly to whirl him on with the motion of the music into ecstasy and madness.

The whirling is accomplished by the accent, force, and velocity of the rhythmical motion in which the almost superhuman technic is developed; and since the rhythm is wholly created by the temperament of the player, bravura playing is justly regarded as the one indispensable gift of the great concert artist. When Mr. Rosenthal by this means carried captive every audience he met in Europe, and last of all transported the great Richter also, he proved his right to his title. He is a prince, a conqueror, and the meanings that stick in that old root *brav* define his musicianly qualities exactly. Setting aside his bravura, Mr. Rosenthal's excellences as a musician are simplicity, perfection of detail, directness of technical method, good-humored temper in dealing with his subject, a tone large, musical, and of widely varied timbre, but polished rather than sweet, and a very intelligent insight into the construction and possibilities of the music he plays. With his defects it is not the purpose of this article to deal.

Born at Lemberg thirty-three years ago, he studied with Mikuli, with whom he played Chopin's rondo for two pianofortes in a concert when ten years of age. In 1875 he studied with Rafael Joseffy, himself a pupil of Tausig, remaining under the influence of this great pianist many years. Subsequently he received the appointment of pianist to the court of Roumania, a position which he still holds. In 1876 he accepted Liszt's invitation to join him in Weimar, where he learned to recognize his own genius and artistic nature. The influence of

Liszt is preëminent in the mature artist. The grand style, the impetuosity, the strength of tone, the choice of artistic effects characteristic of the Rosenthal of to-day, belong to the Weimar school. His cantabile and colorature playing, however, have been formed on those of his earlier master, Joseffy, and the development of his tone has proceeded in large measure from the Tausig-Joseffy artistic standpoint—purity rather than warmth.

As was the case with Moscheles, Mr. Rosenthal's view of his art has steadily broadened since his preëminence as a bravura player became assured. He is a man of liberal education, and the resources of his literary culture are evident in the picturesque element which has entered his interpretation. Every piece now comes from his hands a tone-picture complete in each detail. That «kindness» which somehow crept into the old root of the term *bravura* may be trusted to save him from the intolerable dryness and hardness that so often overtake the bravura player when the fire of youth is passed. As Mr. Rosenthal's own character finds artistic expression his interpretation steadily gains in interest, power, and dignity.

Thus far he has added nothing to the stock of technical means and methods obtained from his predecessors, unless it be the magnificent development of forearm- and wrist-playing, in which in power, skill, and velocity no living pianist approaches him.

The concerto by Schytte, the most difficult piece in existence, is practically a compendium of almost impossible feats of wrist- and forearm-playing. Mr. Rosenthal's interpretation of it will remain the measure and model of virtuosity and bravura for at least one generation; and the same is true of the Brahms «Paganini» variations and the «Don Giovanni» fantasia.

Fanny Morris Smith.

«The Society of Western Artists.»

«In the natural order of things, it was to have been expected that there would arise in the West an organization of artists to occupy the vast field there presented, and to invite the attention of Western people» to the existence among them «of artists worthy of patronage.» So writes to us a Western correspondent concerning the new «Society of Western Artists» organized at Chicago in March, 1896, by artists of Indianapolis, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, with Frank Duveneck, president; William Forsyth, vice-president; H. W. Methven, secretary; and George L. Schreiber, treasurer. Long life and prosperity to the new art society!

Benson's «Summer.»

The picture of «Summer,» by Frank W. Benson, which appeared in the October Century, gained the Shaw prize at the eighteenth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists, 1896, and was printed in The Century by the kind permission of Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, the donor of the prize fund.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Partners.

LOVE took chambers on our street
Opposite to mine;
On his door he tacked a neat,
Clearly lettered sign.

Straightway grew his custom great,
For his sign read so:
«Hearts united while you wait.
Step in. Love and Co.»

Much I wondered who was «Co.»
In Love's partnership;
Thought across the street I 'd go—
Learn from Love's own lip.

So I went; and since that day
Life is hard for me.
I was buncoed! (By the way,
«Co.» is Jealousy.)

Ellis Parker Butler.

A Book of Names.

The writer recently examined a book that is perhaps the only one of its kind in the world. The volume is composed entirely of surnames, and its interest consists not only in its clever arrangement, but also in the fact that every name is genuine and well authenticated, and forms one or more English words correctly spelled.

Names are not ordinarily very entertaining reading. We can all sympathize with the old woman who found a perusal of a directory rather uninteresting because it was «arranged 'most too reg'lar.» But this volume of patronymics is an exception. All who have had the privilege of examining it have found it both curious and entertaining. In one large sanitarium it was an unfailing source of amusement to the patients, until it became so thumbed and worn that the owner was compelled to resume possession of it.

The origin of the book was on this wise. A number of years ago the compiler, then a young girl, told her uncle that she intended to make a collection of buttons or of postage-stamps. Her uncle replied: «Why do you not start something original, such as a collection of odd names? For instance, here in this newspaper are two that you might begin with—Mr. Toothaker and Mrs. Piazza.» The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and the result is a volume of some thousands of «names familiar as household words.»

During the growth of the book the collector has adhered to several well-defined rules. One, deviated from in a few instances only, is that nothing but surnames shall be used. One often hears of so-called «Christian» names that are amazingly odd. The writer knows of a father and mother who allowed their children to name themselves after they were grown up, calling them in the meanwhile simply «Bub» and «Sis,» and the result was that the two girls called themselves «Ethelial» and «Flayalva,» and the boys chose the names «Allevosto» and «Vociferi.» In compiling such a book the line must be drawn somewhere, however, and it is evident that many odd combinations of names, like «May Day,» «Constant Agony,» «Touch Me Not,» and «Westminster Abbey,» are merely the result of well-meaning though ill-advised intention.

Another strict rule of the compiler is to use none but absolutely genuine and well-authenticated names. The well-known legendary firm of «U. Ketcham & I. Cheatem» is necessarily excluded, as also the legendary Miss Rose who was called by her sentimental parents «Wild Rose,» but who by marriage with a Mr. Bull became «Wild Bull.» No names are ever selected from newspapers or other doubtful sources (the original Mr. Toothaker and Mrs. Piazza having been long since dropped); nor are any accepted upon hearsay only. The volume is composed of printed business cards, visiting-cards, and cuttings from reliable sources, where there is no probability of mistake or misspelling.

Again, no foreign names, known to be such, are used. At first the compiler of the book admitted some names that, on purely phonetic principles only, formed English words, but after a time these were culled out. «Rippe, the tailor,» is suggestive to the ear, but the eye demurs to spelling the word «rip» in so Frenchy a manner. In one instance the compiler was strongly tempted to depart from this rule, upon hearing on unimpeachable authority of the existence of a Mr. Catt whose first name was Thomas, and whose wife bore the name of Tabitha!

In turning over the leaves of this book, one becomes strongly impressed with the seriousness of the problem which confronted our worthy ancestors when they had to choose their surnames. Perhaps, though, the original surnames were distributed, and not chosen, the first applicants being awarded such charming ones as «Joy, Trust, Faith, Hope, Charity, Peace, Comfort, Bliss, Content, Delight, Goodness, Holiness, Truth,» while the unlucky wights near the end of the procession had to put up with the dregs, receiving such suggestive cognomens as «Sloth, Doubt, Folly, Blight, Dishonesty, Lies, Sorrow, Fear, Woe, Evil, Hatred.»

This theory, that surnames were awarded and not chosen, finds support in the familiar legend of the ancient Welsh prince who gathered the people of Wales together, and gave to one clan the name of Morgan, to another that of Griffiths, to another Thomas, to another Williams, and so on, until finally he became weary, and said, «Let all the rest be called Jones.»

If, however, we cling to the theory that names were voluntarily chosen, the question still remains, What principle governed our noble ancestors in their selection? Were they actuated by fitness, or sentiment, or malice aforethought, or were they simply swayed by chance? Perhaps some were governed in their choice by circumstances. Thus it may be that one man, being temporarily short of fuel, called himself «Littlewood»; another, being a brave warrior, called himself «Breakspear»; an impecunious traveler, bearing in mind the proverb, «The rolling stone has lots of fun,» selected the name of «Merrypebble»; another, whose next door neighbor was Mr. «High,» deemed it appropriate to dub himself «Dudgeon»; while still another, being in very agony at not finding any suitable cognomen for his destitute family, in sheer desperation announced himself to the world as Mr. «Agony.»

I have stated that one feature of this curious book which enhances its interest is the clever manner in which its contents are arranged. People of nearly every class, occupation, and taste may find here some topic or group of names that will appeal specially to them.

For example, anatomists should be interested in the following: «Body, Blood, Flesh, Veins, Artery, Pulse, Life, Fat, Gland, Wrinkle, Joint, Bones, Marrow, Whitebone, Rawbone, Broadrib, Head, Greathead, Fairhead, Broomhead, Lawhead, Broadhead, Redhead, Woodhead, Brain, Hair, Blacklock, Whitelock, Lovelock, Shylock, Forehead, Brows, Visage, Face, Eyes, Noseworthy, Lobe, Cheeks, Mouth, Tongue, Gums, Silvertooth, Lips, Jaw, Chin, Beard, Neck, Lung, Heart, Goodheart, Back, Firmback, Brownback, Slyback, Noback, Shoulders, Spine, Sides, Waist, Lap, Limb, Arms, Hands, Whitehand, Fist, Fingers, Thumb, Knuckles, Leg, Knee, Ankle, Foot, Barefoot, Loudfoot, Clinkerfoot, Heel, Soles.»

Turning over the leaves at random, we come to what might be called the culinary department, which will appeal to housewives and all others who are blessed with good appetite and sound digestion. This list is too long to be quoted entire, although every name is so appropriate that one hardly knows what to omit. The following are given as samples only: «Kitchen, Cook, Servant, Scullion, Range, Kindling, Fagot, Coke, Shovel, Coal, Smoke, Bellows, Sparks, Blaze, Hotfire, Burn, Clinker, Soot, Kettle, Pipkin, Meanpan, Washer, Wringer, Mangle, Irons, Laundry, Pump, Sink, Drain, Scales, Sieve, Rollingpin, Grater, Dipper, Jug, Crock, Firkins, Delf, China, Pitcher, Glass, Tins, Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cups, Saucer, Viands, Coffee, Cream, Sugar, Milk, Tea, Hyson, Chocolate, Bouillon, Butter, Bread, Yeast, Batch, Rising, Muffin, Rolls, Johnnycake, Oyster, Clam, Pickles, Olive, Gherkins, Peppers, Vinegar, Pepper, Salt, Mustard, Mace, Cinnamon, Cloves,» etc. This list appropriately concludes with the cooking directions: «Pare, Husk, Singe, Mince, Mix, Sweeten, Strain, Mash, Seasongood, Boil, Fry, Simmer, Bake, Bakewell, Pickle.»

Physicians will appreciate the following, and certainly every invalid will find in it «a consummation devoutly to be wished»: «Doctor, Doser, Surgeon, Bonecutter, Apothecary, Patient, Sickman, Paleman, Nurse, Vigil, Lint, Splint, Brace, Sling, Swab, Crutch, Bottles, Vial, Stopper, Cork, Label, Dose, Diet, Drugs, Cordial, Balsam, Bitters, Arnica, Hartshorn, Logwood, Brimstone, Morphia, Pill, Pellet, Powders, Plasters, Salve, Malady, Pain, Ache, Shiver, Chill, Cough, Grip, Croup, Hurt, Bumps, Lump, Bruise, Scar, Sprain, Blow, Clot, Warts, Splinter, Fester, Wellfinger, Shock, Gash, Gore, Matter, Rash, Cramp, Spittle, Bile, Itchings, Twitchings, Salts, Senna, Lame, Blind, Slender, Thin, Slim, Lean, Lank, Haggard, Pale, Delicate, Frail, Sallow, Faint, Sickly, Ill, Weak,

Weary, Failing, Moan, Groan, Suffer, Heal, Cure, Fat, Tall, Straight, Hearty, Well, Manwell, Heartwell, Hipwell, Bothwell, Goodflesh.»

One other list is too good to be omitted, although it can be given only in part; it may be termed the religious or ecclesiastical list: «Whitechurch, Fane, Chapel, Trinity, Church, Minster, Westminster Abbey (Westminster is a Christian [?] name), Tower, Hightower, Steeple, Spire, Cross, Vane, Belfry, Bell, Clapper, Knell, Dome, Nave, Gallery, Vestry, Pew, Organ, Pipes, Blower, Parish, Christian, Churchman, Saint, Sinner, Convert, Member, Layman, Laity, Clergy, Patriarch, Pope, Cardinal, Bishop, Archdeacon, Dean, Canon, Priest, Rector, Vicars, Abbot, Deacon, Pastor, Parson, Elder, Preacher, Ministerman, Domini, Service, Mass, Vespers, Surplice, Chant, Carol, Highnote, Mansinger, Greatsinger, Sidesinger, Creed, Text, Sermon, Alms, Silence, Pray, Divine, Blessing, Amen, Lent, Easter, Easterday, Pentecost, Wedlock, Troth, Marriage, Bridegroom, Bride, Fee, Born, Birth, Life, Die, Death, Deadman, Shrouds, Coffin, Pall, Pinecoffin, Bier, Hearse, Grave, Sexton, Bury, Tomb, Greenvault, Churchyard, Greenwood, Angel, Gabriel, Jordan, Paradise, Eden, Crown, Harp, Heaven, Demon, Hell, Godhelp, Godward.»

Having thus catered to the taste of the grown-ups, it is but fair to add this for the little ones: «Baby, Babe, Rattle, Laugh, Boo, Coo, Goo, Dollie, Linendoll, Ball, Agate, Toy, Games, Horsey, Teeter, Hobby, Horse, Mane, Lines, Drum, Swing, Jumper, Bumpus, Candy, Wink, Sandman, Nurse, Sugarwater, Supper, Barefoot, Bath, Robes, Pallet, Bolster, Sheets, Spread, Hush, Golightly.»

Among business firms we find such suggestive combinations as «Yard & Furlong, Brown & Bay, Moss & Rose, King & Page, Sweet & Pickle, Green & Wise.» Mr. «Winter» is a dealer in coal and wood; «Doll» is a toy merchant; «Wardrobe,» a dressmaker; «John Tutor,» a teacher; «Drunk,» a saloon-keeper; «Black & Green» are tea merchants.

Perhaps the most interesting pages of the book are those devoted to sentences formed of surnames. It is to be borne in mind that every name begins with a capital letter, and nothing but names are used.

«Wait! Lingo Shall Begin. Aims Are-good, Whims Only Waste. Never Say Unthank. Fallen Man-sir Will-ever Drink-wine. Gracie, Dear-love, Talks Straight-on To-her Favorite Dolly Emma All-day Long. Both-of Her-son Davids Near Neighbors Were Rather Singular Persons; Still Maybe You Will Find-later They Both Mean-well. Gouty Pat-stone, As-he Sits All-day Long Bitterly Grumbling, Fairly Grieves One-to Hear Him; But Poor Charles-with Far-less Hope Of Even Getting Out Again Will Alway Just Suffer-in Silence, Having Been Truly Blessed Therein. We-are Both Ready, Hannah, For-an Early Dinner, As-bill Will Need Thy-son Samuel Right Off Down Town, Where He-is Working Near Mountpleasant Hotel. We-dick, Ben-susan, And Fred Found Ella-by Green-tree Back-of High-tower, Far-below Rockhill, Picking Ferns. Hurry! Ben-said As-he Ran; We-are All Going Nutting About A-mile From Stonebridge. Ruths Southern Servant Works Hard, Can Wash Good-enough, Irons Nicely, Bakes Great-batch of Good-bread, Will Likewise Make Real Nice Savory Green-Apple Pies; Yet-to Wash-fish Rightly, Judy Never Will Try.»

Charles Lee Sleight.

The Passing of the Widow.

«REDDY 's got 'em again, sure,» said Canuck, jerking his thumb toward the collection of shanties, lean-tos, and tents that was dignified by the title of Boom City.

To one who knew Reddy's habits the appearances were decidedly in favor of the truth of Canuck's diagnosis. He was coming down the road at a gait that, as Dunham remarked, resembled an Indian war-dance more than anything else.

«A few more spells like that, and he will need a pine overcoat,» said Jack-pot, whose name—John Potts—was too suggestive of the national game to remain unchanged. There was a decided aversion, anyway, to calling a man by his right name in Boom City. As Reddy had put it to a new arrival, «It don't make no diff'rence what handle fitted you back in th' States; here you goes by the one what suits you best, and there 's less chance of havin' a call from th' sheriff.»

The red-headed, red-faced, red-shirted man whose predominating color had won him his sobriquet continued to wave his arms and run until within shouting-distance, when, in a voice made husky by long addiction to «the same,» he electrified the group of fortune-hunters with, «Come on! The Belcher boys hev got th' widder!»

«What 's that?» «How?» «Talk quick!» And with questions and oaths the men dropped picks, shovels, and «cradles,» and clamored for details.

«I wuz takin' a snooze in th' back of th' widder's [«Drunk,» sententiously remarked Canuck], and she was a-cleanin' th' glasses,» Reddy continued, paying no attention to Canuck's insinuation, «when I wuz woke by hearin' th' glasses smash on th' floor. I started to jump up, but sat down sudden again, fer I found myself a-lookin' into the muzzles of my own guns that Big Belcher was holdin' oncomfortably nigh my head. He says, says he, 'You shet up and go to sleep again.' I shet, an' I seed th' widder a-goin' out th' back door 'tween th' Belcher twins.

«You fellers wuz all out here, blind and deaf to ev'rything but yer own mis'able claims, an' I wuz th' only gentleman left t' look out fer th' widder, which same I could n't do 'count o' them two guns ag'in' my head. You 're a pretty lot of galoots, you air!

«I heerd 'em a-gittin' th' widder on a hoss, an' then Big Belcher run out, and jumpin' on his pony, put after th' others.

«The feller what bought them guns paid forty dollars for 'em,» Reddy added regretfully, unconsciously emphasizing the «bought.»

«The widow» was not only the owner of the one saloon in Boom City, all rivals being forcibly discouraged by her admiring customers, but she was the one woman in the town, and as such was respected, admired, protected, and proposed to by its entire population, individually and collectively. Even Reddy himself had applied for the honor of being supported by her. To him her refusal was offset by some of «the same,» which she gave him to soothe his wounded feelings.

She was a neat, pretty little woman, who ruled in undisputed and absolute monarchy over her rough but loyal subjects, no one of whom, even in his wildest and most drunken orgies, had ever shown her aught but re-

spect. A presumptuous tenderfoot who had attempted to kiss her had been saved from instant annihilation only by her own intercession. As it was, he was conducted to the limits of the town, where it was quietly but forcibly impressed upon him that in future the air of that neighborhood would not be conducive to his health. A nervous fingering of the spokesman's revolver added whatever emphasis was needed.

So when it dawned upon the understanding of Reddy's listeners that the widow, their sole representative of the gentler sex, the proprietor of their «hotel,» their most precious claim, and, as each man secretly assured himself, his future wife, had actually been not only roughly handled, but carried off, stolen, kidnapped, by the three «Belcher boys,» they did not lose many minutes starting in pursuit.

The «Belchers» were the proprietors of «The Palace Saloon and Road to Fortune» in Gold City, Boom City's neighbor and rival.

According to a denizen of Boom City, all that was and should not be was contained within the limits of Gold City; and the inhabitants of the latter metropolis declared that Boom City stood for all that was not and should be.

It was a quiet but determined body of men that, leaving Boom City entirely deserted, took the trail for «that one-dog town,» as Jack-pot called it.

No plan or plans had been formulated. They were simply going to Gold City, rescue the widow, and restore her to her throne (otherwise bar), or take up their abode in Gold City's cemetery, with a choice selection of their enemies for company.

It was a silent crowd that toiled along that dusty Colorado road, except for an occasional burst of swearing from some one, generally Canuck. The hot sun beat down upon them, the dust kicked up by their heavy boots filled their mouths and throats; but there was no drinking done: the work before them was of too serious a character, and even Reddy forgot to lament his parched condition.

They were surprised, as they neared their destination, not to find a delegation sent out to welcome them. They had expected a warm reception—to have to fight their way from the first shanty to the widow's side. Instead, the town sizzled along in its usual sleepy way, and, beyond a curious look or a quizzical smile from the loungers, prototypes of Reddy, no apparent notice was taken of their advent as they filed down the main and only street.

«'T ain't nateral,» said Canuck; «they must be holdin' out cards on us.»

Arriving in front of «The Palace Saloon and Road to Fortune,» the Boom City delegation halted a moment, and then, each man holding his revolver in readiness for instant use, they stalked solemnly and threateningly into the saloon. They were surprised to find it empty, and so pushed on into the gambling «parlors.»

The foremost men caught sight of the three Belcher boys standing at the farther end of the room, and in another moment the filling of the cemetery would have begun, when, to their utter astonishment, the widow stepped from behind the broad backs of her captors, and facing her subjects, said:

«Hold on, boys! Don't shoot! I want to talk with you.»

Boom City was so accustomed to obeying her slightest command that it lowered its threatening weapons, though, be it said, with marked hesitation and reluctance, and ugly glances at the Belcher trio.

«I won't take long, boys; so keep quiet. Canuck, put up that gun!»

Canuck meekly obeyed, sighing as he relinquished the thought of quietly puncturing Big Belcher. It was a sore disappointment.

«Of course I know what you boys have come for, and appreciate and thank you for your anxiety as to my safety, as well as for your past evidences of regard for me.» She smiled slightly at the thought of the way in which each of these men who faced her had asked her to marry him.

«I knew it would be no use to tell you boys beforehand; I knew you would not consent to my leaving you; so—so I had to run away. I 've agreed to take shares in this claim, and—and—let me introduce my husband, Frank Belcher, and ask you to be as good friends to him as you have to me. He could not have better ones. And remember that I think just as much of you all as I ever did [«And that 's confounded little,» muttered Jack-pot], and will be just as glad to see you.

«Now you know why I was forced to decline the honor you each offered me. I could n't afford more than one husband at a time. Won't you please forgive me?

«What will you have, boys?» said Mrs. Belcher.

And Reddy, speaking for all, replied:

«The same.»

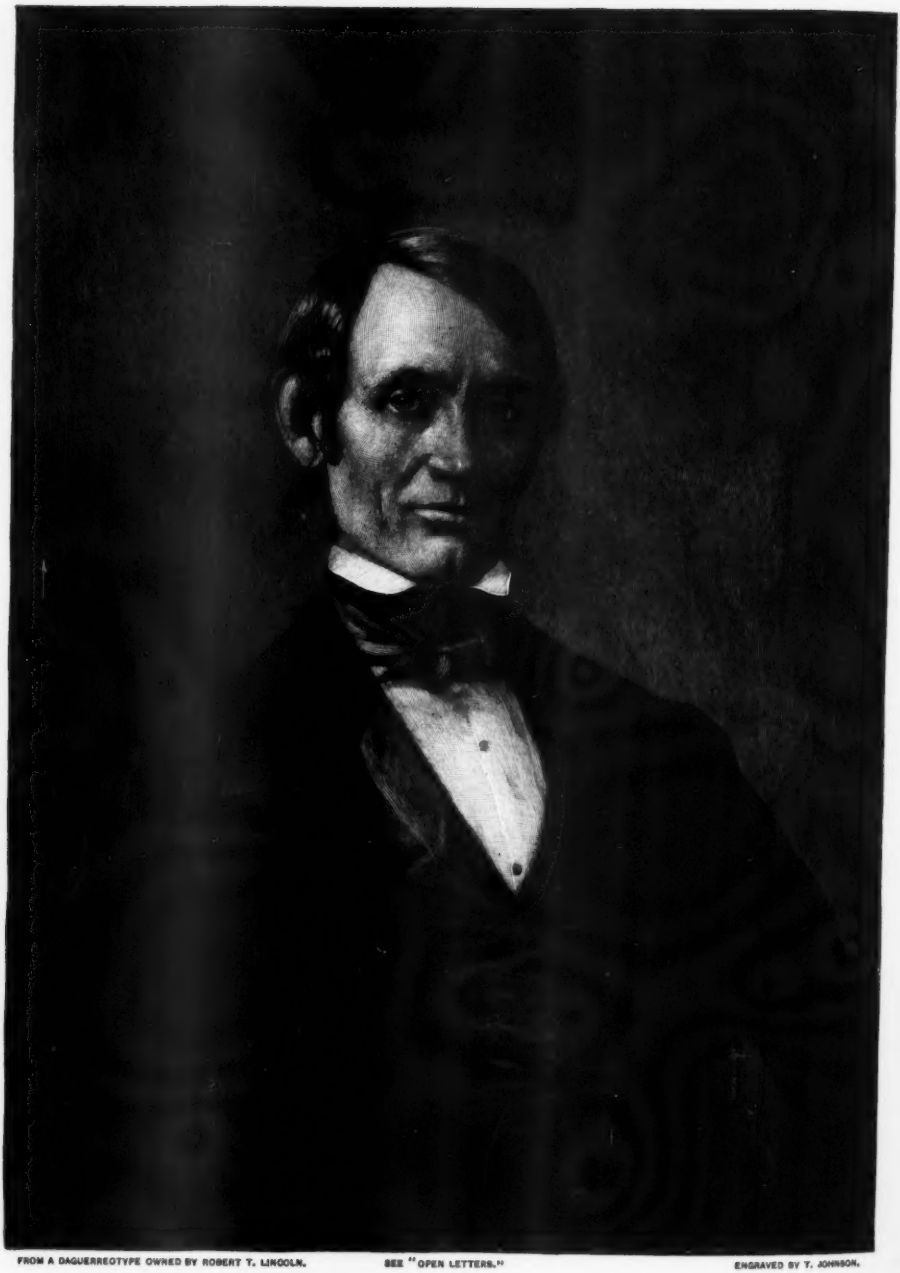
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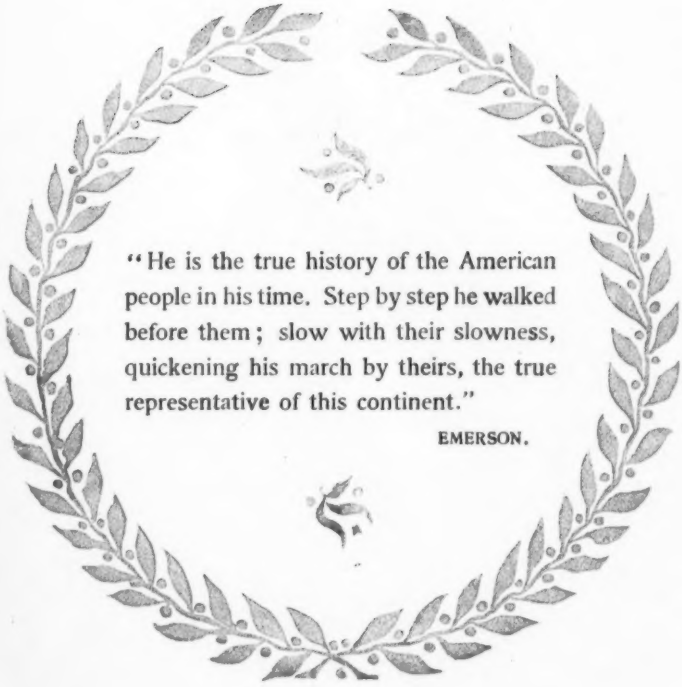
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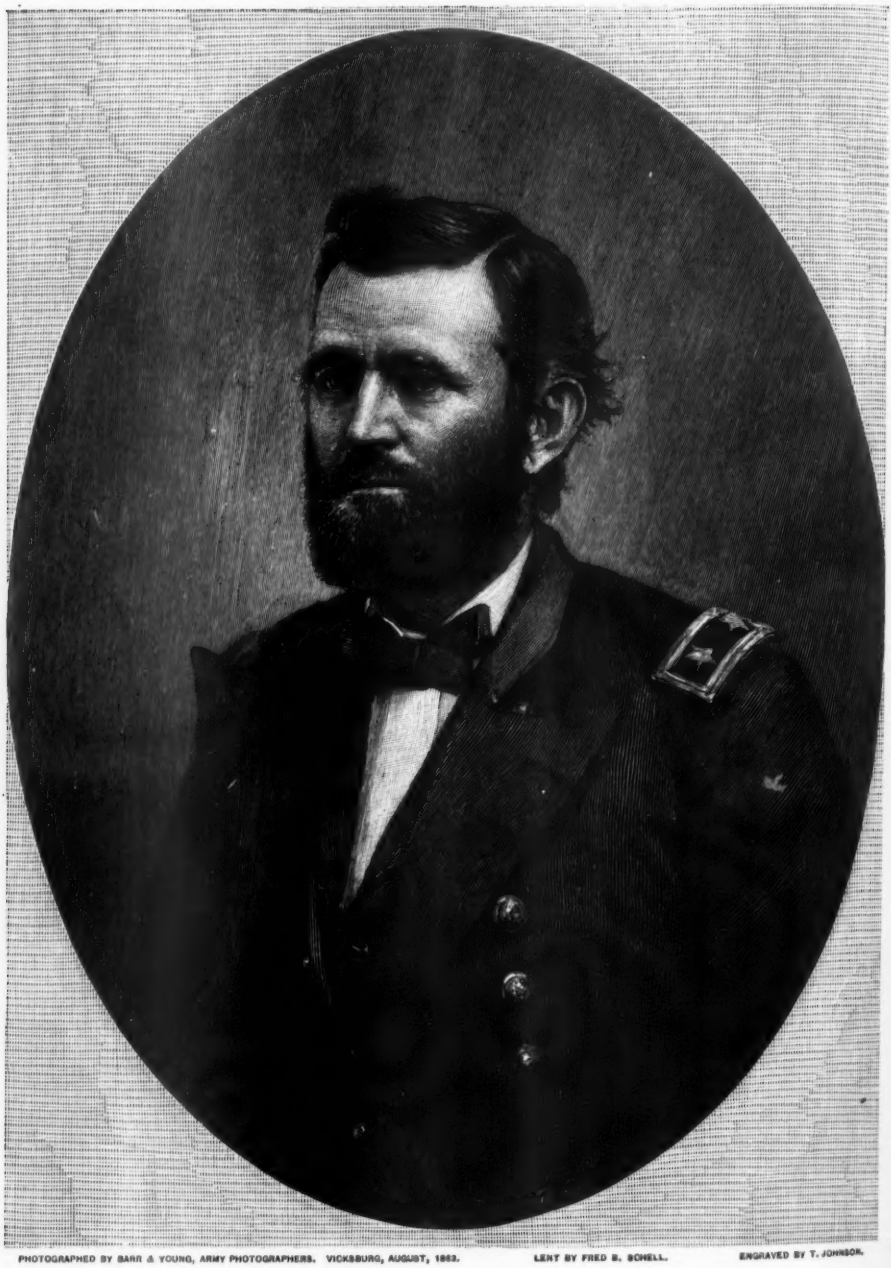
A. Lincoln

LINCOLN AS LAWYER.



"He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent."

EMERSON.



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GRANT AS MAJOR-GENERAL.